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Table of Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor 3
THE PHILOSOPHER 34
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING 48

Fiction

THE WHISPERING TUNNEL—Robert Stead 4
LITTLE BROTHER BLESS-HIS-HEART—Dee Garry 5
SPIRIT LAKE (Serial)—Arthur Heming 6
A CHILD HEROINE—W. R. Gilbert 8
A VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS—Margaret Singer ... 10
MOONBEAM MODEL—Ronald Tuckwell 12
HUNTING WILDCAT—Bonnycastle Dale 14
GARDEN OF NAPOLEON ST. PIERRE—Margaret Gordon 15

Regular Departments

YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Pearl Richmond Hamilton 24
COME LET US READ AWHILE—W. H. M. Librarian 25
HOME DOCTOR 28
THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM 30
THE HOME GARDEN—Allan Campbell 31
DOLLARS AND CENTS—A. J. Aikin 32
MUSIC AND THE HOME 35
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE PAGE 36
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER 46

Women and the Home

LET'S MAKE IT A PICNIC—Sylvia Sims 16
MOTHER'S PAGE 18
WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS 19
BETTER COOKERY 20
WOMEN'S INSTITUTES 23
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS 26

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year, or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

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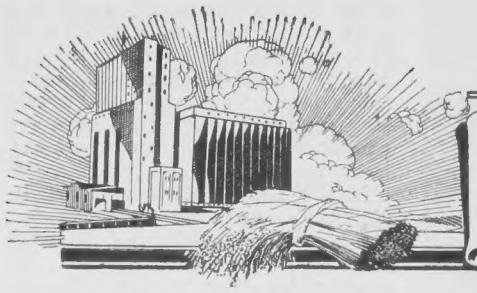
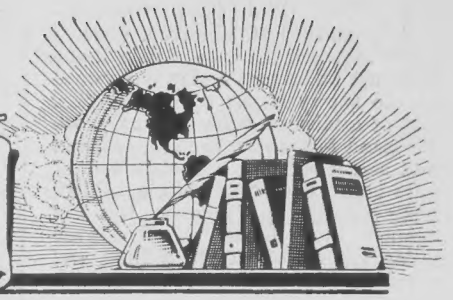


EDITORIAL



The Holidays

IN the Northern Hemisphere July is looked upon as holiday month. It is a matter of no little importance how the holiday is spent. The very essence of holidaying is change of occupation. The problem is to give everyone an opportunity to get a holiday, no matter how short it may be, and to fill it with restful activity.

To begin with it is important that all those who live in towns and cities should get away for a week or two to the country. Even the children should not be denied this blessing. During the year the school occupies most of their attention, but it does not give and cannot give all the education that growing beings require. There is something in the open air, the woods, the water, that the school cannot give and that children need for their intellectual, aesthetic and moral development. The best thing parents in the city can do is to arrange with friends on the farm to accept their children as guests for two or three weeks, the country children to return the visit at Christmas time for a like period. Even then there will be thousands unprovided for, and it is a wise city which recognizing this provides ample playgrounds and parks. Every credit must be given to those organizations which make it a point to give children a week or two at the Fresh Air Camps. These camps are particularly worthy of encouragement because fitting occupations are provided for the children and right supervision is assured. For older children the Summer Schools directed by religious organizations and the Y.M.C.A. have done a fine work. Those who have been associated with the Boy Scouts and the Cadets can speak of the work done in their camps. It may be laid down as a central principle that wherever young people are they should be under proper supervision. Unless there is good behavior, the holiday is lost, no matter what the result may be in health or training.

As for older people in towns and cities they usually make their own arrangements in advance. The best holiday is change. For those physically tired a life of ease is sought, for those fatigued by study, a summer outing is ideal, for the office-ridden youth, a life in the open air works wonders, for the workman who lives amid "the whirr of wheels," there is nothing like a rod and reel. And so each must find her own or his own holiday. But every holiday should mean physical and spiritual recreation.

How about the country people? It is quite clear that the older people cannot take the holiday in July. None the less they should have a holiday some time in the year. The farmer's wife needs a social change, the farmer himself is better for an occasional day off. During war times there were thousands of farmers who went away for a month in winter, but today this is but a sweet memory. The farm cannot be left without someone in charge, and this makes holidaying next to impossible. Fortunately the seasons bring their changes, and life on the farm, except for the wife, is varied. More than that it can be made quite enjoyable the year through to those who can afford to furnish reading and other recreations that are necessary to happiness. After all, enjoyment comes from within rather than from without. The well-filled mind is never lonesome, provided there is opportunity to express affection or to yield some form of service. The miser never asks a holiday, nor would he know what to do were one given him.

Organizations like people need their holidays. It does no harm to close the church for a week or two. The lodges and clubs had better shut down than hold meetings with a fraction of their membership.

Might it not be well for the world to take a holiday—a period without war and international strife? But where shall people go to get away from war?

How About Your Children?

WHY did those two young murderers in Chicago go wrong? Here are a few answers that have been given. "They had been given too much money. They had no steady occupation. They had no moral training. They had no religious teaching. They had no supervision. They had not been controlled from childhood. Nobody ever loved them and so they never loved anybody, therefore they grew up in selfishness. They were naturally bad. They did as children what older people are doing in business. They lived for self. They were victims of the movies. They began by killing flies and were not corrected. They were never flogged for wrong-doing." Now what do you think about it?

A Change in Home Life

BY tradition man works out in the world and earns enough to support himself, his wife and his family. The wife performs the duties of home. As Lowell says, speaking of the birds:

"He sings to the world, and she to her nest,
To the nice ear of nature, which song is the best?"

The following from a review in the New York Times, puts another face on the matter. Are we coming to this?

"The tradition that it is the woman whose duty and natural function it is to be 'The Home-Maker,' to take care of the children and do the housework, while the man's part is to provide, in one way or another, the materials which make it possible for her to fulfill her office, is deeply rooted in human history. For very many years the authority and entire correctness of that tradition were never so much as questioned; or, if some daring spirit did venture to suggest that there might be exceptions to the rule, it was only in a whisper. But now we are slowly, very slowly, beginning to perceive that because nearly every woman is physically capable of bearing children, every woman is not therefore spiritually fitted for motherhood in its best and fullest sense. Nor is every man capable of going out into the world and bringing home spoils from that incessant warfare which underlies civilized society as it does every other. Sometimes it is the woman who is the born provider, the natural executive, liking business, energetic and efficient in the business world; the man who is able to understand and sympathize with the children, finding the endless round of domestic tasks a pleasure rather than a burden."

This of course is only one phase of the problem. Women will not only enter business but politics and the pulpit. They will take control of public offices. And if they are better qualified than men, why not? What has been does not necessarily remain forever. It may be that the world is waiting for the guidance of a woman's brain. Anyway it does men no harm to consider that the other sex can enter their special preserve and do the work just as efficiently. Perhaps it is no harm for some women to learn that in the home field they are failures. A little self-examination is not a bad thing at any time.

The Trend of Religion

A BISHOP visiting Italy and comparing life there with life in England as expressed in Sunday observance has this to say:

"By all means get rid of the heavy atmosphere which Charles Dickens described as being 'gloomy, close and stale,' but in doing so try to regain that which the bulk of the people of this country have lost—the idea that worship is the true observance of what is primarily the Dies Domini. 'This is the day that the Lord hath made. We will rejoice and be glad in it.'"

The New York Herald commenting on this says:

"This is the answer all along the line. The Episcopal Actors' Guild, for instance, brings church and stage together in mutually helpful relationship. A full recognition of the place of wholesome amusement in the normal life makes it possible to distinguish between what is sane and fine and what is coarse or degenerate.

"Perhaps what we really need most in this country is to learn the art of enjoyment. Instead of playing ourselves we hire others to play while we look on. Our Sundays are on the way to becoming commercialized, which means that for many it will be a day of work. Instead of prohibitions we must learn the art of expressing ourselves naturally in worship and play. 'Lifting the ban' does not mean that the country is going to the devil; it may simply be restoring to us the opportunity to 'be joyful in the Lord.'"

How will the Lord's Day Alliance like this? What do you think of the attitude yourself?

Immigration

INDICATIONS point to a stream of immigration greater than any year since 1914. Particular efforts are being made to secure juvenile colonists domestic servants and farm laborers. Some farmers are offering employment all the year round instead of for three months. We need more people in Western Canada, but they must be of a class suited to conditions here, and to the work that they are called upon to do. We do not want more city dwellers until the cities grow normally. We do not want those who are not willing to become good Canadians. We do not want those who are morally incapable. But we do want those who will help to develop the land.

Is there Cause for Resentment?

THE people of Canada at great expense to themselves have supported a merchant marine in the hope that rates on the North Atlantic would be reduced. In this they have been greatly disappointed. The North Atlantic Conference dictates rates as before and the producers as usual pay the bill. Among these producers are the farmers of Western Canada.

By special legislation American boats were shut out from carrying grain down the Great Lakes from Port Arthur and Fort William. As a result the Canadian vessels imposed a tariff so high that three-fourths of the grain went out by way of Duluth and Buffalo. Five cents a bushel was the modest increase by the Canadian route. The needless robbery of the western farmer was measured in millions. This year it will be no better as there is no change as yet in the coastal regulations, and the Grain Commissioners are as spineless as ever.

Away back in the nineties definite legislation rates were fixed for certain goods to Western Canada. There was no ambiguity in this. It was a hard and fast bargain. It was agreed later that during the war these rates should be increased. The time for restoring the guaranteed rates has come, and now the railways backed up by eastern interests are endeavoring to extend the agreement under which increased rating is permitted. In other words western farmers and consumers generally are to pay added millions, because the railways need to swell their dividends.

There was a bargain that in return for grants of land—western land of course—a road should be built to Hudson's Bay. The road has not yet been completed, and never will be if the people of Montreal have their way. In other words the western producers must continue to pay the heavy transportation rates. Even though the farmers go bankrupt, it does not matter. Montreal must have its way.

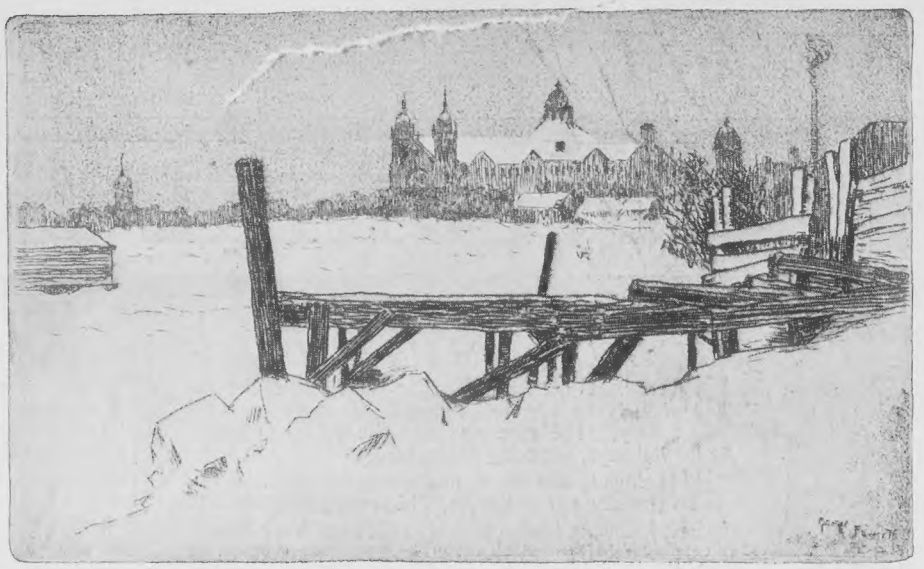
Is it any wonder then that all through the West there is resentment? It is felt that there has been a breach of faith; that the East is not playing the game. And if any one says it's wrong to mention these things because they are perpetuating ill-feeling between the two sections of our country, there is only one answer. Let justice be done and there will be silence. The West has to live. There must be a reduction in rates of transportation.

Behind all this, inaction and injustice is the fact that the men in charge at Ottawa are asleep or incompetent. A real man would end the domination of the North Atlantic Conference in twenty-four hours; a real man would get right rates on the Great Lakes or the Grain Commissioners would get busy; a real man would tell the railways that a bargain is a bargain and that the Crow's Nest rates would stand; a real man would say that the Hudson's Bay road must have a chance even though Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg all have to adapt themselves to new conditions. What we need is one or two real men, not opportunists, nor party hacks, nor bluffers. The hope of Canada is the West, and the West must have its opportunity. If the East will not listen to reason, if it will not grant justice, it must be prepared to bear the consequences. If it has imagination it can foresee what these consequences are.

What the Increase on Rates Mean

FREIGHT rates from the east to the west after July 6th of this year, if the government does not further suspend the agreement, affect the following commodities: Fresh and green fruit, 33 per cent; cordage and binder twine, 10 per cent; agricultural implements of all kinds set up in part, 10 per cent; iron, galvanized sheet pipes, pipes, nails, spikes, horse shoes, 10 per cent; paper for building and roofing purposes, 10 per cent; roofing felt, box and packing, 10 per cent; paints of all kinds and oils, 10 per cent; livestock, 10 per cent; wooden ware, 10 per cent, and household furniture, 10 per cent. Two years ago the grain rates and the rates on flour under the agreement were reduced by three cents a hundred pounds to Fort William, Port Arthur and points east, but the commodity rates were maintained. In 1918 the government, under the War Measures act, increased the rates 25 per cent, and when the War Measures act lapsed, an order-in-council was put into effect maintaining these rates. As compared to 1914, rates in effect on the railways are higher by 25 per cent, plus 20 per cent, than they were at that time.

The moral is:—Fight for the Crow's Nest Pass agreement to be carried out.



Etching by George Fawcett

The Whispering Tunnel

By Robert Stead

Author of "The Cow Puncher," "The Homesteaders," "Neighbours," "Dennison Grant," etc.

"LOOKS like juicy weather," remarked Hal Morton, General Manager of the Little Lake Railway, as he sent a glance skyward to the snowy peaks of the Rockies. Out of a mist of cloud they rose, ten thousand feet above the sea, tranquil and serene against a background of pure blue. But about their shoulders hung a wreath of darkening fog, and against their broad chests heaved piling billows of clouds, milling and churning like restless steers on the range.

It was to the restless, milling clouds the General Manager looked, rather than to the serene white pyramids that glowed above them in the sun, and his trained weather-sense broke forth again with the remark, "Looks like juicy weather. That east wind has been piling vapour up against the mountains for three days, and something is going to crack pretty soon. When it does——" The General Manager did not complete his sentence, but, turning to the boy at his side. "Lucky we're not under canvas tonight, eh, Fred?" he said.

"Lucky enough," the boy answered. Then, "But I don't know. I've been here two months and I haven't seen a good storm yet. I think it would be rather fun, even under canvas."

"Oh, it's not so bad this summer," said Hal. "At the worst you're drenched for a day or two and carry off a cold to remember it by. But in winter—that's different. Still, I'd rather not see a bad storm right now, for a number of reasons. For one thing, as you may have guessed, the Little Railway's road-bed isn't exactly storm proof."

"It *is* a bit wavy," Fred admitted. "Not exactly trunk line construction," he added, with the technical knowledge of a railway man of two months' experience.

"Not exactly," his friend agreed. "But it wasn't built for hauling millionaire passengers and palatial cars. Every road to its purpose, and the purpose of the Little Lake Railway is to haul ore from Little Lake to Metal Junction, and it does it. It dips and jumps and bucks like a prairie broncho, but it hauls the load, and that is what we built it for. Only—our heavy ore cars knock hob out of the narrow road-bed, and in wet weather the ties go down in the mud, sometimes at one end, sometimes at both. And we never have a flood but the bridge at Five Mile Creek gives me another patch of grey hair, and the tunnel up there acts queer at times."

The General Manager's voice was serious enough, and set Fred wondering how a tunnel behaved when it "acted queer." But the sunlight was pouring about the camp where they stood, and at that moment the clanging of the triangle gong at the club house sent them scurrying toward the dining hall. Let the storm gather if it would! Here were roast beef and potatoes and apple pie and coffee to demand attention.

The Little Lake Railway, as Hal Morton had intimated, was built for rough business. It was no fancy dress railroad. It climbed the mountain sides and spanned the gorges from Metal Junction to Little Lake, a distance of just nine miles and an ascent of nearly two thousand feet. When it first was built the dump was designed for narrow gauge, but that was before Hal Morton became General Manager. Hal at once persuaded the Directors that the track should be laid standard gauge, so that supplies coming in by the main line to Metal Junction could be taken up to Little Lake without reloading from one set of cars into another. This was particularly to be desired in the case of blasting powder, of which large quantities were shipped up to the mines. "Every time you handle a case of blasting powder," said Hal, "you add to the proximity of Kingdom Come."

The Directors followed his reasoning, and ordered the track laid standard gauge, but they were close-fisted old gentlemen, and would not agree to any additional expenditure on the dump. It wasn't so bad in dry weather, but in the season of heavy rains the track rocked and swung and at places threatened to slide off the dump altogether.

"It's a teetery old road," Morton had said one day, as he and Fred came down to Metal Junction on a light engine at the unheard-of speed of fifteen miles an hour. "Like a ladder balanced on a ridge pole. But it does the job, and that is what it was built for."

The hauling was all one way; on the downward run to Metal Junction the trains burned up brake-shoes instead of coal. The rolling stock consisted of two ancient and second-hand locomotives, fifty ore cars, a dozen or so flat cars, and a couple of workmen's vans. But the road served its purpose; served it well, and Hal Morton, General Manager, was intensely proud of it. In a facetious mood he used to boast that his railroad had never killed a passenger, and that, if it wasn't quite as long as the Canadian Pacific or the Canadian National, it was just as broad!

The General Manager spent most of his time at Little Lake, where he had a bungalow presided over by Lem, his Chinese "boy." To-day he had come down on a train of ore cars to inspect certain records at Metal Junction, and perhaps to spend an hour with his fifteen-year-old assistant checker, Fred Windsor. Toward this bright-faced lad he felt something more than the ordinary responsibility of a general manager for a humble member of the staff. Even Fred did not quite guess the root of the affair, but if he had known that Hal Morton had been a youthful suitor for the hand of his beautiful mother in the days before she accepted Fred Windsor, senior, he would have understood better than he did.

FRED'S father had made the great sarcifice in the War, and his mother, rising from the shock with stolid British heroism, had for five years devoted her great energy and her small income to giving her boy a home and an education. And when Morton came back from the Front it had not be surprising that one of his first duties was to call upon the widow of his brother officer. Thereafter at long, considerate intervals, came letters bearing the postmark of Metal Junction to the little mother in the East. For a time she used faithfully to read these letters to Fred; he still remembered how they breathed the life of the mining camp and the construction of the Little Lake Railway into his imagination until one day he exclaimed, "Mother, when I grow up I'm going to be a railway man!" But after a while his mother began to read the letters in a jumpy sort of way, as though she were skipping phrases or paragraphs, until at last she ceased to read them aloud altogether. And the strange thing was that the letters began to come at shorter and shorter intervals.

But at last came a letter from Metal Junction which she *did* read to him again. It was early in May; the maples were all out in their new spring dress; the water in the creek that purled along the border of Mrs. Winslow's back yard was warm to the finger, and Fred speculated that before long the swimming hole below the bridge would be calling invitingly. In the meantime, there was fishing! He was in the midst of a worm hunt in the garden when he saw his mother coming down along a leafy avenue in the trees. She was hatless, as she had come from the house, and her sweet face, crowned with hair that had once been pure gold but was beginning to show early threads of silver, seemed sweeter than ever.

She was always like that, Fred remembered, when a letter came from Hal Morton.

"I've a letter from Mr. Morton, Fred," she said, "and there is something in it that I think will interest you. Shall I read it?"

She sat on a rustic chair under an ancient apple tree, and Fred temporarily suspended his pursuit of long and juicy fish worms.

"U-m--u-m--u-m," she said, running down a number of paragraphs. "Nothing there to interest you. Ah, here it is." She read: "'And that boy of yours. How is he getting along? Must be a big fellow now. Fifteen this spring, isn't he? How time flies! You remember....U-m--u-m--u-m. Ah yes! Where was I? 'Big fellow now. He'll be out of collegiate for the summer pretty soon, and I was wondering how he'd like to spend a couple of months railroading. The Little Lake Railway isn't as long as some, you know, but it's just as wide, and I'd be glad to give him a chance in an office or on the line either if he'd like it. It would be a good outing for him and he could pick up some real money. And perhaps if I could get him out here for the summer you might make that long postponed visit. I can send you passes, of course. What do you say, little woman?'"

Mrs. Windsor colored very prettily. It was evident she had read two words more than she had intended. She should have said "U-m--u-m--u-m—something that wouldn't interest you, Freddie." But Fred was too excited over the prospect to think of that.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, swinging his bait pail about his head, to the great alarm of one furry worm which curled itself up into a trembling little ball of apprehension. "Hurrah! Oh, Mother, can I go?"

Mrs. Windsor spoke seriously. She thought that railway life and mining life were dangerous, and hard, in more ways than one. Freddie was pretty young for that kind of thing. Still, it would be for only two months, and Mr. Morton would keep a personal eye on him; he said he would, farther down. Mr. Morton was a dependable man, like Freddie's father; he was *so* much like Freddie's father—

AND so, this summer evening, as the clouds were milling in the shadows of the Rockies, Fred Windsor and Hal Morton were seated at the long, oilcloth covered table in the club house at Metal Junction. Hal took his seat at the end of the table, as he always did when he was down at the Junction, and Fred sat at the corner on his right, in the position of a guest of honor. For a time there was a steady clatter of knives and forks and dishes up and down the long table, with everyone too busy for conversation. Hal Morton believed in feeding his men well and in sitting down at the same table once in a while, and perhaps that was one of the secrets of the strange grip he had upon them. They were a rough-and-ready looking crowd, but they worked for something more than their day's pay, and there was no limit to their loyalty to the General Manager.

As Hal was finishing his coffee, George Graham, the Track Superintendent, took a vacant seat on his left.

"Well, George, how's she going?" said the General Manager cordially. "Anything bumping down into the ditches these days?"

"Nothing lately, Mr. Morton. We have the road in pretty good shape; that is, for the Little Lake. But it looks to-night like wet weather, and wet weather always brings a bunch of trouble."

"Anything in particular?" Morton asked him, with an attempt to disguise the note of concern in his voice that was only partially successful.

"No—nothing in particular, if the floods are no worse than usual. We've been strengthening the trestle on Five Mile Creek, but it isn't just what it might be yet. And the tunnel—I've been suspicious about that tunnel." He paused, then leaned closer to Hal, and continued in a voice so low that Fred hardly caught it, "You don't believe in spooks, Mr. Morton."

"Why, no," said Hall with a laugh, "I can't say that I do."

"No more do I," said George Graham, "And yet—there's something strange about that tunnel. When we were working yesterday at the bridge I thought I could hear that tunnel sort of whispering to me, right out of the mountain. Don't laugh. It's a strange notion, when you get it, and it sends something up and down your spine that you can't stop with your belt, no matter how tight you pull it. Well, I couldn't be sure, what with the work going on about the bridge, and the noise of the pile driver, and all that, so I stayed there last night, after the men had come back to camp, just to investigate. And I'm not any surer yet."

Plainly the General Manager was interested. "What did you do?" he asked.

"Well, I just sat down in the tunnel a bit back from the mouth, where it opens right on to the bridge, and waited. I could hear the disp of the water in the creek, and for a long time I wasn't sure whether I could hear anything else, or not. The twilight settled down, and the mouth of the tunnel grew greyer and greyer. And suddenly I was sure I could hear the whispering. It didn't sound like anything in particular, except that once or twice it seemed nearer a groan than a whisper. Didn't say anything, you know, but just kind of made strange sounds. Didn't see anything or anybody. Mighty strange, I call it. Well, about midnight I had had enough, so I jumped on my jigger that was parked at the mouth of the tunnel, and I admit I didn't wear out much brake-shoe coming down to Metal Junction."

Continued on page 37

LITTLE BROTHER BLESS-HIS-HEART

By Dee Garry

IT is a distinct handicap in a boy's school career to have been born last in a family otherwise girls. Every unfortunate who has tried it will tell you that. And when one has six older sisters to train one to be a little gentleman it is difficult indeed to live down the training.

But Marion Ellis, known to his adoring family as "Little Brother," had begun to desire to live down his unfortunate home training by the time he was seven years old, and therefore big enough to brave the muskeg and mosquitoes of the trail to school. Most of all he wished to be called by his surname, as a visiting cousin from the East had assured him all "real guys" were called by each other. "Marion," the cousin had told him, was a girl's name, and as to such a nickname as "Little Brother," it wouldn't do at all.

It had been useless for Little Brother to discuss these things with his relatives. So he hoped that, once in school, he would be able to avoid both the girlish Christian name, and the infantile nickname, and rise to the dignity of plain "Ellis."

He was really a dignified little figure as he trotted along the moist roadside, his small face clean and shining clear back to his ears, and even farther, his blouse new and starched, and his tweed trousers as neat and well-fitting as if they were indeed new instead of made from one of big sister's outgrown skirts. He was far too trim to be a fit companion for the rough-looking overalled lads who were to be his schoolmates, and he partly realized this. For in his excited fast-beating little heart he cherished a passionate resolve: to become at the earliest as dirty and ragged as the very worst of them, and thus to cause his mother to get him overalls too.

No opportunity along this line offered itself on the way to school, for he was guarded all the while with almost religious vigilance by his twin sisters, Minnie and Jennie. It was impossible to persuade them that he was too old to be carried through mudholes or briers, and as they were eleven years old, and much bigger than he, rebellion was useless. So he submitted meekly enough, getting what pleasure he could from anticipation of hoped-for joys to come, and from the touch of his new brown denim school bag, which contained a scribbler with the picture of a magnificent dog on its cover, a slate, a striped lead pencil with a red rubber tip already sampled by Little Brother's teeth, and a slate pencil.

"Just think! Little Brother's going to school! Bless his little heart!" chirped Minnie in a very ecstasy of joy.

For Minnie and Jennie, as for all the other Ellis sisters, there was no one in all the world like Little Brother. Was he not their one and only brother, and was he not besides the prettiest and smartest child in Alton Settlement? All the summer before, which had been the first summer there was school at Alton, they had bragged continuously of Little Brother's cute sayings, of his pretty ways, and of his marvellous skill at reading and writing, as taught by their mother, till the other children were bored by his very mention.

And as the Ellis girls were generally dressed a little better than their playmates, and as, moreover, their big sisters at home dressed a great deal better than their playmates' big sisters, and as they had a tiresome way of calling attention to this fact, they were deservedly unpopular. Because of this, and because of an oft-repeated phrase used by the Ellis girls in referring to their brother, he had bene christened by the school children as "Little Brother Bless-His-Heart," and the Ellis girls were teased about him on all possible occasions.

They were all the more firmly resolved to protect him, therefore, on this, his first day at school.

IT was a brilliant May morning in a province that is famed for its sunshine. A heavy rain had fallen the day previous, and the settlers of Alton district were getting their wheat into the ground as quickly as might be thereafter. The black damp fields sent up a pleasing and stimulating fragrance that sent a thrill to the heart of Little Brother, he knew not why, and marked him, even at that early age, as one of the land men: of those who can never be thoroughly happy unless closely and literally in touch with the parental loam.

A farmer who was refilling his seeder near the road saw and recognized the little Ellis boy. Unknown to himself, then, the good man set the tune for the day:

"So Little Brother's going to school! Well! well! He's getting to be a big boy!"

The girls beamed, and replied in chorus, after the manner of twins: "Yes, Little Brother's going to school, bless his little heart!"

And they must needs kiss him, for the fifth time this morning.

"I wish you wouldn't kiss me all the time," protested the child. "I'm not a baby."

"Well, bless his heart, what else is he?" cried Minnie. Then, as the big blue eyes of Little Brother began to fill up with tears, she added, "But, my! He's growing to be a man so fast! A real little man!"

A little man! Well, he would have to bear up under the opprobrious title as well as he could. But he did not feel as hopeful as before. The birds still sang in the trees, but they seemed now to be saying, with heads cocked appraisingly on one side, and with bright eyes fixed on his brief dimensions:

"So Little Brother's going to school! Little Brother's going to school!"

Meadow larks shrieked it at him from the fence posts, and sparrows twittered it disdainfully from the clumps of willows. He was very glad when the schoolhouse appeared around a bend in the trail, and the journey was at an end.

THE schoolhouse was the pride of Alton Settlement. Though the settlement was only three seasons old, and though all the settlers lived in log houses, or dwellings of rough lumber at the best, the schoolhouse was as neat and well-finished a building as the most critical inspector could wish. The lumber for inside finishing, the shingles, the bricks for the chimney, and the floors, had all been hauled over fifty miles from the railway, that the youth of Alton might have the best possible schoolhouse. It was painted, too, a snowy white, trimmed with drab, and never a ratepayer passed by who did not swell with pride as he looked at the pretty building set well back from the road among a grove of balm o' Gileads. It meant community progress, and there is no other word that is half so dear to an Albertan.

On the steps of this wonderful building the school was already assembled: twelve children, boys and girls, including the two French boys sitting on the fence some distance off. The girls wore print dresses, and the boys overalls, except the French boys who wore homespun suits, and wide, home-made straw hats. This marked them off as an alien and therefore inferior race, even without the language difference, and they were keeping to themselves in memory of the annoyances which the older boy had suffered the year before when he had been the only French child in school.

It was not, however, their turn today. As soon as the Ellis children appeared, a cry went up—the same shout of rejoicing that greets a clown or other legitimate means of amusement, wherever children are gathered together:

"Oh, looky! Little Brother's coming to school! Looky! Little Brother Bless-His-Heart!"

"You just shut up, and mind your own business, smarties!" cried the Ellis sisters, flushing to the roots

He was really a dignified little figure as he trotted along, his small face clean and shining clear back to his ears.

Continued on page 39

By *Arthur Heming*

SPIRIT LAKE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

A SERIAL

WHEN Standing Wolf, of the Saulteaux tribe, returned from a journey upon which he had acted as guide-in-chief to the Fur Brigade, he found that during his absence his twelve-year-old daughter, Mi-na-ce, had been ill, or possessed by an evil spirit, as the Indians believed, and had been saved by Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer. Wab-ud-ow had said that the evil spirit had left Mi-na-ce only on condition that the Indians persuade Standing Wolf not to return to his old hunting grounds at Spirit Lake. Here, so the conjurer's spirit told him, there roamed a huge, grey Spirit Wolf who waited to tear Standing Wolf to pieces. Standing Wolf listened to this prophecy in silence, and pretended that he would not go to Spirit Lake, but he suspected that Wab-ud-ow must have some personal reason for uttering such a prophecy, and in spite of a secret fear, he determined to hunt at Spirit Lake that winter. For three years he had refrained from visiting these grounds, and the hunting would be good.

On a sunny morning in September, Standing Wolf arrived at the Hudson's Bay post, Fort Determination, with his family. After a day's bartering with the Factor, he succeeded in obtaining goods or "advances" to the amount of some one hundred and sixty skins (a skin being worth a dollar in this part of the country), to be paid at the end of the season's hunt. The following morning they commenced the second lap of their journey. In the first canoe was Standing Wolf. Then, a three-fathom canoe with Noo-Koom, or The Happy One, Standing Wolf's mother; Mi-na-ce, or The Berries, the eldest daughter; The Snow Bird, a girl of ten, and The Mink, a boy of eight. Then followed the three-and-a-half fathom canoe containing Ko-ko-hay, or The Perfect Squaw, wife of Standing Wolf, with her three youngest children, her eldest son, The Marten, and At-tick, or The Caribou, an adopted boy of sixteen. For many days they continued their long and sometimes perilous voyage along the winding and rapid river.

Chapter I—Continued

The Spirit Wolf

EMBARKING above the rapids, the family once more continued their way. The dogs were put ashore and, from sheer joy at recovering their liberty, ran helter-skelter along the river bank. In a minute they had disappeared among the trees, and soon a great clamor of barking and yelping was heard.

"My sons, something stands at bay," cried Standing Wolf; "go and trail the dogs while I follow in my canoe."

At-tick and The Marten jumped ashore and ran off in hot pursuit. They found that the dogs had treed a full-grown black bear. Excited and out of breath, they shot wildly and only wounded the brute. Snorting with rage and frantic with pain, it rapidly descended and made a rush for the boys, who ran away at their utmost speed. The dogs attempted to turn the bear, but it thrust them savagely aside and pursued the boys, and was almost upon them when Standing Wolf fortunately came up and sent a bullet through its heart.

"My sons," growled the hunter, "why do you act like fools? Don't you know that you endanger your lives when both of you empty your guns at once?"

The grandmother, who had heard the firing, now appeared upon the scene, bringing with her a pail and a package of salt. She proceeded to bleed the bear, sprinkling salt upon the blood as it ran into the pail. Then, while the others were busy making camp, she skinned the bear and cut it up. Having washed the entrails in the running water, she mixed oatmeal with the clotted blood, and stuffed the mixture into the entrails to make blood puddings.

Next day being Sunday—a day on which the Strong Wood Indians neither hunt nor travel, they occupied themselves with stretching and drying the bear's skin over a smouldering fire of punk; with preparing jerked meat by cutting the bear's flesh into long, thin strips, and smoking them over another fire; and with filing the entrails with rendered fat.

The following day they encountered heavy rapids, around which they were compelled to portage their entire outfit. While the hunter and the boys carried the canoes, and the others took what loads they chose, the grandmother shouldered the heavy deerskin lodge covering, weighing nearly one hundred pounds. (Though she was responsible for its safe and dry keeping, and for putting it up and taking it down, she never had the privilege of resting beneath it; for she and her granddaughter Mi-na-ce slept by themselves under a deerskin wind-break. Among the Indians of the Strong Woods it is customary for girls who have reached adolescence to live apart from their brothers). On the portage the dogs were called into service, and made to carry packs, so that in two trips everything was transported.

Two days later they came to an expansion of the river—known as a lake—where the way to the Caribou Hills branches off from that leading to Spirit Lake. Here Standing Wolf headed the canoes for a creek that comes down from the hills and—taking advantage of a favorable wind — bunched them and braced them together with paddles lashed from thwart to thwart across the gunwales. He rigged up a mast and set a four-point blanket to a stern breeze that drove the canoes rapidly along with much lapping and gurgling of white-crested waves through a labyrinth of islands. While they sailed, all drowsed excepting the Perfect Squaw, who did the steering.

At the mouth of Caribou Creek the hunter took care to leave plenty of signs to indicate the route he had taken. Beside the ashes of their camp-fire there stood a tall pine, which Standing Wolf made into a "lop-stick" in honor of the beginning of his son's hunting career. A "lop-stick" is a tall, straight tree denuded of all its branches excepting those at the very top. It is utilized to commemorate the starting-point of a young man's career as an independent hunter, or his first voyage with the Fur Brigade, or to mark his grave. Lop-sticks usually occupy conspicuous places so as to be visible many miles away.

LATE one afternoon it happened that while Mi-na-ce and her grandmother were picking berries, the other canoes passed out of sight. When

"Turn your eyes away, my brother, for I am going to kill you."

they had filled their rogans, they embarked and hastened to overtake the rest of the party. As they rounded a bend in the river, Mi-na-ce in the bow suddenly stopped paddling, and—without turning her face toward her grandmother in the stern—excitedly whispered, "Muskwa! muskwa!"

The old woman caught sight of a dark object fifty yards away, and uttered a few hurried commands. Both fell to paddling with all their might. With straining backs, stiffened arms, and bending blades, they fairly lifted the canoe at every stroke; and the waters gave a tearing sound as the slashing blades sent little whirlpools far behind. The lapping and gurgling beneath the plunging bow seemed martial music to their ears. Their hearts were fired with the spirit of the chase, and—though their only weapons were their skinning knives—they felt no fear. On they raced to head the bear, who was swimming desperately to gain the shore. They overhauled him. He turned at bay. Mi-na-ce soused a blanket in the water and threw it over his head. The grandmother in the stern reached over as the canoe glided by, seized him by an ear as he struggled blindly beneath the smothering mantle, and drove her knife into his throat. A broad circle of crimson colored the water round the blanket. The canoe was quickly brought about; the old woman slipped a noose over his head, and in triumph they towed the carcass to their camp.

Next day the party proceeded up the turbulent little creek. On coming to a chain of lakes, Standing Wolf changed his course. He told his astonished family that instead of settling for the winter among the Caribou Hills, he would cross by way of the lakes and a convenient stream to his old hunting-grounds at Spirit Lake. He told them, also, that he had little faith in Wab-ud-ow; and, now that he had duped the conjurer, he would hunt upon his own lands where game was plentiful. So they journeyed on to Spirit Lake. Day after day they labored with paddle or tracking line, pole or tump strap, occasionally spreading their blankets as sails to favorable winds. On they went, shooting a bear here, a moose there, and sometimes securing a mink, a beaver, a fisher, or an otter. Snow flurries came and went; ice formed and thawed; dry leaves rustled upon the floor of the forest. The weather was exhilarating: days of glorious sunshine and nights of hard frost. They toiled over portages leading across steep hills, through wild, rocky gorges, and into rank muskegs, before they struck the headwaters of Lonely River, a beautiful little stream that empties into Spirit Lake. With glad hearts they re-embarked and propelled their canoes swiftly now to the tune of paddle-handles bumping gunwales, swishing blades, swirling water, and gurgling wakes. They glided on, here under overhanging trees, or past a moose-marked beach; there down a wild rapid, or close to a bear-worn bank,—and ever through a panorama of enchanting scenery. On they sped. At last they came to the end of their voyage and pitched their camp upon a sandy beach where Lonely River lost itself in Spirit Lake. There—the Indians say—strange animals come down to drink, and phantom hunters roam the surrounding woods. It was there, at a secluded end of the lake, about fifteen miles from the camping-places used during former seasons, that Standing Wolf decided to erect his lodge for the coming winter upon a sheltered spot among the trees on the north bank of Lonely River.

WORK was at once begun. Green spruce poles about twelve feet long and four inches thick at their butts were cut down and hauled to Standing Wolf, who split them with wedges. Three large poles, about seventeen feet long, were tied together near their tops and erected in the form of a tripod with their butts spread about twelve feet apart. About three feet below the apex, bars were fastened from one pole to another. Against these the split poles were placed close together, with their butts describing a circle upon the ground. The chinks between were stuffed with moss; mud was banked against the foot of the poles; and the deerskin covering, tightly stretched over the cone-shaped structure, was fastened together and pegged down around the bottom. An opening two feet wide and five feet high was left for a doorway, and a block of wood was placed at the bottom to keep the snow from drifting in. Over the opening a caribou skin was hung, with a bar across the lower edge to keep it in place. In the centre of the lodge six sticks of wood, pegged down in the form of a hexagon and banked with mud, formed the fireplace. The fire was built in the Ojibway fashion. As an Indian's tribal relationship may be learned from the cut of his moccasins, the shape of his snowshoes, or the lines of his canoe, so it may be ascertained from the manner of his building a fire. The Ojibways, or Saulteaux, for instance, build their lodge fires cone-shaped, with the wood standing up on end. Thus, from the charred embers of a dead fire a woodman may discover to what tribe the man who built it belonged.

A rack for smoking meat was hung over the fire, out of reach of the flames. The opening above acted as a vent for the smoke. The floor of the lodge was

covered with spruce brush, upon which was spread a layer of rushes, the whole being topped with a heavy coating of the tips of balsam boughs laid shingle-fashion with the stems downwards.

Housekeeping was now begun in earnest. According to custom, the wife took up her position on the right of the entrance just beyond the pile of firewood. On her right Standing Wolf had his seat; and the baby reposed between them. The younger girls occupied the space opposite the doorway on the far side of the fire; while the boys claimed the left side of the entrance. Should a visitor arrive, he would be given the place of honor on the warmest side of the fire, opposite the door. The grandmother's lodge was similar in shape, though smaller in dimensions; and—instead of being covered with deerskins—it was thatched with moss, mud, and birch bark.

For several days the north wind blew and stilled the rivers and the lakes. A thick, white mantle slowly descended upon the frost-locked waters and the whispering pines; and soon, when the sun came out again, it shone upon a scene of dazzling splendor.

The camp having been completed, a portion of outdoor work was allotted to each. Ko-ko-hay alone remained at home to attend to the sewing, mending, and cooking, and to care for the smaller children. Noo-koom, the grandmother, and the older girls devoted their time to visiting the snares set for hare and grouse, and the gill-nets set for fish, and to gathering firewood.

As the time had now come for Standing Wolf to lay out his trapping paths, or fur trails, and, as he had decided to take with him the boys whom he was teaching the ways of the hunting trail, he cautioned the women:—

"Be on the alert for wolf tracks. Should you see any signs, let me know on my return; for I want to discover what manner of beast this Spirit Wolf is that Wab-ud-ow, The Conjurer, has foretold will drive me from my hunting grounds."

Though he scoffed at the idea of its existence, he could not dismiss from his mind the fear that, after all, there might be such a brute.

EARLY next morning Standing Wolf, At-tick, and the Marten were up and away. They drove three dogs, hitched tandemwise to a sled, or rather a toboggan, on which their trapping and camping kits were packed. They were prepared for a week's absence. Their outfit consisted of three muzzle-loading single-barrelled guns, two hareskin robes, a copper tea-pail, three tin cups, steel traps of assorted sizes, snares for hare and lynx, bait sticks already baited, a crane's wing, an awl, a file, two axes, a crooked knife, extra moccasins, and deerskin to mend them with, duffel socks, pemmican, dried white fish, and caribou meat, grease, and tea. In the firebags at their belts each carried matches, flint and steel, touch-wood, tobacco, smokeweed berries to mix with it, a pipe, and a jack-knife. They carried, also, hunting-knives, powder-horns, shot and bullet pouches, gun caps, and wads of willow bark. Their guns were loaded with shot, because to ram down a ball upon a charge of shot when coming suddenly upon big game is easier than to extract a bullet and reload with shot when coming upon small game.

The first signs that Standing Wolf found were those of foxes; for the country had now become fairly open, and marked with signs of the hare, or rabbit, as it is miscalled. It was just the spot for foxes. There Standing Wolf showed the boys how to set fox traps. The day before leaving camp he had carefully boiled all his traps in a kettle containing pine brush. He did this in order to remove the man and the iron smells, and substitute the smell of pine—of which no animal is afraid—and, also, to soften, to some extent, the temper of the metal, and thus lessen the chances of the trap breaking when sprung in very cold weather. He had also taken the precaution to heat his axes until they came to a slight bluish tinge, and then dip them in fish oil in order to prevent them from chipping when chopping frozen wood.

"My sons," he said, addressing the boys, "each tribe of hunters has a different way of setting traps; but—though I have travelled and have trapped with many noted hunters of other bands—I have yet to learn of a better way than that of our own people. The first thing to do is to select a suitable place. This rise of snow will do. I have often shown you how to set your traps, but you are young and I will show you once again."

Procuring a pole about six feet long and two inches thick, he drove the chain ring of the trap over the thin end, and then split and wedged it to prevent its being pulled off. He buried the pole tightly in the snow, took his knife, and, cutting a hole in the snow crust exactly the size and shape of the open trap, set it in so that it was barely half an inch below the surface. Then he opened a gun-cap box that contained a most evil-smelling concoction of oil of aniseed, asafetida, rotten eggs, soft grease, and the glands taken from the female fox; and with a stick daubed a little of the mixture on the plate of the the trap. He never once removed his mittens. When setting traps, he always wore a special pair so that no man-smell might cling to the trap.

Next, he placed over the trap a piece of birch bark scarcely thicker than wrapping-paper, and so cut as barely to fill the space between the open jaws. To mark the exact position of the trap, he took a branch about four feet long, marked the snow about a foot from the trap, measured the distance with the stick, notched it accordingly, and placed it in

Standing Wolf seized his opponent by the hair, and tried to wrench his knife-hand free

a natural position in the mark in the snow. It stood due north of the trap, so that when making his rounds he could tell exactly where it lay; and could see from a distance whether or not it had been tampered with. Then, with the crane's wing, he lightly dusted snow upon the trap, chain, and pole, so that the snow showed no sign of having been disturbed. As a finishing touch he scattered little bits of rotten fish upon the snow round the hidden trap.

"My sons," said Standing Wolf, "never use more than one stick to mark your trap. A single stick attracts a fox just as a single tree attracts a dog. Of course, as you know, there are many other ways of setting traps and deadfalls for foxes, each differing acording to the season and the locality. But the same may be said of traps for all kinds of animals."

AS they snowshoed along, Standing Wolf tried to impress upon the boys the immense importance of being observant:—

"My sons, if you are to become great hunters, you must be forever studying your surroundings in order that you may understand every sign of nature. Be observant, and you will become wise. Now listen. Once I set a trap for a wolverine that had caused me much trouble. Three days later the brute was caught by the hind leg in my trap. Though it was held securely, it tried many ways to gain its freedom. At first, it endeavored to break the chain; then to gnaw the pole in two; and, finally, to unscrew the nuts from the trap. While it was thus engaged, three wolves came along. The wolverine, in terror, worked itself down low in the snow and close against the pole to which the trap was fastened; and then, as the wolves drew near, pretended to be dead. On seeing the wolverine, the wolves circled three times round the trap with the utmost caution. Then they squatted upon their haunches in the snow and waited. The wolverine made no move. Growing braver, they circled round again, and drew nearer to the wolverine, and waited. The wolverine never moved. At last, the leader of the wolves, convinced that the captive was dead, rushed forward and planted his fore feet on its back, and was about to sink his fangs into the expected feast when, like lightning, it turned upon its back, clutched the wolf with its powerful fore legs, bit into the throat of its enemy, and at the same time ripped open the wolf's belly with the claws of its hind feet. The other wolves, on seeing their leader killed, ran away."

"Did you see the fight?" asked At-tick.

"No, my son, for I did not arrive until the following day," replied Standing Wolf.

"Then how do you know what happened?" questioned the boy.

"Because," answered Standing Wolf, "the story of the whole affair was written upon the animals, the trap, the pole, and the snow. What further proof could you want?"

Standing Wolf went on to tell the boys that it was best to set marten traps in a hilly country timbered with spruce or pine, where there was not a great deal of underbrush; that in swampy regions, or where there were small creeks and small lakes, the beaver, mink, muskrat, fisher, and otter were to be found; that the most likely spot for lynx was in a district overgrown with willows interspersed with poplars.

For five days they continued setting their traps and snares and deadfalls, and carried on the work of laying out their fur trails. When their task was completed, they set out for home. On the way they came across moose tracks, and Standing Wolf told the boys that he would take them moose hunting in a week or two.

When the hunter and the boys arrived at camp the women made merry over the fact that the conjurer's Spirit Wolf had as yet vouchsafed no sign of existence.

LATE one night when Standing Wolf and the boys were absent on their rounds of the fur trails, Ko-ko-hay was nodding beside the dying fire, and the children were sleeping back among the quivering shadows. Outside, the wind moaned and roared; the snow sifted and drifted; the dogs whined and snarled. Suddenly Ko-ko-hay threw up her arms and screamed in terror: "The Spirit Wolf, the Spirit Wolf!" as the dogs bolted into the lodge followed by a gaunt timber wolf of giant size. The dogs turned and grappled with their snarling, snapping foe. No-koom, the grandmother, rushed in, seized a billet, and furiously attacked the beast. Ko-ko-hay snatched up the baby, threw a blanket over her, ran outside, and without an instant's hesitation plunged her in the snow. Then she rushed back and joined the others in their fierce struggle. The lodge rocked about. It seemed filled with a whirlwind of snarling, snapping, panting, howling, biting, clawing dogs and wolves, clubbing women, and screaming children. Firebrands were shooting everywhere; pots and pans clattered about; blankets tangled the feet of the women as they blindly clubbed dogs and wolf alike. One dog already lay dead, and the fight had grown desperate, when Noo-koom, seizing her chance, dealt the wolf with all her might a crushing blow upon the small of the back. Relaxing its fangs from a mangled dog, the wolf bolted from the lodge and disappeared.

At once the wind dropped, and within an hour Standing Wolf and the boys returned. While eating his supper, the hunter listened gravely to the story of the Spirit Wolf. As he turned into his blanket he calmed the excited women a little by saying. "To-morrow I will hunt the Spirit Wolf."

As a faint light crept through the upper branches of the eastern trees, and warmed the denizens of the winter wilderness of approaching day, the door-skin flapped aside, and a tall figure stepped from the cosy fire-lit lodge into the outer sombreness of the silent forest. It was Standing Wolf. His swarthy form, clad in wolf-skin cap, blanket leggings and capote, made a picturesque silhouette of lighter tone against the darker shadows of the woods, as he stood for a moment scanning the starry sky. Going to the starchigan, or stage, he took down his five-foot snowshoes, slipped his moccasined feet into the permanently knotted throngs,—and with a moose-skin coated gun resting in the hollow of his bear-skin bemitted hand, his blanket and his teapail on his back,—strode off through the vaulted aisles between the boles of the evergreens; while, through a tiny slit in the wall of his deerskin home, two loving eyes watched his stalwart figure vanishing into the forest gloom. On he went. Only the faintest whisper of scuffling snowshoes and scrunching snow could be heard; the sound of the occasional snapping of a twig came as a startling report compared with the almost noiseless tread of the hunter. A little cloud of powdery snow rose above the dragging heels of his snowshoes; and, whirling about, covered the back of his leggings with a coating of white. Onward he

Continued on page 42

A CHILD HEROINE

By W. R. Gilbert

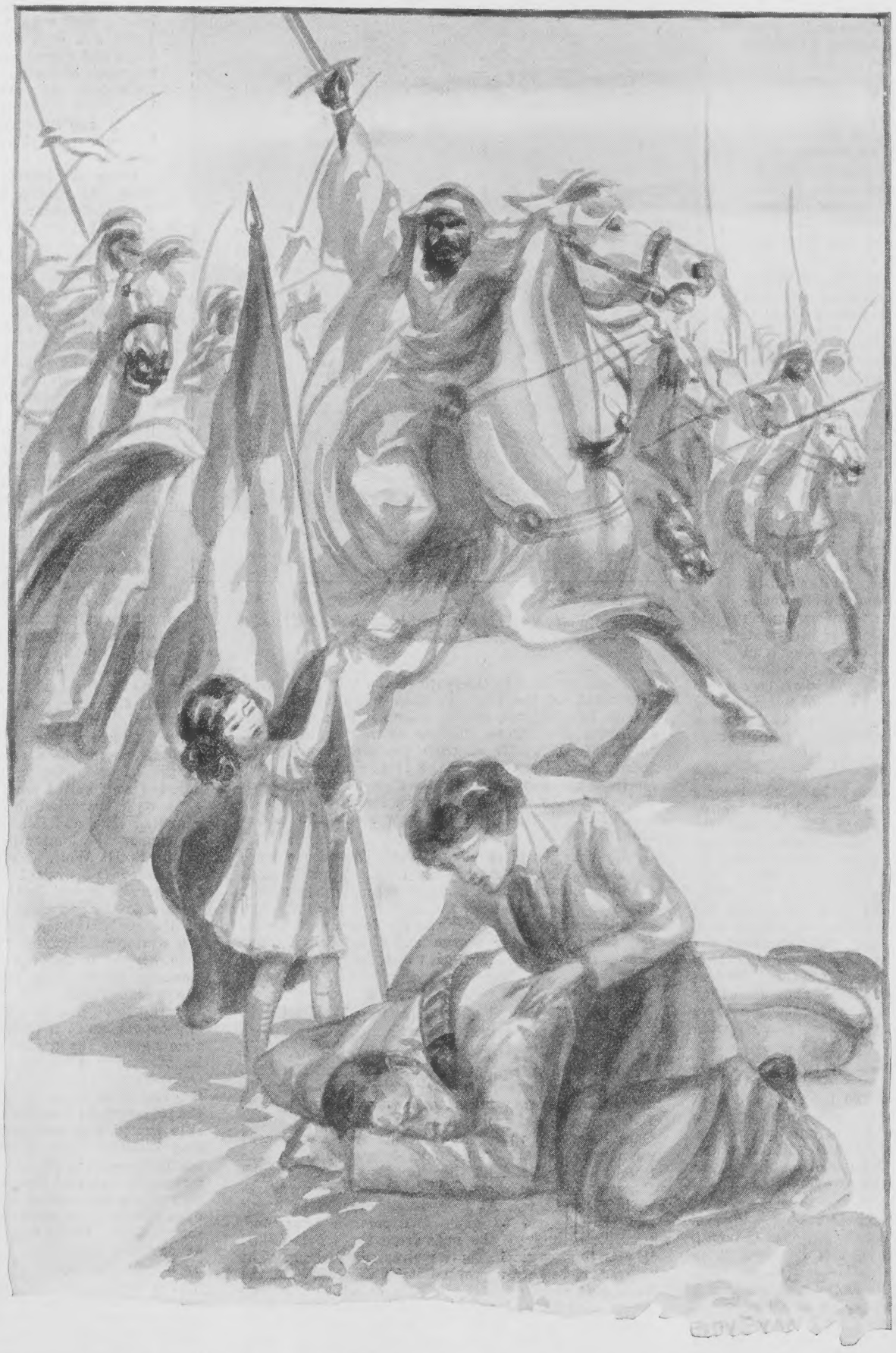
WHEN Lucette was seven years old her father, Captain Heriault, received orders to hold himself in readiness to depart with his company for frontier service in Algeria.

Captain Heriault, when the decision was finally arrived at, felt more secret misgivings than he cared to show. For Lucie, his wife, had scoffed at the idea of remaining at home. Was she not a soldier's daughter, born herself to the blast of bugles, in the travail of a nation's agony, that dread year when the Prussian heel ground the soul and soil of France? From the first moment she had made up her mind to go with him, and who shall gainsay the will of a loving woman? Once that point was decided, it never even occurred to either of them to leave Lucette behind. With the memory of their little one dragging them ever homewards, life would have been intolerable. The mignon face, framed in its black, silken, curly locks; the scarlet, merry rippling of demure lips; the loving depths of the grave eyes that solemn or smiling, shone as the golden stars shine as in a deep black well; the dainty, graceful child-form—all that and each detail of it to be haunting them reproachfully across a thousand miles of sea! Impossible! And so they went, braving the rough journey, the rougher fare, the long scorching stretches of sand that blistered eyes and lips, and made even the tough camels look dirtier and more dismal. But even the journey had some compensations, and all her life Lucie remembered the deep peace and joy of the breathless halts at moonlight beneath sweet smelling clusters of palms, where the wind crooned like a softly-touched lute in the cool wiry grass and drooping fronds. There was the breath, too, of a heavenly vigor in the rosy dawns, with the sky like a great coral fan flashing dew and wind in the red rising cheeks of old Sol.

Even when they arrived at last at El Beida and took up their quarters the actuality was not so bad as it might have been painted by anyone inclined to indulge in grumbling. Certainly the first two nights were somewhat terrible, passed as they were in the small stinking village, with its mud walls and square mud houses, hot with the baking sultriness of pestilential air. In fact it was due to the vileness and danger of the odors of this Arab village that Captain Heriault moved his troops under canvas with a promptitude hastened by considerations of the dangers to his wife and child.

It was surprising how soon the little company ran entrenchments round their cluster of tents and looking over the mud wall across the gaping ditch Lucie felt a certain sense of relief. For after all the thought of a night attack in unprotected tents is not very conducive to sleep.

AS it was, the precaution proved well timed, for the very day of its completion saw the horizon blotched with black specks that, like spiders floating on a one-hair web, bobbed up and down the grey, quivering sky. Armand Heriault seemed rather disturbed when the news reached him. His consigne was to wait at El Beida till the column moved up and in the meantime to reconnoitre a hundred or so miles south and east of the Dulad Nayl Mountains, collect provisions and learn the movements of that unruly horde of Bedouins the expedition had it in mind to tame. It did not surprise him that these hawk-eyed, vulture-nosed children of Mahomet should know of his presence. But it was quite out of his calculations to reckon with any such large force as that growing, dancing blotch on the horizon seemed to indicate. It was with a thrill of glorious fear that Lucie, holding her daughter by the hand, watched her husband with some sixty of the men sweep out about noon towards the approaching natives. Yet when the sunlight slowly rippled like the crest of a broken wave on the swift slant of the hostile lances as the Arabs dashed forward to the charge, the woman felt ashamed of the pallor that smote her cheeks. For Lucette, her hands clenched, her little toes trembling with excitement as she craned over the rampart, her face and eyes flushed with the spirit of battle, was shrieking shrill "Viva's," in whose wild, exultant assurance of faith no tremor of fear ran. And when the clash came, and for a moment the blue tunics were enveloped in a cloud of white, only to emerge again in two minutes scattering right and left the broken line of the enemy, it was Lucette who, defying all commands, scrambled over and through the ditch, and raced to meet the flashing sabres and galloping steeds of her countrymen.



Lucette had moved now to his head ana with hands defiantly upbearing the colors . . . stood waiting what might come.

Armand Heriault hardly drew rain as his eyes met the child-gaze blazing into his, but bending low he swung her as he passed on, to his saddle bow, leading her thus to camp to the ringing cheers of his men.

"A wandering band, my little one; nothing more!" he said later, in answer to his wife's anxious inquiries. "Scouting they are, perhaps, and probably many leagues from their main body. We shall have no trouble with them now, and in a week the column will be here."

Yet when the next day came and the sentinels looked out through the sinuous, parting curtains of the morning mists, a sight met their astonished gaze that later brought their captain running from his tent and blanched the blood on a cheek that till then had never known fear. For there, around them, not half a mile distant, in unbroken circle, lay a host of Bedouin warriors, their white tents and piled arms gleaming greyly in the misty light. For long he stood there counting the tents reckoning gloomily the numbers of his own little troop, and cursing softly the assassins who made their war plans, with brains fuddled by incapacity and politics, in the cafes and theatres of Paris.

When he turned at last it was to meet the eyes of Lucette who, in night gown and slippers, had followed him unobserved.

"It is splendid!" she said, clapping her hands. "You will kill them all, is it not, my father, and be made a general? And when the President sees you at the review you will point to me and say 'My little girl was there and saw it all and cheered, and handed the flag to Sergeant Aubin with her own hands."

Armand looked on her for a moment with a vague wonder in his eyes. Then he caught her suddenly to his breast straining her to him till she cried out. And Lucette for the rest of the day wondered very much indeed what it was that made a round hot drop of rain fall from the blue sky on to her face as her father put her down.

FIVE days had gone by—five days of war and savage defence and sortie, and vigil more wearing than a hundred battles. Each day the captain's field-glasses had swept a dozen times an hour to the east. But he only saw there the rolling brassy glare of wave on wave of sand—

Continued on page 32b

I want a job in your home

I want hard work to do

I want a place in a home where there are heavy washes of sheets, blankets and working clothes, as well as the dainty garments of women; where there are men who have a lot of badly soiled shirts in the wash every week.

I want a job where children romp and play, and get the dirt ground into their little rompers, blouses and stockings, making it almost impossible to get them really clean by ordinary washing methods. For I will soak them in my sudsy water, and bring back to them the bright, crisp look they had when new. And they will be sweet and wholesome.

I will make work easier for the housewife

I want to work for the housewife who is tired of the task of daily dishwashing. I will show her how readily I cut the grease with my real naptha, and make her dishes streakless and glistening.

I will show her how easily I brighten the painted woodwork, take the spots from the rugs, scrub the kitchen floor, and leave a sweet-smelling, wholesome cleanliness.

I give the mother a chance to smile

I want her to have more time to enjoy the sunshine of her baby's smile. I want to take away from her the hard, disagreeable task of washing baby's diapers. I soak them with my soap-and-naptha, then with a little rubbing and a good rinse, I leave them soft and soothing, with never a chance to irritate baby's tender skin.

I save expense and clean clothes thoroughly

I want to come into *your* home to cut down clothes-expense. I think it is a burning shame the way expensive clothes are often so quickly ruined by the pulling and straining they get from hard rubbing. *I* wash clothes safely. My real naptha quickly makes the dirt let go by soaking, without harm to the fibres of delicate fabrics.

I want to be your helper in getting your family's wash clean—whether it be sheets or shirts or sheerest waists. Wherever I work I leave *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness—complete,* wholesome cleanliness.

Will you hire me?

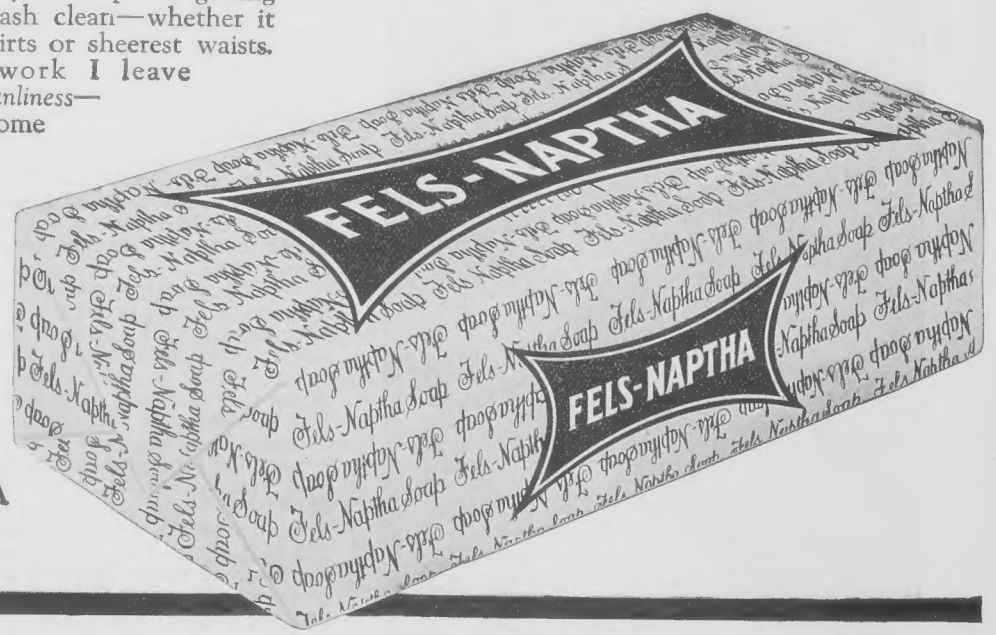
I am a tireless worker. I never shirk. Never sleep. Always ready to do your bidding.

Hire me, and I will never quit the job. The longer I work for you the more you will feel that you cannot get along without me.

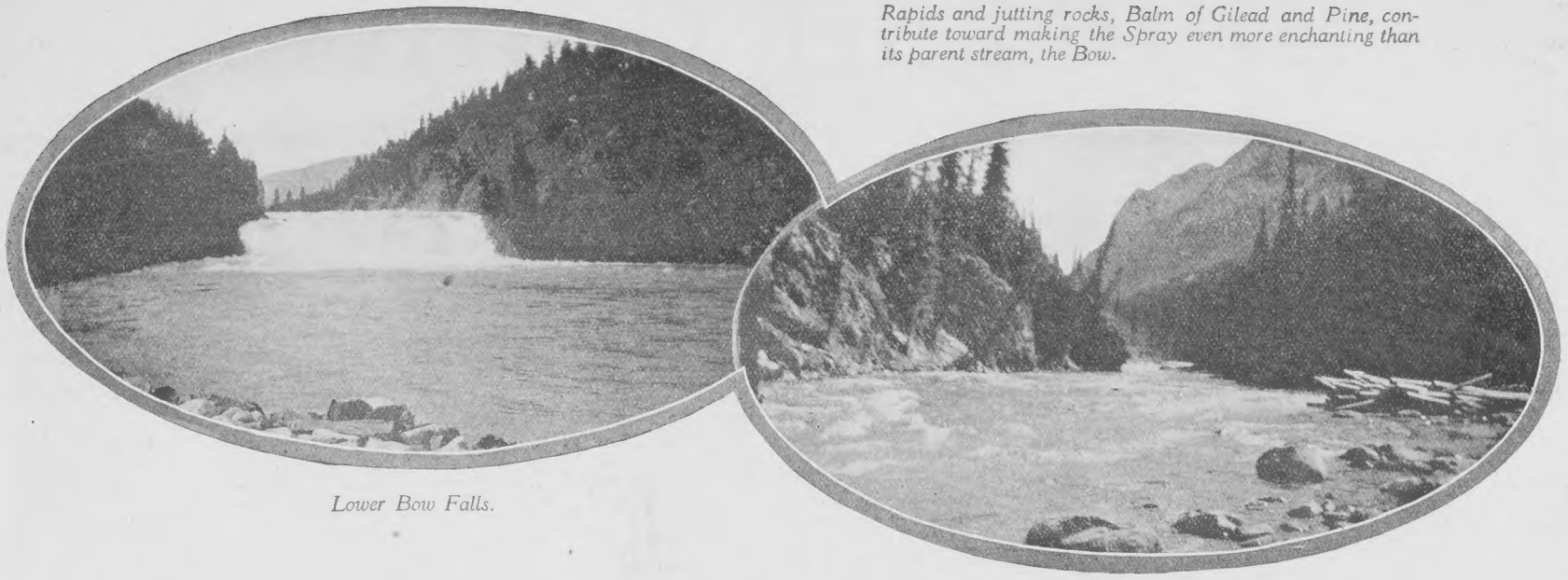
Tell your grocer you want me, and I will go right to work for you, and prove my extraordinary ability.

Nothing can take my place!

FELS-NAPTHA



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Rapids and jutting rocks, Balm of Gilead and Pine, contribute toward making the Spray even more enchanting than its parent stream, the Bow.

Lower Bow Falls.

A VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS

By Margaret Singer

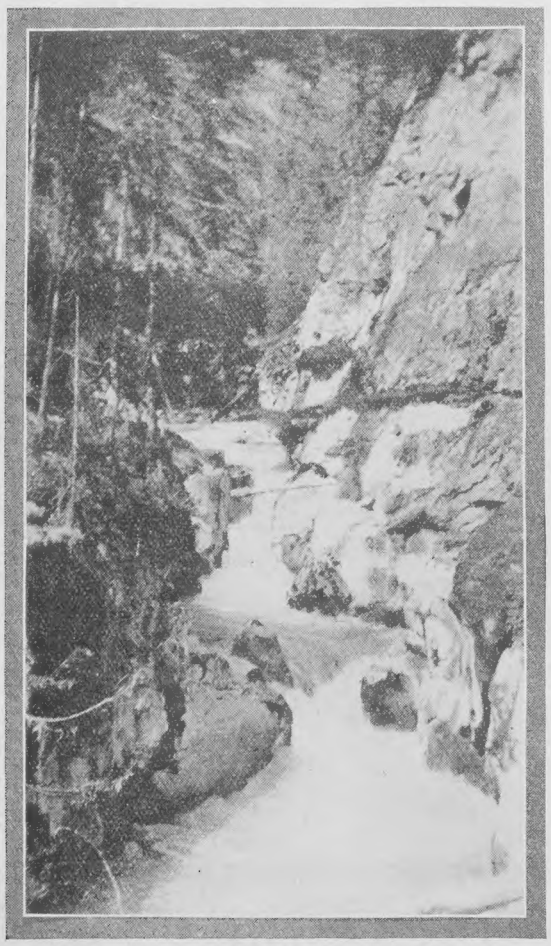
WHO has not felt the lure of the wild, felt the strange tuggings at the heart strings, listened to the call of the open road? It may come morning in early spring, or in the summer, or yet again in the late fall. It comes at any time and at any season; yet, it is sure to come, upsetting the house of cards we have built about us, utterly ruining our stodgy plans, and whirling us off into a land of bright days and long, dreamless nights, weaving into our lives the subtle charm of romance. Sometimes we follow one road, sometimes another, but there are those who follow again and again the same old trail—a trail which leads over the ripening prairies and into the heart of the mountains.

Just beyond the portal of the Canadian Rockies nestles in a pleasant valley the little village of Banff, and to this spot, year after changing year, come those who have listened to the call of the wild, and answered it.

Starlit skies. cloud-wrapped mountains, stately pines, and the swish and swirl of the blue, blue Bow. This is the welcome which Banff the Beautiful extends.

In all her varying moods I question if Banff ever so appealed to me as the night on which I claimed her friendship. With the sun smiling benignly upon her, in summer storm, in cold, drizzling rain, with her mountains glistening in robes of sparkling snow, she is, at all times, beautiful. But in the witching hour of night, when the moon sheds her soft radiance over the waters, touching with living silver the crest of a lone mountain peak while the others lie blue-black in the shadows, and all, save a few in the valley sleep, then does Banff weave her magic spell, and we solemn-eyed watchers of her beauty, wish that the Dark Lady with soft touch and scarlet poppies in her hair would for once forsake us. But as Sleep beckons we drowsily yet rebelliously, obey her will. Hushed now are all the sounds of man, and nature, and locked in slumber, guarded by her own high mountains, Banff the Beautiful lies dreaming.

Through the valley in which Banff nestles flow two rivers. The swiftly-moving Bow bears little resemblance to the stream which had its being some sixty miles away at the summit of the Rockies. Fed by mountain torrents and Alpine snows, rushing rapidly along, leaping over rocks in its headlong course or gliding swiftly through wooded banks, it enters Banff a smoothly-flowing river. But as it moves, it gains velocity until bursting into glorious freedom, cascading and tumbling, it forms the Upper and Lower Bow Falls. As we walk along the path which skirts the edge of the bank and pause to rest just above where the wild, white horses plunge and play visions of other days come to us. Perhaps we see water-sprites dancing in a nimbus of rainbow waves, but, more often, I think, the wild, free blood of the hills calls and we see Indian braves guiding their frail barks over a sea of foam. We share with them their dangers, exploits and loves, and no man can say that we are not brave.



Here the waters swirl and seethe, plunge and play.

BELOW the Falls the river flows rapidly on for a few hundred yards, where it is joined by the Spray, whose waters first danced in the sun in the form of a Mountain lake up amid the snow-clad crags of Mount Assiniboine. If you follow the valley of the Spray long enough you will be rewarded with a glimpse of this Matterhorn of the Rockies, its pyramidic form rising sheer in air. To reach, however, this wonder-peak we must be prepared to quit for the space of one week the Village of Banff, and with saddle-pony and pack-pony taste of the joys of the wild; and they are myriad. Yet, there are those who are not to be attracted by even such a Paradise of crag and canyon, pinnacle and peak. Well within the precincts of the village they miss the glory of sunrise and sunset, the dusky beauty of skies at night, when camp-fires' smoke curls upward and the guide, reminiscing on exploits and scenes old as the undying song of the hills to him, fondly turns the pages of his Book of Memory. Softly into the subtle, dreamlike fabric of the Spell of the Mountains we listeners and dreamers, weave our most beautiful threads of all.

Yet the average person longing for a sight of Mount Assiniboine would perhaps find a climb up Cascade Mountain more to his liking from which site Assiniboine looms in the distance over 2000 ft. above where he stands. There is added interest in the fact that Sir James Outram, the first to scale Mount Assiniboine, then considered an unscaleable peak, viewing it from Cascade Mountain, was fired with an ambition to conquer the Matterhorn of the Rockies.

Despite the fact that seasoned mountaineers consider the trail to Mount Assiniboine along the valley of the Spray to be the most uninteresting of the various routes, it affords to the angler, the camera artist and the lover of nature much of a delightful character. Then, too, Overnight Cabins have recently been built along this route which facilitates the trip being taken by foot.

For some distance the trail leads us along one side of the base of Sulphur Mountain, but gradually descending we find ourselves meandering along a flower-fringed path, while at our very feet the rippling river flows. Again the trail strikes across country. Dark forests of Pine and Poplar hem us in; yet ever the falling, rushing river greets us from afar with its eternal, undying anthem. We may leave the stream for only a few yards or for a mile or more but when again its glistening waters meet our gaze we find them just as beautiful. Rapids and jutting rocks, numerous islands, Balm of Gilead and Pine all contribute toward making the Spray even more enchanting than its parent stream the Bow.

When more quiet scenes appeal and an afternoon's paddle or fishing sounds enticing, it would be well to follow the Bow up stream for a mile turning into pretty little Echo or Forty-Mile Creek. After a few minutes paddling you will come to a miniature stream. This is Willow Creek. On the hottest days it is shady here, for the Willow trees almost meet above our heads, while their black limbs are mirrored in the water in fantastic shapes. It is an ideal spot in which to laze and dream; for men to smoke their pipes in quiet contentment and for girls to build air castles. But beyond this minute waterway lie sparkling the beautiful Vermillion Lakes. Here, on these placid stretches, we find ourselves surrounded by scenes of a quiet and noble grandeur. As we glide over the smooth surface of the

Cliffs rise above us, and fall away below us. We are in the gorge.

A VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS

—Continued from page 10

lakes we see below us the beautiful waving fronds of great water ferns, which sway with every ripple and motion softly and sensuously. How idyllic is the stillness and solitude of this Pine-bordered mountain lake! The only sign of man is embodied in our own canoe. Over there where the water seems to end, a forest of marshes begins; beyond these the dark green Pines stand sentinels, and still beyond the mighty mountains rear their forms. Looking back towards Banff, Rundle rises. Before us the Vermillion Range stretches, while over among the Sawback Hills Mount Edyth's spire points forever to the skies. Here, in this solitude of Nature, with the vast amphitheatre of hills around us, let us drift and dream. Days of Arcadian joy like this come rarely to us. In other days, when gloom and shadow seem to settle round, the memory of these days in Arcady will bring smiles to lips and eyes. It may be that in His Great Goodness such days are re-created, serving more ends than one.

BUT Banff's scenes are as varying as her moods. The auto road which winds along the shore at the base of the mountains will present for us a panorama of pictures, ideal in their loveliness. From terra firma we may for a distance of about three miles enjoy the beauties of the Vermillion Lakes, though our view may sometimes be intercepted by clumps of Pine. Eighteen miles out of Banff along this road we come to Johnston's Creek. Parking our cars in a grove we follow the trail up hill for half a mile, and finally, after ascending a flight of steps, find ourselves on a path of rock. Cliffs rise

The Bow . . . . . gliding swiftly through wooded banks.

above us, and fall away below us. We are in the gorge. Here the waters swirl and seethe, plunge and play, and in this wilderness, alone among the masterpieces of the Creator we listen to the vast symphony of waters. Here, where they turbulently dash, into the music of the waves is woven an undertone, which speaks of forces, mighty and dominant. Yet, there, where they glide peacefully along, a softer note holds sway. Into the silvery tinkle of the water a bird's note blends, and the breathing silences of nature mingle. Yet again, where the miniature Falls dash over their few feet of rock another song is sung, and another masterpiece is added to Nature's galaxy.

Finally, as do all good things, the canyon comes to an end. With a music of falling waters it offers its grand finals to an audience which stands spellbound. From some stream above the water pours down into a circular pool, lingers for a moment, as though loath to leave its quiet resting place, but as primeval forces call it once again dashes down and over the rock. In this way is formed the "Twin Pools." Here, too, the trail ends. Johnston's Creek, somewhere above the cleft, seeks its source, and finds it in a spring. You may try to climb up to it if you wish, but it will mean the art of scrambling over rocks and fallen trees, using living trees as ladders, and unless you are an extremely vigorous and ardent lover of the wild, you will doubtless forsake the climb. Scraped shins and bruises are not always conducive to adventures, though indeed they often accompany same, and, as must be admitted, often add zest to the undertaking.

The village and the villa of Banff have also much to offer, prominent among which are the Cave and Basin and the Sulphur Baths. The mineral properties of these Sulphur Baths have been found by analysis to be practically the same as those at Bath, England. These waters have such a tonic effect that they have made of Banff a health resort besides a resort of pleasure seekers and Nature lovers; while the serious student of any of Nature's phases will ever find new material for his observing eyes. To the angler these mountainous regions can offer many a day's sport, and amid scenes of quiet or rugged grandeur he may tackle the Trout and Grayling, the Dolly Varden and the Rocky Mountain Whitefish. Here he may have a vigorous fight with some lusty Trout. Those, whose habitat is the Spray River and Lakes, are great fighters and will surely give the fisherman a struggle for his sport. Lake Minnewanke, nine miles from Banff, offers to the serious lover of reel and rod great returns. Numerous indeed are the mountain lakes, rivers and streams which call to this type of sportsman, and numerous and variant indeed are the noble pictures presented to his eyes.

The swift-water canoeman and the still-water paddler alike finds his heart's desire in this land of many waters. The mountain-climber, professional or amateur, has scores of mountains from which he may choose that which meets his particular mood or fancy. Though myriads flock to this Village among the Hills, and though various indeed are the tastes and sporting inclinations of these same people, Banff invariably offers to each one that which suits him most.

THE natural born explorer and adventurer, however, will seek outlet for his energies in the wild, unpopulated places. These he may find twenty miles from Banff or one hundred miles. Where his ambitions and longings lead he goes, enjoys and conquers. Even we, accustomed to Pullmans instead of pack and saddle may too get the wandering spirit, and suddenly some morning when the mists veil the horizon, and the Sun God sends his golden darts to Earth through wreaths of clouds, we decide to once more follow westward in his wake. For beyond, in a region still unknown to us, lies incomparable Lake Louise, and, further still, the lovely Yoho Valleys.

As Banff, the Beautiful, awakening from her slumbers, draws her golden robe around her, and her devotees, glorying in her smile, just as golden, once more woo her beauties and her charms, we bid farewell to the Village in the Mountains and once more journey westward in the wake of the sun.

He Wanted it Decided

"Ma! Ma!" bawled Freddy as the usual morning wash was going on. "Do my ears belong to my face or my neck?"

Ma temporized. "Why, what is the matter?" she asked.

"I want it decided now. Every time you tell Mary to wash my face or my neck she washes my ears too."

Illustrated Domestic Science

"Now," said the professor of chemistry, "under what combination is gold most quickly released?"

The student pondered a moment. "I know, sir," he answered. "Marriage."

How Pretty Teeth

affect the smile—teeth freed from film

See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.

The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

Why Teeth are Dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are clouded in that way.

The Tooth Attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

Must be Combated

Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant. In late years two effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

It Goes Further

Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect.

Protect the Enamel!

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

Made in Canada

REG. IN CANADA **Pepsodent**

The New-Day Dentifrice

You'll see and feel

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

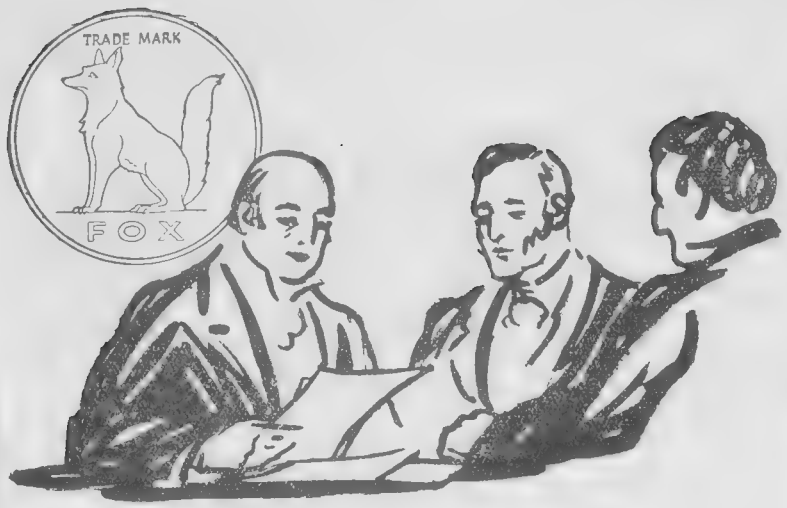
10-DAY TUBE FREE 1625 Can.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 99, 191 George St., Toronto, Can.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family



Honesty of Purpose

has characterised Fox's endeavour ever since ancestors of the present Fox family used their first trade mark for cloth about 1680.

You can tell at a glance that Fox "Superfine" and "Fine" are *good.* "Superfine" is for lounge and social wear, "Fine" for professional or business use. Long wear is assured—as it is also in Fox "Standard" at lower prices.

Ask your tailor to show you these graded West of England fabrics, in many designs and kinds of cloth.

FOX
WOOLLEN FABRICS

Serges, Botanies, Tweeds (also Fox-Bliss Tweeds) and Cheviots, Saxonies and Fancy Worsteds, in "Superfine," "Fine" and "Standard" grades. And Fox's Improved Puttees.

Fox's Trade Mark every 84" on reverse of cloth, or on a label in clothes. *Guarantees* Pure Woollen Fabric that will give sound service—should it shrink or fade, on land or sea, a length of similar quality cloth will be given as free replacement.

Wholesale Agent:
J. H. Shaw, 285, Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal.

Manufactured by
FOX BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., Wellington, Somerset, England.

Yours for quality,
Gold Standard
THE *"Chaffless-Coffee"*
The Codville Co. Ltd.

46

The MOONBEAM MODEL

By Ronald Tuckwell

WELL, well—poor Uncle Peter dead. Again I picked up the letter that had brought the news in the afternoon mail. A firm of London lawyers had written, giving brief particulars. They enclosed a draft for £500, which amount Uncle Peter had bequeathed to me.

Things were slack in the insurance business. It was stuffy and close in the office. News of the death of my favorite uncle depressed me—dampening my usual cheerful spirits. I decided to call it a day, close the office, and take a stroll in the bright July sunshine—hoping thereby to work up an appetite.

The stroll worked wonders—I reached home with sharpened appetite. I decided to withhold my news until after tea—it would never do to detract her attention from the culinary department. She is an expert—and tears always interfere with my enjoyment of her productions. Being so very tender-hearted, my news would surely start the water-works. One has to practise diplomacy where friend wife is concerned.

Tea was a success. You have to hand it to her—she is a culinary genius. Later I told my news. I was prepared to comfort her—but got the surprise of my life instead.

"Oh Pete-ey! Five hundred pounds! Why, that's twenty-five hundred dollars! Now we can get a car!" She literally bubbled with joy.

"Hester!" I began sternly, "he was my favorite uncle. This has been a severe blow to me, and....."

But she had vanished. In a minute she reappeared, hastily adjusting hat and cloak. "I must run across and tell Mrs. Jones!" she cried breathlessly. "July and August always bring such lovel-ly motoring weather!

"I—I'm sorry about your uncle, Pete-ey dear....." she added. It must have been the sight of my glum face.

I fell into a brown study. "Poor Uncle Peter," I muttered. "I mind well the time when he took me, a little shaver, to Willesden Reservoir to fish, and he Oh, well—that's life, after all. A brief time of trial on this bleak, narrow plain, hedged in by the overhanging cliffs of two eternities....."

I reached for a magazine and lit the old brier, hoping to conquer the blue spell. Unconsciously I found myself studying the car advertisements.

"Now, there's a snappy model! $2,000 —um-m-m! I like 'at." I turned over the pages—but kept on backing up to that ad.

"I'm going to buy that car!" I cried, finally. "That's my idea of a real car. We should have a car, anyhow—and there's nothing snappier than *that* in these parts. I'll get it—and spring a surprise on her!"

She returned from the Jones', radiant. "Oh Pete-ey," she cried, "Mrs. Jones is green with jealousy. Of course, she never let on—but she couldn't hide it."

I snorted. These females!

"Pete-ey!" she went on, breathlessly. "I've a perfectly lovel-ly idea! Mr. Binks, the garage man, has a dandy car for sale—only been driven 10,000 miles—good as new—and so smart looking—and it's only $700. I was just speaking to him on the street—it's a 'Moonbeam,' Petey.....!"

"Woman!" I shouted, "do you mean to tell me you have told that robber Binks I wanted a car? 'Moonbeam' fiddlesticks—I had about decided to buy a brand new "

"Oh but, Pete-ey, dear—brand new cars cost so much; and this 'Moonbeam' is just as good as new—Mr. Binks told me so..... I—I wi—wish you'd (sob) get it (sob) Pete-ey dear....."

Caesar's Ghost! What *would* have been the fate of Solomon, in all his glory, if his Thousand had started to sob at him all at once?

"All right!" I gave in. "The 'Moonbeam' it is! But, remember, if that pile of junk turns out as I expect it will—don't blame me!"

I CALLED on Binks in the morning. I was pleasantly surprised. The "Moonbeam" looked snappy—at $700 it was a bargain. Binks proceeded to teach me everything about the controls, gears, etc., as we headed out into the country. She ran like a clock. I was elated. Friend wife certainly had scored this time, I chuckled.

Binks ran her into my shed-garage—and, after once more explaining her controls, gear-shifts, etc., departed with my cheque.

At noon I decided to take a run around the block. Accordingly I started her going and mounted to the navigating deck. Friend wife came aboard. We made the grade all right, backing out nicely. Then, in turning sharply to swing into the lane, something happened. I'll swear I turned the wheel the right way—but the next thing I knew the "Moonbeam's" nose was through neighbor Brown's fence and stirring up his chickens.

Brown came out. He's surly. It cost me $10 to keep the peace. I didn't feel like driving after that, so ran her back to dock.

Ensued a strenuous week while I was learning to manage the "Moonbeam." Of all the contrary contraptions I ever struck, she wins easy! Clutch, that moved in and out smoothly whilst Binks was showing me how, stuck repeatedly. Gear shifts, that behaved with exemplary obedience whilst Binks was aboard, jammed and refused to slide. I could not get her into "high" without killing the engine. I endured misery, while the town wits and funny guys stood at the edge of the sidewalk and offered advice full of "sting." The things I said about Binks ! !

However, I succeeded in getting her fairly well trained eventually—and friend wife and I enjoyed some nice rides around the country-side. I began to think Binks wasn't half such a robber, after all.

Then she upset the equilibrium by inviting the Jones' out for a ride.

"Hester!" I cried, "I am not sufficiently acquainted with Miss Moonbeam's eccentricities as to wish to take friends out in her. She isn't running good lately, and....."

"Pete-ey! I declare you are a lovel-ly driver. So careful. And the car is running beautiful-ly. I've asked them for this evening."

"On your own head be it, then!" I growled. I could stand anything—if the Jones' could.

WE got away to a fine start. Old J. was enthusiastic over the car, as we drove to the garage and got her filled up with gas and oil. He was super-enthusiastic—as I settled the bill. J. is of Scottish descent.

"You got a great bargain there, Pete," he confided to me, as we spun along the pretty country roadway. "Economical way of getting some pleasure out of life—you bet!" I grunted. I was beginning to think she was hard on gas.

We hummed along for an hour. Then Mrs. J. produced a hamper and suggested stopping for a lunch. We picked out a likely spot—and hove to.

After lunching, as we prepared to go, young Billy Jones turned up missing. Smart kid, young Billy—but deuced mischievous. "Probably a mile away, hunting berries or something," I suggested. But I was wrong. We found Billy squirming around under the car.

She ran smoother than ever after the rest. Old J. was full of praise. "Wonderful car you got, Pete," he kept saying, as we hummed along.

We were about three miles from town when it happened. Just skimmed up a hill, and turned her nose downwards, when she spluttered, stalled—and died. Nothing would induce her to try again—she wouldn't even cough.

I crawled underneath; dived into the hood; tried this, then that—all to no avail. It was clear that she was through.

Continued on page 43

REVISITING LONDON

By Sheila Rand

LAST month, when writing to you, I was in a critical, probing mood. My mind was engrossed with abstract and psychological problems. I was bent upon making an analytical study of English women and then comparing them with Canadian women. This month I feel like a child who rushes into her mother's bedroom, just "bursting" with news to tell. Let English women spurn the vacuum cleaner, let English household arrangements remind one of the Ark, let conservatism cling to the hem of the Englishwoman's garment—I care not. London is a city of unending delights and interests, and I am in London. I remember saying to a friend just about a year ago, when a fit of the blues enveloped me, "Even if I had twenty-five dollars to fling recklessly into an orgy of enjoyment, there is no way of spending it here."

I thought of this quite just remark last Sunday, when, after much debating as to where we should go, I voted for as long a bus ride as was possible, starting from our very door. If you have never experienced the joy of riding a-top a London bus, then there is much in store for you. There you sit, monarch of all you survey, rejoicing in the bright sunshine, drinking in the delicious Spring air of a day early in April, and viewing to left, to right, and straight ahead the many buildings of historic interest, the fascinating London crowds on the pavements below, and, as you travel further and further away from London, the flowers and blossoming trees that are part of the glories of an English Spring. It was such a day as made the exiled poet exclaim,

"Oh! to be in England
Now that April's here."

We boarded a bus at the "Royal Oak," which, although but a Public House, is almost as well-known as St. Paul's Cathedral! I miss the magnificent glossy horses with their massive chests and broad backs; the horses that in my childhood made bus riding a great adventure. But the modern motor bus has certain advantages. It skims along at a great rate and one's tender feelings are not harrassed each time it has to stop. In the old days, it made one's heart ache to see how thoughtlessly people insisted upon the bus stopping at any point in the street. How those horses used to strain to stop quickly and then re-start with their heavy load at the first friendly flick of the driver's whip. But now the motor snorts its indifference when a shingled flapper wearing flesh colored hose, stands a hundred feet from a stopping place, and signals haughtily to the indifferent motorman. I must cease from these side-thoughts, because our bus has started on its journey, and from the royalest of positions—the seats right in front, we watch the shops and streets of Kensington give way to the flower gardens and country lanes of world-famous Chiswick, Kew, Richmond. Twickenham and thence to Teddington, passing the loveliest of cherry trees gay with blossoms, and gardens rich with Spring flowers. At this point, we alighted and entered Bushey Park, a royal demesne of over one thousand acres, noted for its tame deer. It is in this park that there is the famous Chestnut Avenue stretching right across the park. Some of these trees are over two hundred years old. It was too early to see them in flower and I am to take this beautiful walk again, at the end of May when I will see, I am told, an unforgettable sight.

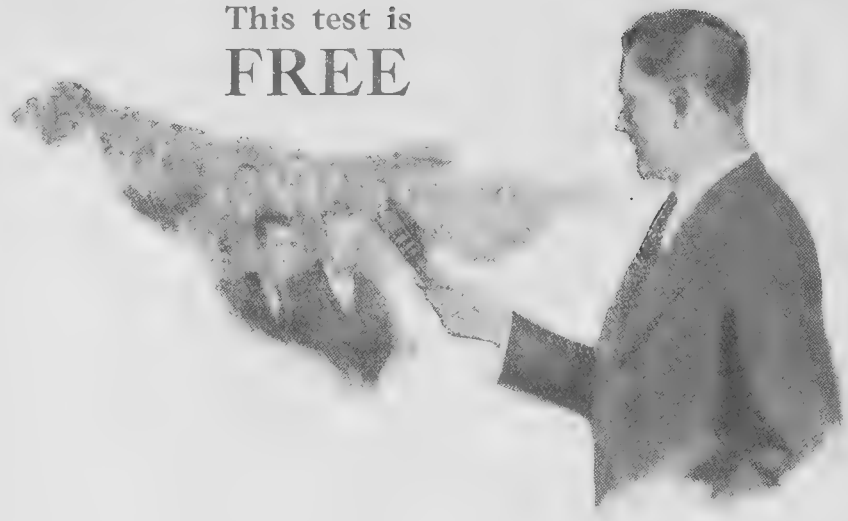
After leaving Bushey Park, another bus took us to Kingston, from where boats leave daily for a two days trip on the Thames, Oxford being the objective. It was too early in the year to consider this trip so we turned into Nuthalls, a famous restaurant, and refreshed ourselves with fragrant tea and famous "Maids of Honour," the sweet cheese cake always connected in the truly historic mind with the beauties of Richmond Hill! This restaurant is particularly pleasant because it affords a charming view of the Thames. The huge room with its many French windows opening on to the river bank is much patronised in the summer by lovers of the dance. Home by bus via Kew after four and a half hours intense pleasure. The practical minded of my readers may be interested to learn that bus fares and tea for this trip, for two, cost exactly six shillings and eightpence. A dollar and eighty cents.

Leg of Mutton Pond, Hampstead Heath, on Easter Monday. The children are looking for coppers thrown in by generous on-lookers.

HAMPSTEAD Heath on Easter Monday! My first experience. An unforgettable one. Grassy glades, furze-covered expanses, far-reaching views, broken heights that make a line of beauty—such is Hampstead Heath. To the north lies Golder's Hill and Waterlow Park, while to the East is Parliament Hill. Close at hand are the beautiful Highgate Woods. Such is Hampstead Heath described in guide book language. But not on Easter Monday. Oh no! As we emerged from that tiled cylinder, that miraculous method of transportation which carries thousands every second of the day across the length and breadth of London; in short, as we walked out of the Tube into the brilliant and overpowering sunshine, we joined a huge stream of holiday makers. Up, up we went along the sloping Heath Road which leads to the Common. Youths and maidens; fathers and mothers laden with babies and baskets; old folks who had performed this Easter ritual for at least half a century; little girls and boys whose sturdy legs endeavored to keep pace with Dad's long stride, young working girls obviously wearing their Easter togs and one or two inquisitive people like ourselves who came "to spy out the land" for the first time and report not to a military Joshua, but to an editor! Strangely enough in that huge crowd which grew

Continued on page 44

This test is
FREE



How Men Win

A significant Shaving Cream story

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

We win by service only, as you know. By doing one thing better than other men have done it.

That is the whole story of Palmolive Shaving Cream, one of today's sensations.

Here for 60 years we have studied soap. Some of the greatest soaps in existence are of our creation. Our Palmolive Soap is the leading toilet soap of the world.

Shaving soap a different problem

But Shaving Soap is different. It is not a cleanser, but a softener. A dozen shaving creams each had countless followers. The users were reasonably satisfied. The problem was to create a Shaving Cream so superior that every man who tried it would adopt it.

We brought to our laboratory every other shaving cream. We put them all to scientific tests. Then we studied to excel them in every quality desired.

We made 130 shaving creams, each better than the others. And we at last arrived at what we deem the utmost in a shaving cream.

Millions of men have adopted it. Tens of millions more will when they know. Not a living man has found a cream to do what this cream does.

Just watch it act

Don't buy it—just ask for a ten-shave test. Compare Palmolive Shaving Cream with the soap you are using now.

If we have done what you desire, adopt it. If not, return to the old. We ask no favors. Do what serves you best.

But we do ask the courtesy of a test, after all this effort to delight you, to serve you as others have not done. Concede us that test. You owe it to yourself and to us.

5 BETTER RESULTS

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so one-half gram suffices for a shave.

It acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

The super-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting. That's the major purpose in a shaving soap.

The palm and olive oil blend leaves delightful after-effects.

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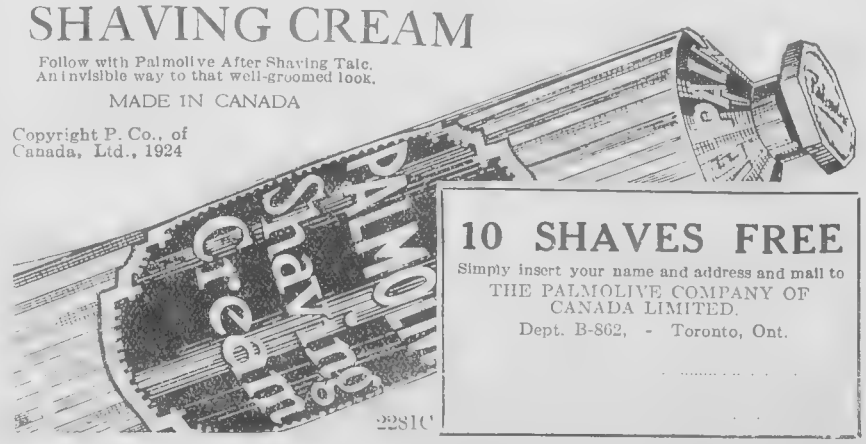

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But now the *Eva June,* adventurous little schooner from Nova Scotia, has come back from an eight months trip, covering 16,000 miles and carrying enough skins to make up 200 of the richest, most regal, fur coats.

Skins have been dressed by the famous London firm of Geo. Rice Ltd., and coats will be made by a leading Canadian furrier to your measure for $800. The low price (others charge $1,400 to $1,600) is due to our direct-sale policy. Send for the full story, ***"The Cruise of the Eva June,"*** which tells all about these incomparable coats. Address Department A.

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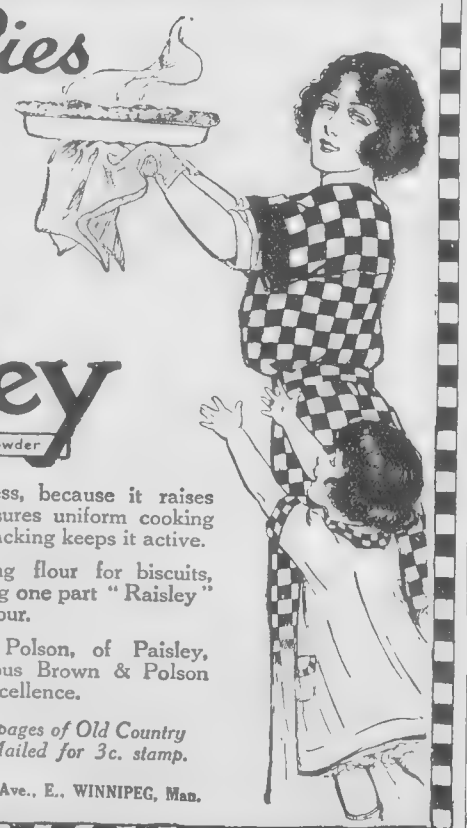
Fruit Pies



— whether strawberry or raspberry, cherry or plum, apple, peach or raisin — are at their best when "RAISLEY" is used instead of baking powder.

Raisley

The SURE raising powder

means crispness and lightness, because it raises evenly and perfectly, and ensures uniform cooking throughout. Its damp-proof packing keeps it active.

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Hunting Wildcat

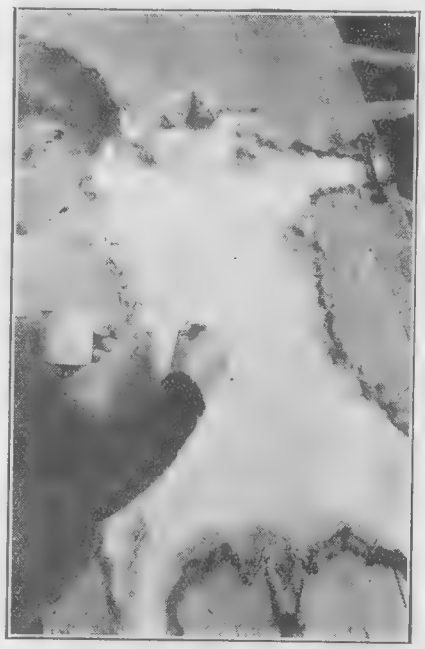
Along the Moose Trails of Nova Scotia

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

IT looked like a good morning to chase cats. The stars were snapping and sparkling in the dark heavens. The grass had white hoar frost on it and the wind was from the north.

The leader's big birchbark horn sounded as a starting signal, and the hounds began to bark and leap and we struggled into warm coats and leggings, for the alder and blueberry and laurel is scratchy stuff to get through. There had been just a shower of snow, no more, and that made for good tracking.

The spruces looked very black as we threaded the moose trail. Once a great crashing and snort told us that we had penetrated near the "yard" of a moose family, evidently bull, cow and calf, by the stamping and crashing, and we had all we could do to hold the two "hound-dogs." One was a noted rabbit killer and the other had investigated a big black



Tanning Skin of Wildcat

bear that had killed off nearly all the sheep in this secluded valley and had got side-swiped by bruin and bore odd and sundry marks, especially he snuffed like a wee locomotive.

Now we emerged from the spruce wood trail and came out on the open barrens.

The dogs had a hint of scent here and poked along with noses close to the ground. Now we came to a savannah and here there was no doubt from the signs that a cat had been along last night. These are the Bay Lynx, the wild cat or bobcat, not the Canada Lynx. Suddenly Rover leaped; the bear-killer followed him and instantly we were alone and the most magical calls in the woods, dogs' voices, were trailing away off over the moose trail that led from the savannah. With the light of a December winter's day slowly breaking, the scene looked like well cultivated land, as far as the eye could reach on either hand stretched a swelling rolling plain all covered with green vegetation and some light snow; there must have been five miles of this deceptive scene on either side of the savannah—alas! it was but bear-berry that covered the land. No sign of man's handiwork was there in all that beautiful scene—what a fine sheep-run it would make! "He's treed a cat!" grunted the guide as the barks came in a volley, and you could fairly see those two mile-distant dogs standing on their tails yelping up that distant tree.

SUDDENLY, I felt a light snowflake drop onto my upturned face and in my ears I heard a soughing I had not before noticed. A blizzard was on us before you could say "Jack Robinson."

"Let's push ahead," said Laddie. "We can't get lost along this creek." So on we foolishly went with heads bowed to the blast. The snow was a white wet curtain now, and although Laddie had a compass we were temporarily lost in the first hour. Once again we heard the dogs and once we crossed a fresh cat-track half buried under those of two running leaping dogs' tracks. "Gettin' hot!" said the guide; but that was as warm as it got, for at midday when we put our backs against a tree and ate our humble lunch, not one of the three were sure whether we were in Yarmouth, Shelburne, Digby or Queen's County. Our camp lay not far from the junction of these four counties. The half-breed guide had hunted here for moose, but no man could tell one trail from another in that awful smother that was pouring down.

At three o'clock I called a halt. We were in a sheltered little valley where the white-tailed deer had made their beds, and it seemed a good place to make ours. By dusk, which came about four p.m., we had a rough lean-to built and a big fire burning and two rabbits preparing for a scorching—for that was about all they got. These spruce and fir woods are usually well watered, so that trouble was spared us.

Before we had picked those few bones clean, night was full upon us and the snow was dropping down now in straight lines covering everything with a thick blanket. The three of us were pretty well tired out. I felt sure we had done at least ten miles of hard plunging walking, and while pipes gleamed and snow fell we all went into the land of Nod and did not wake up until the two dogs found us shivering at midnight. They added to the comfort of the camp for, after they shook themselves, they clambered up on top of our bodies. We lay spoon fashion for comfort as the night was cold—and I dreamt that a bear had pressed me down in the snow before he made his morning meal off me, to awaken to the

Showing length of Wildcat, hanging over Laddie's back. The wire noose is still about its neck, and the tally stick is hanging from it.

fact that I was alone with two dogs trying their best to sleep on my long thin body.

Soon an axe blow and a camp fire told me where the others were and we divided the few biscuits we had—five—among the five of us, and waited for the light of another day. It seemed a long while coming and just before we could make out the funereal boles of the firs a cat yowled in the next clump and the dogs were off like mad things. Yelping, they ploughed through the deep snow until they got into the bush and then gave tongue again and once more the guide said, "He's treed a cat." These mic-macs are certainly not loquacious for I think that was the third time he had spoken on this trip.

Continued on page 45

The Garden of Napoleon St. Pierre

By Marguerite Gordon

A LINE of waiting motors, near a prominent corner on the Marine Drive in West Vancouver, led us to the home of Napoleon St. Pierre who made a fine art of casting horoscopes while he developes his unique grounds, known as "Capilano Gardens."

Overlooking Burrard Inlet and the Narrows, the gateway to the silver reaches of the Pacific, his unique home and his interesting personality draw visitors from all corners of the world.

To gaze about his gardens is to realize that the owner is a very unusual man who sees visions, dreams dreams, and forms very definite opinions on all questions.

A deep student of horoscopy, he seems to be able to determine a person's destiny with rare insight. A man of broad ideas, he is deeply religious and declares that Christ has appeared to him several times. "'To do right' is my motto," he said. "I take no liquor, no tobacco, no meat, no coffee, no tea. I do not swear. I say nothing and carry the cross."

With this sane mode of living and broad, commonsense view as a back ground for his life, he studies the stars, keeps up on all questions of the day, works in his gardens and meets his numerous visitors.

That there is no mercenary idea connected with his work, but rather that his endeavor in horoscopy is more in the nature of "art for art's sake," gives it an entirely different aspect. He will not often accept money for the horoscope readings and takes only a small sum for the picture post cards of his gardens. Over 35,000 of these have been sold to tourists and he states that he hears from all parts of the world, from people who have carried his cards away with them.

He has been unfortunate in that his home has been burned twice in eight years and he is now finishing the building of his third house, quite an imposing bungalow which he calls "the Chateau Laurier." There remains a corner of his last house, now vine-covered, and he has made of it a little arbor, calling it the home of the Virgin Mary, in the "Middle of the earth."

He has built his three houses with an axe, hammer and saw and entirely alone. He has no money and picks up lumber on the shore of the inlet while various people give him old sheds and shacks.

He has a colored picture of the head of Christ, that has been through two fires and yet has not been burned. The sides of the picture are burned and damaged but the face remains clear and kindly, a source of comfort and guidance to Mr. St. Pierre in his work.

On a corner of the grounds is a cement statue of Rock of Ages. Mr. St. Pierre who was an ardent admirer of Lillian Russell, was inspired to build it the day she died, knowing that her favorite hymn was "Rock of Ages." Below the statue is a pool with two islands in it, representing his two homes which have been burned and "by a bad neighbor," he declares, which adds a further touch of dark mystery to the place. Each island is a mass of flowers, poppies, representing "Flanders Fields."

Mr. St. Pierre is a French Canadian, born near Montreal and has always been an ardent admirer of the late Sir Wilfred Laurier. He has a life size painting in oils of Laurier, which occupies a prominent place in his bungalow and

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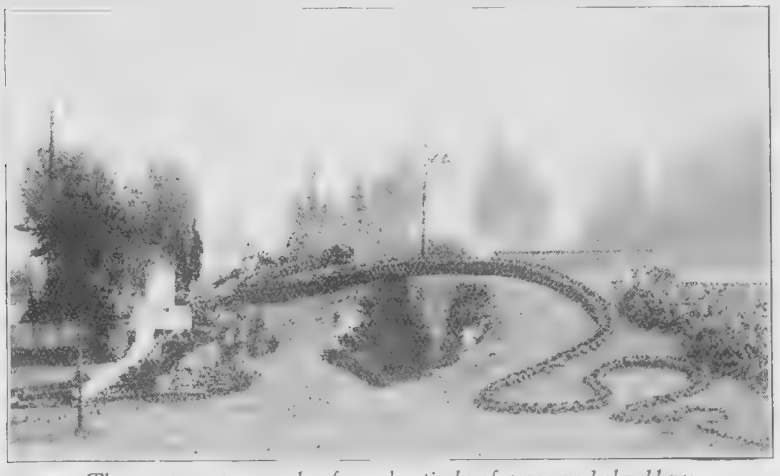
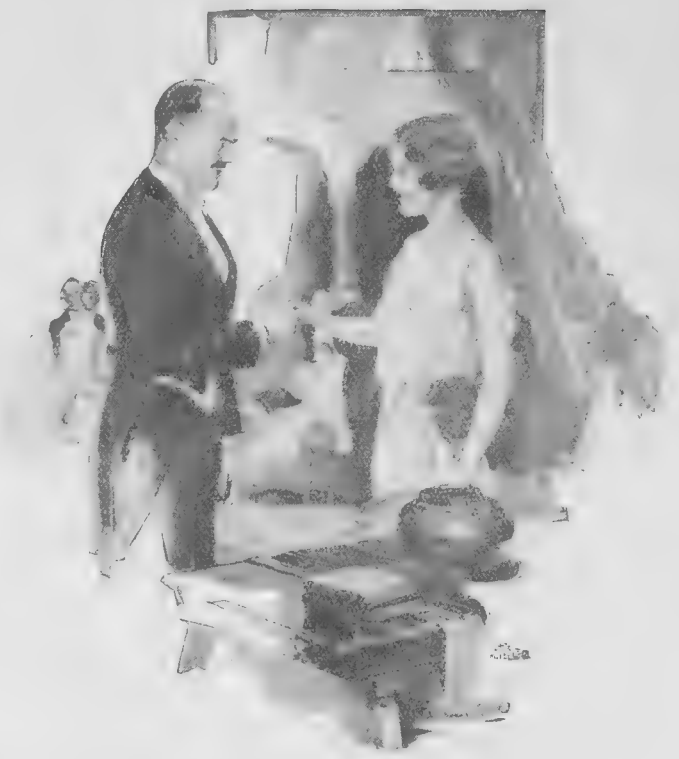


The great mystery snake, formed entirely of grass and shrubbery, in Capilano Gardens, B.C.

Statue in Capilano Gardens, built in memory of Lillian Russell, whose favorite hymn was "Rock of Ages"



Face to face with an old friend

Does he find you as charming—as young—as inspiring as ever?

FACE to face with an old friend . . . dim, latent memories . . . calling to mind the gaiety and laughter of days long past.

Do his eyes light up in pleasure at your youth? Can he truthfully say: "Well, well, you don't look one day older?"

The secret of retaining youthfulness lies in preventing the sicknesses to which women especially are so susceptible. Every attack leaves its imprint—listlessness, tell-tale little lines and shadows.

Regular exercise, correct diet, proper rest and relaxation are essential in maintaining the physical well-being upon which women's charm and poise depend. But these alone are not enough. Personal antiseptic cleanliness—*feminine hygiene*—is a vital factor in preserving youth and health.

Leading gynecologists now advise regular feminine hygiene as a protective measure of the utmost importance for women. The antiseptic recommended for this purpose is "Lysol" Disinfectant. Physicians prefer "Lysol" because of its proven effectiveness in preventing bacterial infections, to which most illnesses are due.

"Lysol" is also preferred because of its non-irritability to sensitive tissues. It is neutral. It contains no free alkali nor free acid. No antiseptic could be safer for the delicate membranes.

And "Lysol" is economical; one-half teaspoonful to one quart of water is all that is required to make the proper antiseptic solution for feminine hygiene.

Use "Lysol" as an antiseptic solution.
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The ideal personal antiseptic

Let's Make It a Picnic!

To Last an Hour or a Month, As Our Luck Decrees

By SYLVIA SIMS

You may camp some night in a spot so charming that you don't want to leave it next day

ARE you busy these days—so busy that there is practically no time for recreation? When the day's work is over, is there still a meal to get?

Then—let's make it a picnic! Pack a basket with substantial but simple viands, as few dishes as possible (use papier mache ones as far as you can, or unbreakable or old dishes that can be washed by the youngsters in creek or lake)— pop the basket, the family and yourself into the car (or the trolley or buckboard or whatever means of transportation offers) and enjoy your meal out of doors. Mother won't have to cook it—there are plenty of volunteers for the job when a bonfire replaces the unromantic stove.

Or with a full week from Monday until Friday or Saturday noon—what do you do with your week-ends? Resorts are too full and expensive, perhaps, to beckon you. But this glorious summer weather is too short lived, its opportunities too wonderful, for the precious week-ends to be allowed to slip casually away. Let us plan to use the next one. But—what to do with it?

Make it a picnic.

Or your vacation. If no attractive plan offers itself so far—

Make it a picnic!

THE motor car has given new life to the picnic idea. It is so easy to pack into it all that you require for a meal or a trans-continental trip. The latter needs something more in the way of equipment, supplies and thoughtful planning, (in fact, *much less equipment and much more thoughtful planning* than many people suppose), but it is a thoroughly practical undertaking, as thousands of enthusiastic travellers will attest.

Motor-camping, as an institution, has definitely arrived. Its advantages are so numerous and so general in their appeal, that the vogue was bound to go through the country with the spread and enthusiasm of a forest fire.

Our generation is offered so much comfort, so much is being done to make things smooth and easy for us, that we may be particularly susceptible to the call of the primitive—if it isn't *too* primitive.

And that is the great advantage of motor camping,—we can rought it much or little; we can do much or little picnicking, as we prefer; we can feel that we are getting away from every day restrictions and conventions—with such comforts as we, individually, may deem necessary.

Our Needs for Motor Camping

LET us consider, first, the real vacation trip—a matter of days or months, as the case may be. Our equipment need not be elaborate or expensive. The fewer "extras" we take, after the essentials are provided, the better.

First,—a motor car. *Any* car, provided it has a decently behaved motor. It need not be dignified, handsome, or in any way impressive. Good performance is the only demand we put upon it.

Second,—a tent. Like our car, our tent may be any one of a variety of styles. But his tent is one of the things that marks your experienced camper as apart from other men. It will be the lightest, most-easily set up tent that he can find that will stand up against weather conditions. No fancy shapes, no multiplicity or awkward, heavy poles, for him. A tent that is easy to pitch, comfortable, though not necessarily elegant when it is up, a tent which, like the Arabs of old, he can "fold and steal silently away"—or his carefree ease will seem like silence, when compared to the noise heard from his hard-working and vociferous camp neighbour, in whose case the pitching or striking of camp calls out all he has of physical effort and expressive vocabularly.

For beds—and quickly, let me still the apprehensions of many who will do mightly deeds by day, provided slumber is amply and comfortably supplied. You can carry along, in unbelievable small space, folding camp cots which will surprise you with the amount of comfort they carry so trickily. They are of canvas, slung upon light, but strong supports: lay a blanket on one, yourself on the blanket—and if you can't do with that, you shouldn't go camping. I prefer, for my own use, to pick up enough hay or straw, when we get near our evening camp site, to fill the waterproof bag that covers my blankets by day. And, by the way—these blankets are *light, warm wool.* You need only quarter the weight of wool bedding that you would require if you carried cotton—and to keep down the weight and bulk of your equipment is highly important.

The tents and beds, I have included for the camper who scorns hotels for overnight. If a hotel is your preference, however, you can arrange, on almost any route, to strike a town which will offer you comfortable shelter—bed, a hot bath, perhaps, and a change of food. But if you are a good camper, you will say, "well enough—but not in it with the breakfasts we cook ourselves."

And those camp breakfasts—and dinners—and suppers! They can be the most ambrosial feasts. I have heard people say "I hate picnics"—"I wouldn't go camping at any price." I'm always sorry for them. They either don't know anything about it or they have had some horrible experience at the hands of some stupid camper who didn't know the A.B.C.'s of the great out-door game.

THE CAMPER'S CREED

I believe that it is my sacred duty to see that my fire is really extinguished, before leaving it.

I believe that I should be certain that my fire cannot travel along the ground or sparks fly from it toward the woods.

I believe that I should never leave tins or rubbish unburied.

I believe in exercising every precaution in the matter of drinking water—boiling it in case of any doubt.

I believe that if I carry with me a feeling for beauty and gay adventure, I shall find both and enjoy them to the full.

I have hinted at the necessity of keeping down the amount of duffel you carry along. It is much more important to have room for your legs during the long hours of driving, than to have a camp chair to sit on when you stop. It is better to have an appreciative eye on the landscape than an apprehensive eye on that one-too-many bundle on the running board. And don't forget that every passenger and every bit of equipment has a definite weight avoirdupois: if you want your car to live up to its reputation for good behavior, remember that it is, after all, a passenger car, with the springs and strength of a passenger car and not a truck. It won't object to carrying a bit extra, but you can't load it until it until it sags and then expect it to sprint up a steep country grade with the same enthusiasm with which it climbs the well-paved hill at the head of Main Street. Be reasonable!

What About Food Supplies

AND as you are reasonable in the matter of your tent and bedding, be reasonable also in the supplies you carry with you. Nine times out of ten, the camper's route does not carry him out of reach of fresh supplies, so why load up with a lot of stuff that either will not keep particularly well, or will keep indefinitely—and has your permission to do so, so far as you are concerned, after you have had half a dozen meals whose most striking characteristic was their sameness.

When you have planned your route, consider what it will have to offer in the way of fresh edibles. You will probably decide that you can count on picking up bread, butter, milk, vegetables, fruit, eggs, bacon, steaks and chops, with possibly an occasional chicken, as you need them. Then why commit yourself to a steady diet of canned beans?

Not that canned beans have not got their place in a camping outfit. They are fine—if not too frequent. And with all the other good potted and tinned things you can buy right at the counter over which you order your beans—why specialize on them so heavily? There is, for instance, a can which contains a first class beef stew, with a rich gravy and plenty of vegetables—all ready to be heated and served; a fragrant and satisfying repast, I do assure you. And there is another which contains corned beef that would keep Jiggs on the highroad so long as the supply lasted.

No, I am not forgetting about the fresh supplies I was so lately advocating. But I would never advise complete dependence on them. A bit of motor trouble is never so serious if you can produce a good meal by the road-side and return, well-fed, to the battle with tire or engine. Or again, though you do not plan to go far off the beaten paths, it is never wise to be without the materials for a few meals. You may camp some night in a spot so charming that you don't want to leave it next day. It would be pleasant, you think, to idle away a day here. True, you expected to buy more supplies this morning; but you always keep bread and butter a bit ahead; and in your duffel, there are cans of milk, meat or beans, bacon, a few eggs, some dried apricots, perhaps, or some jam. Who couldn't appreciate a lovely camping spot, with support like that?

But don't omit, when you have made inroads into these every-ready stores, to replace them at the next shopping place.

What of the Cooking?

AND your cooking equipment. Here, too, experience wields a mighty influence. It must be light, packable, adequate. Aluminum has become the camper's favorite, and special camp kits are being made now-a-days, in such fashion that one piece fits snugly into another, the whole occupying a minimum space and weighing a minimum amount.

If you build up your own cooking kit, you will need a frying pan, a pail in which to cook vegetables and so forth, another pail to boil water, a big-cold water pail, a long-handled cooking fork and spoon; a plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon for each person, and perhaps a couple of extra plates and a bowl or two. This is not an irreducible minimum, but it is a comfortable and reasonable equipment, and if the shapes are selected carefully and the material is aluminum or tin, they will neither bulk large nor weigh much.

A stove? Well—there are camp stoves, but I have never experimented with one. I have carried a little "canned heat," useful in emergencies for a quick cup or tea or soup. I also once pulled from the lake a rusty metal stove top (I wondered if it had been hurled there by an out-of-temper camper), and found it a handy arrangement to lay across the stones that made our fire-place, to give a level resting place for frying pan and coffee pail; but every party I have campel with has relied upon a tiny fire place of flat stones (or green logs, if stones are not available)—a couple of small fires rather than one big one, if there is much cooking to be done, you can't hover over a blaze—you want a compact little fire, with a good bed of hot embers; and though it may strike you at first as a high-falutin' notion, there is great comfort to be found in an old pair of leather gloves, when you cook over a camp fire; hands that are used to nothing hotter

Continued on page 16a

No matter how plentiful the wood, use very fine stuff for your fire, and keep it small

LET'S MAKE IT A PICNIC!

Continued from page 16

than the water they are washed in, don't take kindly to little darting flames and hot pan handles; with the stout old gloves, you rise superior to these petty annoyances.

With such a simple equipment and well chosen viands, bought as the opportunity offers, one can live like a king—a king of the open road.

THE more casual picnicker, who is denied the lark of the real camping trip, can get a lot of genuine relaxation and fun out of a bonfire meal by a neighboring lake or a shady grove that invites the dweller of the level inland country. The picnic party does not need to bother much about the weight and size of the cooking kit. An old frying pan, a kettle or pail that a bit of blacking won't injure, any old metal or china dishes, will answer. A little fire, started with very dry twigs and built up with small wood until there is a good bed: a heated frying pan; a substantial steak or some slices of ham or bacon with fresh eggs, fried or scrambled; a tin of fragrant coffee; where could a better meal be found?

But you can dine well with even less than this in the way of equipment. Take along bread and butter, sausages, bacon and your favorite beverage; cut long switches of green wood; thrust alternate sausage and thick pieces of bacon on the end of your stick and toast them over the fire. They can't be beaten.

TOURISTS NOT CROWDING LONDON AND PARIS

Because of the exceptionally great volume of travel to Europe this summer promising record breaking figures in ocean travel, the impression that there might not be sufficient hotel accomodation in London and Paris was spread among prospective travellers. Such fears have been expressed to The Jules Hone Travel Agencies by prospective travellers. The company cabled to both its London and Paris representatives to get the facts, and replies show that London at no time expects to be unable to house all its visitors. Paris says that the situation this year is easier than last year.

The London reply is as follows: "A. J. Davidson, Secretary of the incorporated Association of Hotels and Restaurants, states that there will be ample room for visitors in London hotels right through to the end of the season. All reservations made will be safe. Those who do not make reservations in advance will find little or no trouble in being suitably accommodated. There will be no increase in hotel rates during the season."

This is the Paris reply given by Mr Michaut: president of the hotelkeeper syndicate of France: "Visitors to Paris should experience no difficulty in obtaining hotel accommodation upon arrival here. During the "pleine saison" which is June and July, it is expected the hotels will be severely taxed for space and for this reason reservations are being accepted in advance for this period. Nevertheless, the present hotel situation is generally easier than during the previous years, and tourists visiting Paris this summer will be accommodated."

The Jules Hone Travel Agencies in their offices at Montreal or Quebec continue to arrange proper reservations protecting Canadian and American travellers in London and Paris or any other European city.

Bunching the Days

"Didn't I dimit you to one moderate drink a day?" asked the doctor, angrily.

"Don't say a word, Doc.," moaned the patient. "It worr all on account of thot Dan Gillis. After Oi'd refused th' second round, Dan says, 'Tim, me b'y, what's th' harm in takin' th' drink ye wuz goin' to take tomorrow an' havin' it wid us right now?'

"Well Doc., you see, when we quits Oi'd used up all but a couple o' days of me fourth week."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THIS IS PAGE NINE

The "Nothing-More-Than-A-Dollar" Bargain Page from the 1924

SIMPSON'S MIDSUMMER SALE BOOK

THINK OF IT — every article a personal summer necessity of specially chosen quality costing you not more than one dollar. Where else can you get such stupendous values?

WRITE TODAY

USE THE COUPON

Please sign your name and address below and mail in unsealed envelope bearing one cent stamp to

Whatever your summer needs you will find them fully satisfied in this great Sale Catalogue. Its 32 pages are crammed full of the season's smartest styles for women and girls, men and boys, at astonishingly low prices. If you have not yet received your copy of our big money-saving bargain book, write us without delay, and receive it by return mail.

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The New Freely-Lathering
Cuticura Shaving Stick
For Tender Faces
EMOLLIENT MEDICINAL ANTISEPTIC

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no institute until you get my large FREE book entitled "STAMMERING, Its Origin and The Advanced Natural Method of Treatment." Ask for special tuition rate and a FREE copy of "The Natural Speech Magazine." Largest, best equipped and most successful school in the world for the cure of stammering. Established 20 years. No sing-song or time-beat.

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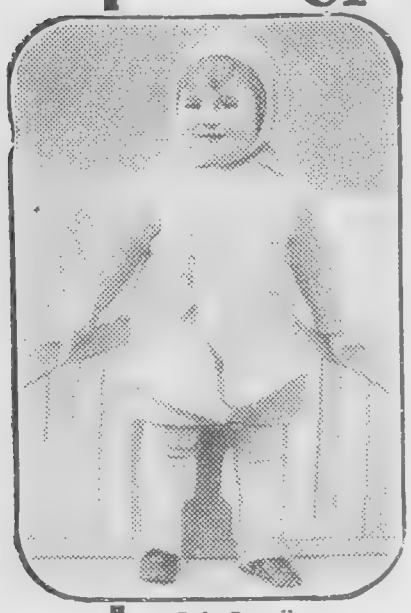
Fred B. Fetherstonhaugh, K.C.M.G., Gerald S. Roxburgh, B.A.Sc.

C.P.R. Bldg., Portage Avenue, WINNIPEG

VIROL
is a Food for the Seven Ages of Man



Baby Russell.

From early infancy to old age, Virol is a "building up food." It rescues babies from wasting; protects at the critical school age of growth; makes the weak man strong; fortifies expectant mothers; prolongs youth and vitality into later years

Because Virol contains just those food elements essential to health, in a form that the most delicate can assimilate.

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, Ltd., 2725, Park Avenue, Montreal.

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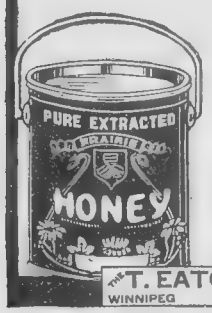
for BEE KEEPERS' SUPPLIES

For Small Lots or Big Quantities

Package Bees of Guaranteed **Pure Strain Italian Bees,** with queen; **Hives and Parts; Extractors;** also the specially designed, reliable, non-leak **"Western Prairie Flower" Honey Pail,** the pail officially adopted by Manitoba Bee-keepers.



Write to our Bee-keepers' Supply Department for Prices or Quotations.

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For terms of admission, details of courses and other information, apply to

W. J. SPENCE, Registrar,
University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

JAEGER is in fashion out of doors this year and the great variety of JAEGER goods allows every clever woman to suit her own individual style in color and design.

These JAEGER creations of pure wool run from sweaters and scarfs to complete knitted costumes, chic, yet not too frivolous to be *the* thing for all outdoor wear.

Attractive catalogue free on request
with full list of Agents.

JAEGER (Pure Wool)

ADDRESS DEPT.
The Jaeger Co., Limited
Toronto - Montreal
Winnipeg

A TOAST

Here's to the old Earth, and here's to all
that's in her,
To the soil of her, and the toil of her,
and the valiant souls that win her;
To the hope she holds, and the gift she
grants, her hazards and her prizes,
To the face of her, and the grace of her,
and all her swift surprises.

Here's to her mighty dawns, with rose
and golden splendor;
To the heights of her, and the nights of
her, her springs and their surrender;
Her storms and her frozen seas, and the
mystic stars above her,
The fear of her, and the cheer of her,
and all the brave that love her.

Here's to her valleys warm, with their
little homes to cherish:
The gleam of her, and the dream of her,
and the loves that flower and perish;
To her cities rich and gray, with their
stern life-chorus ringing,
The noise of her, and the joys of her,
and the sighs beneath the singing.

Here's to her endless youth, her deaths
and her reviving;
The soul of her, and the goal of her,
that keeps her ever striving;
Her little smiling flowers, and her com-
forting grass and clover,
And the rest of her on the breast of her
when striving days are over.

Here's to the old Earth, with all her
countless chances;
The heart of her, and the art of her, her
frowns and tender glances;
With all her dear familiar ways that
held us from the starting;
Long might to her! And night to her,
when the hour is struck for parting.

—Marion Couthouy Smith.

THE SKYLINE

Did you ever behold the skyline,
When the sun was dipping low—
Standing amid the mountain deeps
With the western skies aglow?
A chill, mysterious stillness
Hovers o'er the hazy blue,
As the day fades gently into night
And leaves the world to you.

The rugged heights, storm-beaten,
Dotted with sturdy pine,
Their ledges lost in the gray unknown
Beyond the dim skyline;
Ribs of the earth's mute monsters,
Age after age they grow;
Clinging from crest down the iron
breast
To the surging flood below.

And up there curls from the valley,
The smoke of the hunter's fire,
Gently caressing the tinted clouds
As the waning sun sinks lower;
O'er the far peaks the eagle wheels,
Lord of the dizzy heights,
Master of gale and cold and snows,
Victor in countless fights.

And beyond the scene is the skyline,
And beyond the skyline—what?
The sweets of the verdant pastures,
The wine of a fountain sought;
Fair is the morn of childhood,
Warm is the noon of life:
Calm is the hour of eventide
After the strain and strife.

Out there night voices are calling,
And they shout a grand amen;
As the light goes out and the darkness
Smothers the breath of men;
God grant as I stand on the mountain
And view this path of mine,
Give me an eagle-wing to cleave
The shades of the last skyline.

—Frank C. Steele.

Subtraction

Aunt Dorothy—"How many commandments are there?"

Johnny (glibly)—"Ten."

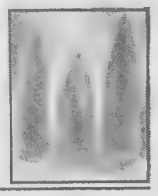
Aunt Dorothy—"And now suppose you were to break one of them?"

Johnny (tentatively)—"Then there'd be nine."—Christian Register.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Kill them all, and the germs too. 10c a packet at Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

This X-Ray shows tooth socket destruction by pyorrhea



White teeth—
but what would the X-Ray show?

BEAUTIFUL, white teeth, free from decay, are not safe unless the gums are healthy. If pyorrhea attacks your gums, an X-Ray would reveal how quickly the infection spreads to the root sockets which hold the teeth in place. If pyorrhea is not checked, your teeth fall out—or must be pulled—because their support is gone.

Tender, bleeding gums

—are nature's warning of approaching pyorrhea. Dental clinics since 1908 have proved the effectiveness of Pyorrhocide Powder as an aid to correct bleeding gums, strengthen tender gums, harden soft gums.

It keeps the teeth white and clean. Its tonic and stimulating qualities help healthy gums to ***keep*** healthy. It is medicated with Dentinol, a gum-tissue healing agent widely used by dentists in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Use Pyorrhocide Powder daily--see your dentist regularly—and you can avoid pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists. Send for free sample and booklet on causes and prevention of pyorrhoea.

FREE Sample

THE ASH-TEMPLE CO., LTD.
243 College St., Toronto.
Send me free sample of Pyorrhocide Powder and booklet.
Name .....
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BUNIONS

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The Hump vanishes as though by magic. THEN YOU WILL HAVE SHAPELY FEET.

SENT ON TRIAL

I want you to have relief from Bunions. I want you to know the pleasure of foot comfort. I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Solvent to try. Simply write and say, "I want to try PEDODYNE." Address—

KAY LABORATORIES **Dept. N-627**
186 N. La Salle St. Chicago, Illinois

EDUCATIONAL PUBLICITY

THE E. W. Gillett Company of Toronto and Winnipeg, manufacturers of Magic Baking Powder, are again following out their unique publicity work with further western demonstrations. The interest manifested in past years in this company's method of presenting the merits of their product, as well as giving practical advice on all household problems, has met with unusual appreciation. The ladies chosen as demonstrators are all experts in household science and graduates of various institutions. These young ladies numbering twelve or more, are under the supervision of Miss Agnes Munshaw, B.H.Ec., who is a recent graduate of Manitoba Agricultural College and also of the University of Manitoba. Besides supervising the demonstrators, Miss Munshaw will also deliver interesting lectures on Home Economics in its different forms. She is already well known, not only because of her distinguished student career, but for practical and highly successful work done for the Extension Department of the Manitoba Government. To hear Miss Munshaw speak on household economics is to know how to better manage and govern the affairs of a home. It should be understood that all household problems will be dealt with, by the demonstrators, even if they are not directly related to Magic

Agnes Munshaw, B.H.Ec., Director of Magic Powder Demonstrators.

Baking Powder. The demonstrations are educational in the best sense of the word.

The demonstrators will visit the following places during the months of July and August. Further details as to dates will appear in the local newspapers in the different territories and a cordial invitation is extended to all concerned with the household diet to avail themselves of an exceptional opportunity that will help to solve many home problems.

Star City	Kinistino	Melfort
Beatty	Weldon	Birch Hills
Langenburg	Churchbridge	Bredenbury
Saltcoats	Yorkton	Wakaw
Cudworth	Meachem	Young
Watrous	Nokomis	Seamans
Raymore	Punnichy	Lestock
Kelliher	Ituna	Melville
Spy Hill	Kamsack	Prince Albert
Foam Lake	Wynyard	Lanigan
Viscount	Colonsay	Humboldt
Watson	Quill Lake	Wadena
Invermay	Rivers	Maple Creek
Gull Lake	Medicine Hat	Gleichen
Bassan	Brooks	Tompkins
Cabri	Leader	Empress
Drumheller	Delia	Hanna
Youngstown	Oyen	Sibbald
Big Valley	Three Hills	Trochu
	Carbon	

Calgary Exhibition Lethbridge Exhibition

According to a well-known statistician someone in the world dies every time we breathe. On the other hand if we stop breathing, we die ourselves. It is a very painful dilemma.

MADE IN CANADA CARS

TRANSPORTATION, someone has well said, has been the ladder upon which humanity climbed from a condition of primitive life to that of a finely wrought and complex civilization. Transportation has been one of the most vital factors in Canada's growth to Nationhood, and the story of the evolution from the ox-cart to the automobile is replete with industrial achievement, and so in a country where it is such a prime essential to national unity and commercial development, it is but natural to look for industries created to supply means of transportation.

These sentiments strike one very forcibly while reading "CANADA AS A BUILDER OF MOTOR CARS" a particularly attractive and interesting booklet recently issued by General Motors of Canada, Oshawa, Ontario. Written in a delightfully newsy manner and superbly illustrated we are able to take a peep behind the scenes and see just how the automobile comes into being. It is worthy of record that the Chevrolet and McLaughlin-Buick are not merely assembled but actually made in Canada. Fifty per cent. of the total production from the Oshawa plant goes overseas to Great Britain, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Strait Settlements, South America and several other countries. Sales outlets, as a matter of fact, have been established in every foreign country and this volume of business, as foreign demand stabilizes itself, will undoubtedly aid in establishing lower manufacturing costs. Canadians will doubtless be quick to patronize firms like General Motors which are doing so much towards establishing Canada as an industrial nation.

THE LONE CAMP

Beneath the purple shadows of the night
My fire up dancing leaps with crimson light,
To quench the gloom. The white lake at my feet,
Where Twilight softly comes to vigil keep,
Lies motionless beneath the moonbeams dance,
And everywhere the woods lie in a trance.

I love the mystery of this cool retreat
Where Memory comes with silver winged feet,
Bringing back golden moments, till I yearn
For all the ecstasy of their return.
And sweet communion with the past I know
Within the magic of my campfire's glow.

Beginning Early

Little sister had not been well and had been especially trying to small Johnny all day. Finally his patience came to an end.

"Mother," he asked, "don't you want Little Sister to be a good wife like you when she grows up?"

"Of course, said his mother.

"Well, you make me give everything to her 'cause she's littler'n me. But you're littler'n Father, and when he comes home you say: 'Here's your slippers and magazine, dear'"—and, before his mother could move, Johnny tore his train of cars from the screaming baby.

"If we don't begin to train her she'll be a terrible wife," he said as he slammed the door.

He Knew What Was What

The superintendent of schools, says the Argonaut, was visiting a class of very young pupils. He chose a youngster to quiz and said: "Now, Johnny, I'm going to ask you to solve a very difficult sum. How much is three times eight?"

"Twenty-four," the youngster replied promptly.

"Well, now, that is excellent. That is very good indeed," said the superintendent.

"It's better than that, sir," said Johnny with a cheerful grin; "it's perfect!"

Ouch!

Speer: "Have you seen Al?"
Gemmil: "Who? Al Kauffman?"
Speer: "No. Alcohol."
Gemmil: "No, but kerosene him last night and he hasn't benzine since."

Mazola Mayonnaise is Fresh and Pure

Thousands of housewives now make their own mayonnaise with *Mazola.*

Because, in 3 minutes they can prepare a rich, creamy salad dressing which will be even more tasty than if made with the best olive oil.

Mazola is pure vegetable oil — which blends perfectly with other salad ingredients and saves so much time. It is just what you need to make an appetizing salad for dinner or picnic during the hot weather.

You can also use *Mazola* as shortening instead of butter for cakes and pastry. And foods fried in *Mazola* are always more digestible and appetizing.

Mazola is truly "A Friend of the Family" — it has all the culinary uses of butter, lard and other cooking compounds as well as olive oil, and it is much less expensive. *Every grocer sells Mazola.*

Delmonico Salad Dressing

To 1/2 cup of French Dressing, add 1 teaspoon Tomato Catsup, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, 1/4 teaspoon finely chopped Green Peppers, and 1 Hard Boiled Egg chopped fine or rubbed through a sieve. Mix and serve on fresh green salad leaves.

Write for the EDWARDSBURG RECIPE BOOK

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL

MAZOLA

For Salads-Frying and Shortening

Let Us Help You

With Your Home-making Problems

BE it a matter of furnishing, decorating, remodelling, house-keeping, anything pertaining to the care of the home, Sylvia Sims, who writes our regular articles on these matters, will gladly give you practical and experienced suggestions.

Mail Your Inquiry, With Postage Enclosed, to
HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

MILES STANDISH RABINOWITZ

By Miss E. G. Bayne

THE combination of romance and rent-collecting was something new in the experience of Mr. Rabinowitz but he was obliged to go through with it, for the arrangement was that if he would put in a good word for Hymie Rothaker when he called for the pretty widow's rent Hymie would give him a 30-day extension on his note.

"Ask her will she get engaged to a decent f-f-feller what's got a nice business."

Hymie had had no experience with women, was bashful, and in addition to these handicaps suffered from an impediment in his speech.

"On the 'ph—'ph—'phone you will ring me, Sam so s—soon you leave her house," he directed earnestly. "Ask her will she get engaged by a decent, respectable f-f-feller what's got it a nice business—"

"You should do your own courting, Hymie." Mr. Rabinowitz told him. "You got to talk at her some time. For women I got it no use and I ain't ever spoke at Mrs Muntz, understand me, only by a business way, Hymie. She maybe cries—she maybe laughs—she maybe makes me arrested, Hymie! But anyhow give me 30 days' extension and three day's grace, Hymie, and for you I do it, so help me."

In due time Mr. Rabinowitz, rent-book in hand, knocked at the widow's door.

The better to impress her with what he had to say, he had dressed in his best Saturday clothes, which included yellow boots and a prismatic necktie, and his fine hair had been brushed till it shone like patent leather.

As usual, Mrs. Muntz feigned surprise on seeing him.

"So soon again the rent!" she exclaimed, with upthrown hands. "But come in and rest yourself, Mr. Rabinowitz."

She never failed to invite him into the little shop parlor.

"Maybe a minute or two I sit, Mrs. Muntz," he agreed.

"Olga! Mind the shop!" the widow called to someone invisible, and she and Mr. Rabinowitz passed into the parlor. "Only today yet was I telling Mrs. Grossman what a fine landlord Mr. Rabinowitz is. If the rent isn't ready, Mrs. Grossman, I said, he don't got to take right away a fit—"

"Mrs. Muntz," the landlord broke in, "the rent we will talk about later. But first—"

He stopped, wondering just how to open the delicate subject. The widow eyed him brightly and waited.

"Maybe that chair, Mr. Rabinowitz, it ain't so comfortable?" she suggested at length.

"Mrs Muntz, excuse from me that I should get so personal," he began, haltingly, "but did—did you ever think you would again get married?"

The widow dropped her eyes.

"Always such a joker he is!" she murmured.

"A joke I ain't making it, Mrs. Muntz."

She looked up, startled, suspicious.

"The rent you would raise, maybe? Before I would pay it more rent I would move out, Mr. Rabinowitz. I should marry again to get it a man to pay higher rent!"

"The rent I ain't talking about Mrs. Muntz. If you know it a decent, respectable feller what's got it a nice little business. Mrs. Muntz, and wants you should get married by him what would you say?"

She sent him a coquettish glance. She was a short, plump woman with a shrewd, beady, dark eye and a kittenish manner—a lady of potent charm.

"I—I guess I wouldn't say nothing, Mr. Rabinowitz," she answered, "till I heard some more yet."

He cleared his throat, preparatory to a fresh start. But the words wouldn't come. Mrs. Muntz sighed softly and pleated a corner of her apron—and waited.

"You got time I should play for you on the phonograph some music, Mr. Rabinowitz?" she suggested, with a view to facilitating speech.

"I got time, yes, but you could save wear-and-tear on the needles, Mrs. Muntz, and talk."

"What would I talk about?" she asked coyly.

"A woman should ask that!"

"Mr. Rabinowitz, so young yet you look I thought it was your own nephew when I opened just now the door!"

The landlord felt a warm, agreeable glow throughout him. This business for Hymie wasn't going to be half so bad, after all.

"Mrs. Muntz, this feller I was telling you about, he ain't ever proposed by a lady before. You should make it allowances—"

"I know the feller all right, Mr. Rabinowitz," she assured him, moving her chair three inches nearer his. "You mustn't knock him like that. Always I admired that feller and so sorry I am he should live all alone. It—it makes it a man sour, Mr. Rabinowitz, living alone."

"Sure I know, but it ain't his fault. He wants right away the wedding—"

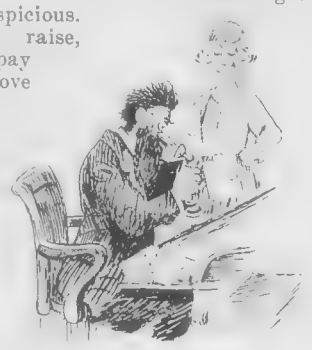
"Oh-h, Mr. Rabinowitz!" she murmured.

"Well, Mrs. Muntz, say something!" he urged, after a short silence.

"Answer me this, Mr. Rabinowitz: What," she asked softly, " is the three sweetest words in the language? *Look* at me and say them."

"Spring a hard one," he returned, promptly. "The three sweetest words I know is: *'Enclosed find check,'* Ain't it?"

"There goes the Fischmans in their new car!" cried the widow, suddenly. "If—if I got married again I would have a car like that."



"W-W-Wait! Commence again and talk slow!"

Mr. Rabinowitz peered out the window.

"I knew Benny's poppa when he drove it a push-cart yet, Mrs. Muntz, and I betcha every time Benny tips a waiter the old man rolls around in his grave and groans. So hard the money came—so easy it goes, Mrs. Muntz."

"The Fischmans live at the Loafalot Apartments," said the widow. "Me, I, would love to live like that!"

"Not for mine," observed Mr. Rabinowitz. "If it ain't a feller learning the trombone upstairs it's somebody swiping your milk off the fire escape."

"If—if I married again I would have it a swell wedding and honeymoon. When people got money why shouldn't they spend it, Mr. Rabinowitz?" she demanded, warmly.

"The happiest couple I ever knew, Mrs. Muntz, had it their wedding supper at a hot-dog lunch-counter."

"Nowadays, Mr. Rabinowitz, nobody can afford to be a piker."

"Nowadays, Mrs. Muntz, it costs a nickel every time you draw a breath."

"Mrs. Fischman twice a week gets her hair manicured and her feet shampooed and every winter goes south. Also Benny he plays golluf for his health."

Mr. Rabinowitz snorted.

"Them middle-agers," he said, "what got it their kids off their hands and nothing to do keeps rich the doctors. Right away they must go and live in layers, maybe eight storeys up, and they eat by these, now, grabeterias—well, anyhow, restrunts—and the first thing they know, Mrs. Muntz, before they could say *'metzelsuppe'* he gets it chronic digestion, Mrs. Muntz, and she gets it potmaine poisoning and comes the doctor and what does *he* do? He looks at their pulse and feels their tongue and he says 'Florida,' Mrs. Muntz. Florida ain't only a country, understand me, it's also a disease."

"Such a nice voice you got it, Mr. Rabinowitz."

"Also the young people today! It used to was, Mrs Muntz, a girl said to her fella if he wants to marry by her: *'You should see poppa.'* Now what does she say, Mrs. Muntz? She says: *'Step on the gas, Ferdie—the old man's gaining on us!'* Ain't it?"

"So funny you are, Mr. Rabinowitz!" She reached out and patted his hand. "But those jokes I understand—making out you would be so hard, and such a fine, good husband you would make it—I know!"

The landlord stirred uneasily.

"This feller I was telling you about, he ain't so rich, Mrs. Muntz—"

"No?" she said, archly. "Well, money ain't everything—sometimes!"

"And such high notions like *you* got, Mrs. Muntz—"

"From all what I heard, Mr. Rabinowitz, this feller don't got to worry on account he would join already the breadline!"

The better to impress her he had dressed in his best Saturday clothes.

"A little house I guess he don't kick about, but not an apartments, Mrs. Muntz."

"You could save your breath, Mr. Rabinowitz. Tell him all right I would say 'yes.' Then," she added softly, "he—he could kiss me I guess."

She leaned across the short intervening space and laid her head on his shoulder.

Continued on page 32d

14th Annual Convention Manitoba Federation of Women's Institutes at the Manitoba Agricultural College, June 10th, 11th and 12th, 1924.

GOODYEAR

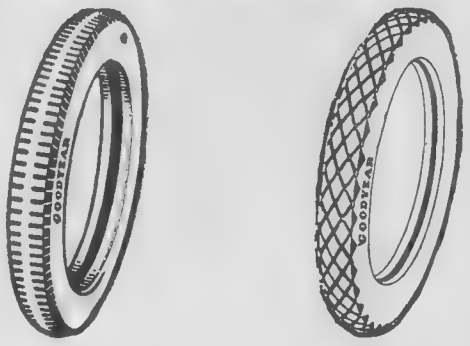
MADE IN CANADA

A Complete Line of Tires

Goodyear recognizes the definite need for a number of different types of tires.

Goodyear builds in the All-Weather Cord the acknowledged tire leader of the World in mileage, road-grip and beauty. Its price is lower than ever before.

But in order to have still less invested in your car, you may want a tire at a still lower price. So with road-grip equal to any but the All-Weather Tread, Goodyear has produced other high-quality, low cost-per-mile tires bearing the Goodyear name.



HIGH-PRESSURE TIRES

Wingfoot Fabric

An outstanding selection by the manufacturers of light cars. Heavily demanded the world over; guaranteed—bears the Goodyear name. Hundreds of thousands sold during past five years; only a fraction of 1% presented for adjustment.

Wingfoot Cord

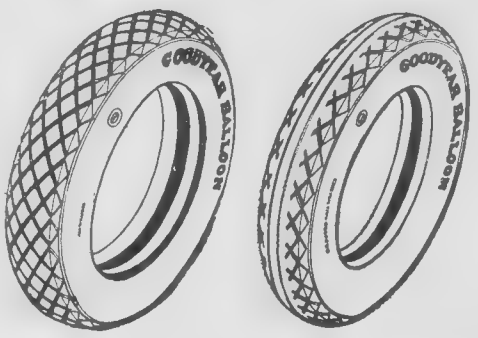
Goodyear's recognition of the fact that many people want to consider seriously the amount they invest in their cars. Excelled in road-grip by the All-Weather Tread only; excelled in mileage by no other.

All-Weather Fabric

A tire which many years ago introduced the idea of, and proved the value of, Oversize and Road-grip. A popular and low cost-per-mile tire, especially for dirt roads or business cars where road-grip and cost-per-mile are more important than the riding quality of low air-pressure.

All-Weather Cord

The peak of road-grip and mileage combined. A great number of Canadian tire repairmen and car dealers say that its mileage exceeds by at least 25% the mileage of the next best cord tire. Its road-grip is apparent upon examination; more appreciated in use. Minor accidents—the result of stopping a few inches too late—cause most of the repair bills to fenders, lamps and radiators. Even collision insurance does not cover these small bills of less than $25.00—but these bills are a high percentage of annual tire cost. Road-grip combined with surplus mileage makes the All-Weather Cord the most widely-used cord tire in the world.



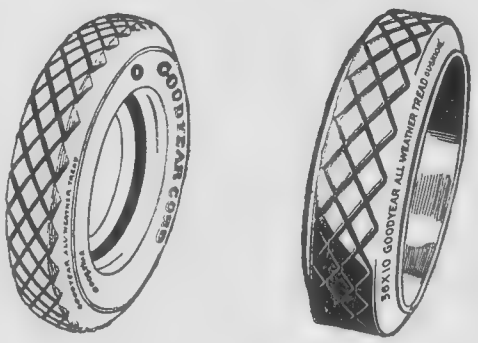
BALLOON TIRES

For Your Present Wheels

Flexible, low-pressure tires which act like pillows of air under your car. Developed by Goodyear so that you can have balloon tire advantages without change of wheels or rims. Go on most present cars—at relatively small increase over the price per tire which you have been paying. The Goodyear Selected Dealer can tell you what size of balloon tire replaces your present tires and can equip your car with two or four balloon tires as you wish.

For New, Smaller Wheels

Should your car not provide sufficient clearance for Goodyear Balloon Tires on your present rims, see your Goodyear Selected Dealer, your car dealer, or the nearest Goodyear branch, regarding new, smaller wheels, and Goodyear Balloon Tires to fit.



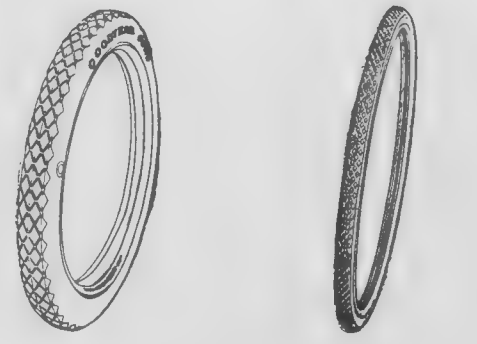
TRUCK TIRES

All-Weather Cord

Massive pneumatic tires which cushion trucks over all kinds of roads. Enlarge your trucking radius greatly. Add speed and so reduce costs. Give the road-grip of the All-Weather Tread. Protect fragile loads. Render splendid mileage.

All-Weather, All-Rubber Cushion

Cushioning and road-grip added to the all-rubber truck tire. Saves the truck and the load to a surprising extent. Resists skidding. Gives splendid traction—starts the truck off without "spinning" wheels. All-Weather Tread can be re-cut when the original blocks are worn down.



MOTORCYCLE TIRES

The All-Weather Tread protects the motorcyclist just as it does the motorist. Its great road-grip is needed even more in rounding corners and in travelling country roads. Just as famous for mileage as its bigger brothers.

BICYCLE TIRES

The smallest tire of the Goodyear line—but the same high quality as any Goodyear Tire. Has the sharp-edged blocks of the All-Weather Tread to protect against skidding. Tough tread stock resists punctures and gives very long mileage.

The Goodyear Selected Dealer

There are about 10,000 tire dealers in Canada—about four times too many. Too many profits, too much duplicating of effort, too many stocks of tires.

Now Goodyear sells through only 2,500 *selected* dealers. And because the Goodyear line is the leading line, these *selected* dealers in every community make it possible for you to get Goodyear Tires from the concern best fitted to give you heaping value and real service.

Let the Goodyear Selected Dealer show you his complete line, explain the advantages of each and tell you of the service they are giving your neighbors.

Goodyear means Good Wear

Here's A Wonder Shoe For Wide Feet and Stout Ankles

A shoe made especially in the broadest widths both at top and in foot; that combines style with comfort; a shoe which satisfies your pride and really makes your feet and ankles slender and shapely.

This **Chums** shoe is built particularly for elderly ladies, and stout women and girls. It has a neat, narrow appearance, is made from calf or kid, and comes either in high or low laced shoes, or strap slippers.

Sizes up to nine. Ask your dealer for it.

Charles A AHRENS Limited
KITCHENER, ONT.

9

Superior in every way

Three kinds – Black – Green – Mixed.

59

Cotton Bags

By Romany Rye

IN the numerous bags, bleached and unbleached, used as receptacles for food nowadays, the housewife has a reserve store of material which may be utilized in many various ways; but in all cases care should be taken to use only those of one quality and weaves together, or the difference may spoil the appearance or lasting quality of the article made.

The uses for these are so varied, one person cannot think of them all. The following are some suggestions for the use of the larger size:

1. Bedspreads or quilts, the lining (when used) to be of the same material:

(a) Put together window-pane fashion, the "panes" white and the "frame" either the same material dyed the shade desired, or a different material of suitable quality and color:

(b) Colored panes, with or without outlined designs in white, with white framework:

(c) The old-fashioned "tufted" spread may be made too, the tufts of weaving-cotton being arranged in such a design as to hide most of the seams.

2. Individual towels, which, to be quite sanitary, are the proper thing. These should be initialed in any way most quickly done.

3. Dish towels—hemmed on the machine.

4. Aprons, of many styles. These are pretty when suitably shaped and trimmed with an applied edge of some suitable colored material.

5. Feeders, bibs, and children's aprons or pinafores, may be merely hemmed, or may be trimmed with the colored edge and designs which the children enjoy working in some simple stitch.

6. Some articles of children's underwear such as nighties, slips and rompers (last mentioned to be dyed).

7. Pillow slips and pillow-shams or day covers to match the quilt or bedspread.

8. Laundry bags, work-bags, bags for dusters and for various other purposes are pretty with a touch of cross-stitch and colored goods and are no trouble to launder.

9. Even tea-cloths and tablecloths for the small family's everyday use, a pretty colored border and a design in opposite or all corners with napkins to match are quite artistic.

10. Dyed linings give good service and are of great value to the mother of a little family, both for wearing apparel and coverlets, quilts, etc.

As to the smaller bags: they, too, may be used in the making of quilts and in many ways in which the larger ones are useful. Take for instance the twenty-pound sugar sack. When opened this forms one long strip; three of these will make the lower part of one of the most serviceable sort of aprons by "goring" the seams, then if one has a square one of the same quality for bib, a convenient way is to cut a hole big enough to slip easily over the head—if not, two of the long strips will be quite as good. This, too, may be nicely trimmed with some colored bits of left-overs.

There are many other bleached and finer varieties that may be used in some of the above-mentioned ways. Some of them are quite fine enough to be used as school "hankies" and the little girls will take pleasure in contests to see who can make the prettiest.

Some of the smallest may be used as wash-cloths, dish-clothes, etc., while some of the larger of the small ones may serve as dusters, centre-pieces, cushion covers and the like, for the children to work.

With such a range of use for the common bag containing our sugar, flour, meal, etc., can we imagine any one who does not use them all? Before the war we have heard women so express themselves, but we doubt whether there are any now.

Consider the fish ; he never gets caught so long as he keeps his mouth shut.

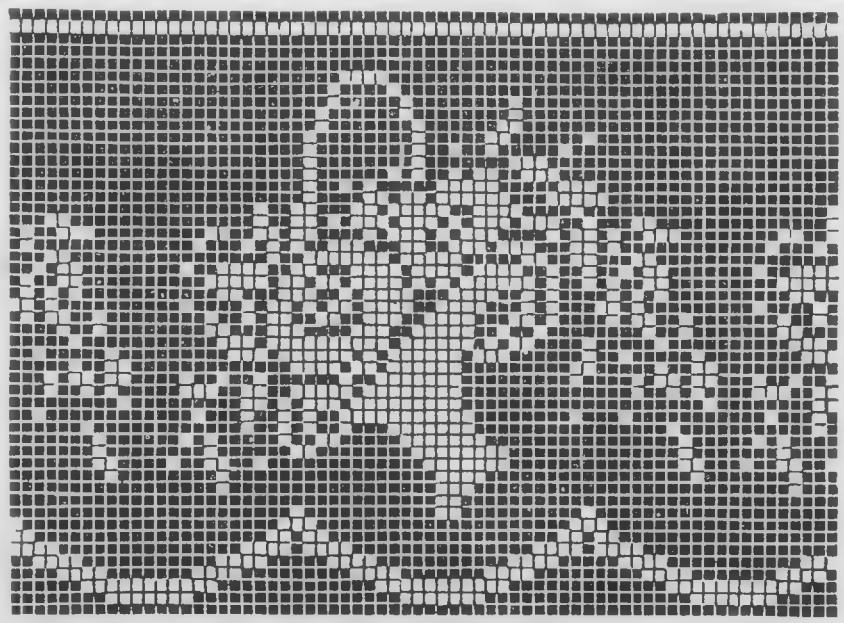
Mischance will come to all, but, Swim, or Sink,
The Wise Man never says, I did not Think.

The thief who steals our money is no worse than the misanthrope who steals away the thoughts that make us happy.

A drunken man is the best temperance sermon the Devil ever allowed to circulate.

The Weakling only Prays God ;
The Stronger Soul Obeys God.

You cannot find out from the sound of the church bell what kind of sermon the minister will preach.



Working Pattern for Camisole Top, illustrated on opposite page.

Camisole Top in Basket Design

MATERIALS—No. 70 crochet cotton. No. 14 hook. Ch 133.

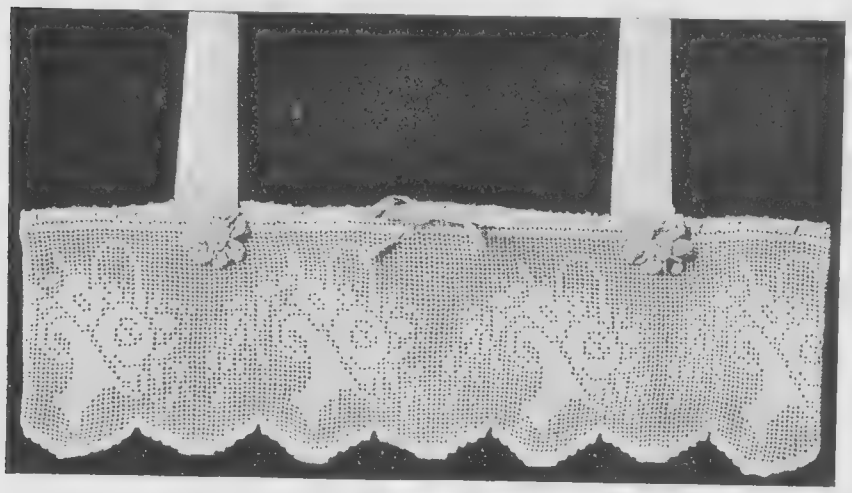
1st Row—1 sp, 1 bl, 9 sp, 1 bl, 3 sp, 2 bl, 1 sp, 6 bl, 3 sp, 3 bl, 11 sp, 2 bl.

2nd Row—Add 2 bl at lower edge and follow working pattern on page 18

Repeat design until it is the required length. Join.

Beading around top—Fasten in top of sp, * ch 4, 1 d tr in 2d sp, ch 4, 2 d tr in 2d sp. Repeat from *.

Edge—* 4 sc around ch 4, 4 sc around next ch 4, 1 p. Repeat from *.



Directions for Fruit Tray

MATERIALS—No. 70 crochet cotton. No. 13 hook.

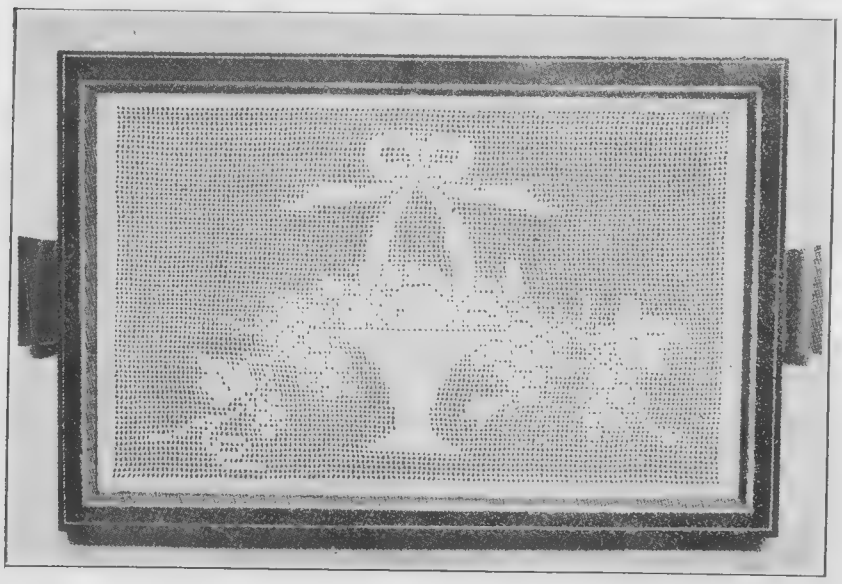
Commence at lower edge, working crosswise.

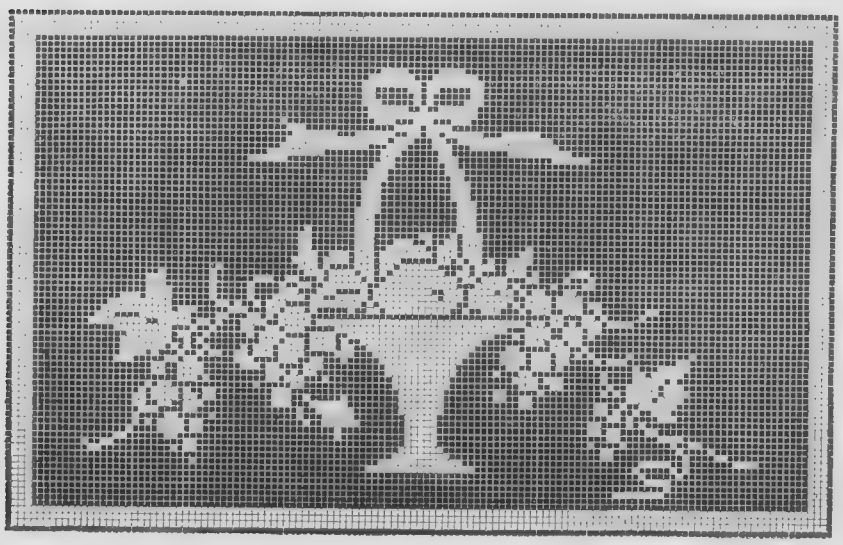
Ch 390.

1st, 2nd and 3rd Rows—Each 129 bl.

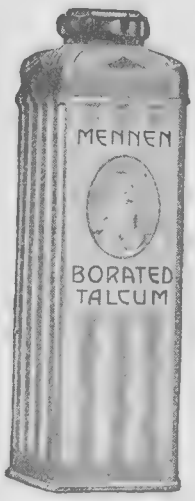
4th and 5th Rows—Each 3 bl, 123 sp, 3 bl.

6th Row—Commence design following working pattern below





Summer Heat Abets Your Baby's Deadly Enemies



Limited Offer

Until the edition is exhausted we will send the most fascinating Mennen Baby Book, fully illustrated for a fraction of its value; 25c. in coin or stamps, post paid in plain wrapper.

Every day in the year three foes threaten your baby's health and comfort. The heat of summer makes these enemies more powerful and their attacks more dangerous.

The insidious forces are *Moisture*, *Friction* and *Infection*. They assail your baby's most vulnerable point—the thin, sensitive skin.

MOISTURE—

from perspiration or urine, causing painful inflammation.

FRICTION—

and chafing from clothes or baby's restlessness.

INFECTION—

because baby's skin is helpless alone to resist.

Surely no ordinary powder will soothe baby's skin and protect from these foes of comfort and health.

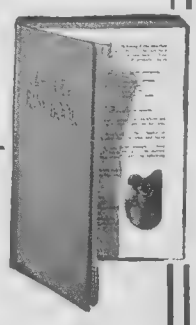
That is why Mennen Scientists experimented for years in their researches to compound a perfect formula of elements to put in Mennen Borated Talcum. That is why this famous scientific preparation is mild and safe, yet more effective in keeping baby's skin soft, smooth and comfortable.

So there IS a decided difference in Mennen's with its five principal ingredients. One to afford soothing comfort—another to heal—another chosen for its antiseptic qualities, while another helps in counteracting friction; then, finally, the fifth ingredient increases the absorbency of Mennen's and counteracts acidity.

For the sake of Baby's welfare, you should remember the distinctive qualities of Mennen Borated Talcum and never omit the Mennen shower after every bath, change of diapers—before each nap, and whenever baby cries.

MENNEN
BORATED TALCUM

THE MENNEN COMPANY, LTD.
MONTREAL, QUE.



THE MENNEN COMPANY, LTD
325 Craig St. West, Montreal, Que.

I enclose 25c. Please send me Mennen Baby Book postpaid in plain wrapper.

Name.....

Address.....

W.H.M.-7 24

GERTRUDE DUTTON
Manitoba Extension Service

Hot Weather Meals

THE home woman is less likely to have a vacation than anybody else. Life, for her, is liable to become pretty difficult during the hot summer, unless care is taken to lighten her burdens by every possible means. If the family goes some place to a camp, "mother" is apt to have more than her share of cooking to do, everybody is hungry, each member of the family wants to entertain a guest or two, and the working equipment is apt to be rather primitive.

Coal-oil stoves, pressure and steam cookers, and fireless cookers have removed the necessity for spending hours in a hot kitchen.

Simpler meals in which vegetables and fruits have a prominent place, help considerably. By careful planning of the work, much of the preparation of food for the day can be done at breakfast time. The vegetables and fruits may be prepared ready to be cooked later, salad dressing made, a pudding cooked with the breakfast fire, or sandwich filling made.

Much dish washing, and laundering of table linen can be eliminated by serving picnic meals—out in the woods, on the porch, or even in the dining room.

Heavy winter hangings, many cushions, pictures and ornaments may be put away through the hottest months, giving a sense of spaciousness, and making the burden of dusting, lighter.

The Portable Oven

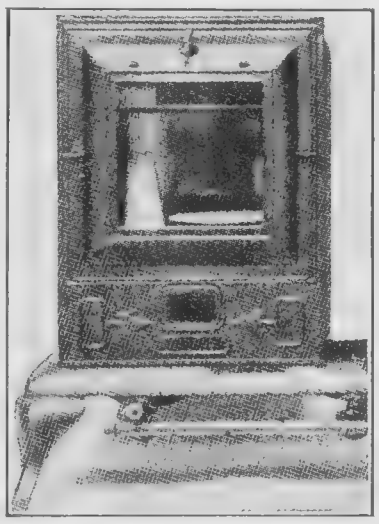
WHEN using an oil stove, one is obliged to use a portable oven, either for a single or double burner, as very few of them, and those the most expensive, have installed ovens. Being of light construction, there is a tendency for food to burn on the bottom, unless precautions are taken to prevent it.

An oven thermometer is the only sure way of regulating the heat. It should be placed on the shelf on which the cooking is to be done, near the front where it can be read easily.

Batter and dough mixtures brown most evenly on the upper shelf. If it is necessary to use both shelves, the lower one should be moved up to the middle groove. The intensity of the heat at the bottom of the oven may be overcome by placing on it a thick sheet of asbestos, having it a little smaller than the bottom of the oven.

The Oven Thermometer

ANY type of thermometer fastened to the door of an oven is merely an indicator not a real thermometer, as the heat at the door is not so intense as in the oven. A short thermometer standing on a firm base, which makes it easy to read, is very satisfactory to use in an oven with a glass door. Otherwise the frequent opening of the door to read the temperature, may jar the stove considerably, and cause a failure in baking. This kind of thermometer usually registers from 100° to 650° F. For the oven with a thick iron or steel door, it may be advisable to buy a chemical thermometer registering to 600° F. A hole must be bored in the oven, then a cork through which the thermometer will slip, yet fit tightly, put in the hole. The thermometer is pushed through the cork till the bulb is as near the centre of the oven as possible. It should be long enough to enable one to read the temperature outside of the oven. This is a specially useful type of thermometer, because it may also be used for syrups in candy-making, jelly, and deep-fat frying. Care must be taken



A Satisfactory Type of Thermometer for the Oven with a Glass Coor

not to break the delicate, unprotected bulb, by laying it while hot on a cold surface, such as a plate, instead of on a clean cloth, for example.

The thermometer should be placed in the oven long enough before the reading is taken, to give the correct temperature. Sometimes it is not left in long enough to register the actual temperature of the oven. Such directions as "moderate," "slow oven," "hot oven," etc. and the tests made with flour, white paper, etc., are far from accurate. The use of a thermometer for oven and certain top-of-the-stove cookery, is the only means by which one can be sure that the temperature is correct, especially when using a portable oven on an oil, gas, or gasoline stove.

A "very slow oven" means about 250° to 300° F.

A "slow oven" is 300° to 350° F.

A "moderate oven" is 350° to 425° F.

A "hot oven" is 425° to 500° F.

A "very hot oven" is 500° to 550° F.

Baking powder biscuits baked in an oven ranging from 400° to 475° will give a fluffy biscuit with a crisp crust.

Yeast bread may be placed, if fully risen, in an oven of 425° F., then, when a crust has formed, the temperature reduced to 350° F.

Muffins are baked at about 400° F.

Rolled cookies require 360° to 400° F.

Dark cookies should not have a temperature exceeding 360° or they may burn on the bottom.

Drop cookies require 350° F.

Cakes containing fat, if baked in a loaf pan may be started at 300° and after 15 minutes, raised slowly to 375° or a 350° to 380° F. may be retained throughout the baking. Layer cakes should be baked in an oven from 340° to 380°. Cup cakes require a temperature of 380° to 390°.

Cakes without butter should have an oven not quite so hot. Sponge cakes may have 300° to 350° F. Angel cakes may be started at 300° and the heat gradually increased to 350° F.

Ginger bread should be baked at a temperature of 330° to 370° F.

Pastry shells require a very hot oven of 500° to 550° F. Pies in which the filling is cooked with the crust, requires a lower temperature, depending on the kind of filling. Custard and pumpkin pies should be started in an oven of about 450°, then reduced to 350°. Those with an uncooked fruit filling such as apple, start at 450° F., and are then reduced to 400° F.

Dishes containing a large proportion of eggs or milk, are baked at a fairly low temperature. Baked custard, if set in a pan of water, may have an oven of 300 to 350°. If not sitting in water, the oven should be at 250° to 300°.

A Pressure-cooker Meal—Ham, Steamed Apples, Potatoes, and String-beans all ready to serve

300° F. is a good temperature for meringues for pies and puddings.

Souffles and whips may have a temperature of 350° to 375°.

Medium sized potatoes, we bake at 450° to 500°. Very large ones may have the temperature reduced to 400° toward the end of the baking.

A tender roast of beef is put in an oven of 500°. When seared all over, the temperature is reduced slowly to 400°.

A leg of lamb is started at 450° to 500°, then the temperature gradually reduced to 350°.

Casserole meat dishes are cooked at about 300°.

The Fireless Cooker

FOR any cooking requiring much over an hour, the fireless cooker is a real economy, whether it is a complete modern piece of equipment, which costs quite a little bit, or a home-made one costing about two or three dollars. Any housewife who possesses one of either kind will find it a great comfort, for cooking cereals for the children, tough cuts of meat, dried fruits, or soups.

Enough cereal may be cooked for two or three days, and reheated.

A soup-bone may be cooked, which will give soup stock which one may vary in two or three different ways.

Beans may be baked or boiled for dinner today. Another part of the dish may be used for salad for supper tomorrow night, and the remainder heated and served with dumplings the next day.

Meat, to be chopped and "potted," to serve hot with gravy as a stew or to slice and serve cold, has a flavor obtained in no other way more satisfactorily than in the fireless cooker.

Cooking with Steam

FUEL, and time and space may be saved by the use of a steamer, whether it is the ordinary one in which we steam a pudding, set over a pot or kettle in which part of the meal is cooking, a "Toledo," or one of the fairly expensive but very satisfactory pressure cookers.

There is to be had now a steam cooker which is four straight sided vessels fitting closely on top of each other. It is made of heavy tin, and gives excellent satisfaction, and only about $3. A whole meal can be cooked in it at once, using but one burner of an oil or gas stove. Puddings may be cooked in one compartment if closely covered, without absorbing the flavors of other foods which are cooking below or above it.

The pressure cooker is one of our biggest time savers. A whole meal may be cooked in twenty or thirty minutes, in it.

The container holds in the steam, causing pressure, which raises the temperature considerably above that of boiling water, which reduces the time of cooking. It usually takes about one third as long for any food to cook, as if boiled in an ordinary kettle with a lid.

All the flavors and juices are retained, which makes tough cuts of meat cooked in this way, just as palatable as the more tender, expensive cuts.

The pressure cooker is shaped like a kettle, with straight sides, usually made of aluminum or granite ware, with a tight cover which is clamped down to prevent the escape of steam. It is provided with a safety gauge, a pet-cock, and a gauge to indicate the amount of steam pressure. About a cupful of water is

Continued on page 22

Do You Live in Any One of These Towns?

Star City	*Kinistino*	*Melfort*	*Beatty*	*Weldon*	*Birch Hills*
Langenburg	*Churchbridge*	*Bredenbury*	*Saltcoats*	*Yorkton*	*Wakaw*
Cudworth	*Meachem*	*Young*	*Watrous*	*Nokomis*	*Semans*
Raymore	*Punnichy*	*Lestock*	*Kelliher*	*Ituna*	*Melville*
Spy Hill	*Kamsack*	*Prince Albert*	*Foam Lake*	*Wynyard*	*Lanigan*
Viscount	*Colonsay*	*Humbolt*	*Watson*	*Quill Lake*	*Wadena*
Invermay	*Rivers*	*Maple Creek*	*Gull Lake*	*Gleichen*	*Bassano*
Brooks	*Tompkins*	*Medicine Hat*	*Cabri*	*Leader*	*Empress*
Drumheller	*Delia*	*Youngstown*	*Hanna*	*Oyen*	*Sibbald*
Big Valley	*Three Hills*	*Lethbridge Ex.*	*Trochu*	*Calgary Ex.*	*Carbon*

If so you will be interested to know that our Special Demonstrations of Better Baking, which met with such great success during the past two years, will be given again this year in the leading stores of the towns mentioned above, as well as in many other places throughout the Western Provinces. Members of our Educational Department, all of whom are highly-trained Domestic Science Graduates, will be in charge of these demonstrations.

Announcements will appear from time to time in various local newspapers, giving details as to the times and places of the demonstrations. Watch for these announcements. Plan to attend the demonstration in your locality. You will find it interesting, instructive and very practical.

These demonstrations have been organized after long and careful preparation and we are confident that you will enjoy them and will derive many benefits from your attendance. We shall greatly appreciate your presence at the demonstration to be held in your locality.

E. W. Gillett Company Limited

TORONTO

WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

The rich, fresh bouquet that comes to you from a cup of Salada Tea is just another indication of its superior quality.

From the moment the choice young leaves are picked until they are sealed away in the metal packages you buy over the counter, they are so handled that they come to you with all the original fragrance preserved.

"SALADA"

H567

Purity Salt

Fine—Clear—Dry

Purity Free-Running Table Salt never cakes or clogs. It is wholesome and full-flavored—the ideal salt for table use.

Made in Canada

The Western Salt Co., Limited,
Courtright - - Ontario.

27

THE QUALITY YOU BUY—

is really a matter of your own discretion. Your grocer may be compelled to handle cheaper Vinegar to meet competition, but he will gladly supply you with

AVICO
Certified Pickling Spiced
Vinegar

distinctively fragrant, mellow and wholesome at only 20c a full quart, in your own container, if you ask for it by name. Just try it once.

YOUR GROCER CAN SUPPLY YOU

27

For Every Washing Purpose

Snowflake
THE FULL STRENGTH Ammonia

SOFTENS • WATER REMOVES • GREASE

37

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 20

put in the bottom of the cooker to generate steam.

The cooker is provided with insets to hold different foods, a rack and bars. No stirring is necessary, and there is no danger of any food burning. It may be used on gas, coal oil, coal, wood, or electric stoves. One merely needs to see that the required amount of pressure is maintained, as indicated by the guage. The shrinkage of food is decreased, and there is no odor of cooking in the kitchen.

Definite time for cooking some foods cannot be given accurately as much depends on the age, freshness and size of them.

At fifteen pounds pressure, such vegetables as potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage, peas, require about 10 minutes. Beets take from 10 to 25 minutes. Asparagus and cauliflower, 6 minutes. String beans from 10 to 20 minutes. Greens from 8 to 10 minutes. Lima beans, 15 to 20 minutes. Meat in large pieces takes 8 to 10 minutes per pound. The tougher cuts 10 to 15 minutes.

If the safety valve "goes off" there is no cause for alarm. The excess steam is escaping.

To Use a Pressure Cooker

POUR hot water in the bottom of the cooker, and while the steam is being generated, prepare the food to put in it. Tighten the cover; have the pet-cock open to allow the air to escape. Have a hot fire under the cooker. When the desired pressure is indicated, reduce the heat. Do not start to count the time of cooking till the required amount of pressure has been secured. When the cooking is done, remove from the fire, open the pet-cock a little to allow the steam to escape, slowly, then when the indicator is at zero, remove the cover, and take out the food.

A book of directions comes with a cooker when it is purchased. This should be carefully read and followed.

Salads for Summer

SALAD plants, such as lettuce, cress, cabbage, etc., should always be crisped before using, by placing in cold water, then dried as thoroughly as possible, because dressing will not stay on wet leaves. The leaves may be put in a clean cloth and placed in the ice box, or put in a paper bag with end twisted tight, till ready to use.

The dressing and other salad ingredients should not be combined till ready to serve.

Cress and Egg Salad

Pull the cress to pieces after washing and drying it well, and mix with whites of hard-cooked eggs cut fine. Arrange in mounds on plates, and garnish with rings of egg whites. Serve with French dressing. The egg yolks may be used in a potato salad at another meal.

Ginger Ale Salad

Ginger ale, 2 c.	Sugar ⅓ c. or a little more
Gelatin, 2 tb.	
Cold water, ½ c.	Salt, ½ t.
Boiling water, 1 c.	Paprika, ⅛ t.
Lemon juice, 1	Fruit or vegetables

Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the boiling water. Add the ginger ale, lemon juice, sugar, salt and paprika. When it begins to stiffen, add any desired fruit or vegetables, such as cherries, apple cubes, celery rings, peas, cucumber cubes, carrot slices, nut meats, etc. Mold in individual molds. In very hot weather, if one large mold is used, an extra teaspoon of gelatin will insure its molding.

Walnut Potato Salad

Boiled potatoes (medium size), 6
Walnut meats, ½ c.
Thick boiled dressing, 1 c.

Green pepper, ½	Beet, 1
Pickles, 3 or 4	Lettuce

Chop the potatoes, nut meats, pepper, beet, and mix lightly with the dressing, pile in individual servings on the lettuce leaves and garnish with slices of pickle.

Banana and Almond Salad

Bananas, 3	Lemon juice
Dressing	Lettuce

Almonds, shelled, ½ c.

Peel the bananas, and with a silver knife scrape off any stringy portions. Cut lengthwise in narrow strips, and sprinkle with lemon juice. Roll in the chopped, blanched almonds, which may be salted if desired. Arrange on lettuce leaves and serve with cream dressing.

Peanut Salad

Lettuce	Pimento, 1
Green pepper, 1	Boiled dressing
Salt	Paprika

Shelled peanuts, 1 c.

Remove the seeds and membrane from the pepper and cut it in very thin rings. Skin the peanuts and break in coarse pieces. Arrange the lettuce leaves in a salad bowl, scatter the peanuts and pepper rings over it, sprinkle with a little salt and paprika, and decorate with bits of pimento. Serve cooked salad dressing or French dressing in a separate dish.

Tomato and Cabbage Salad

Firm cabbage	Chopped onion, 1
Lettuce leaves	Cucumber
Small green pepper, 1	Salad dressing

Tomatoes, medium sized, 3

Shred the cabbage and mix with it the finely chopped onion, half of the pepper chopped, and a little diced cucumber. Mix with dressing, either boiled or French, well seasoned. Peel the tomatoes and cut in eighths. Pile the cabbage mixture on lettuce leaves in a salad bowl, garnish with the tomato sections, slices of cucumber, and the remainder of the green pepper cut in strips.

Spinach Salad

Spinach, 2 c.	Dressing
Onion, 1	Lettuce
Celery chopped, ½ c.	Salt and pepper

Hard-boiled eggs, 2

Use either canned or freshly cooked spinach, season with salt and pepper, drain well and chop. Chill, and add the finely chopped onion and celery. Moisten with highly seasoned dressing, pack in individual molds, and chill. Turn out on lettuce leaves, and garnish with the hard-cooked eggs cut in lengthwise strips.

Molded Egg Salad

Cooked dressing, ⅔ c.	Eggs, 6
Lettuce	Salt, ½ t.
Large tomatoes	Paprika, ⅛ t.

Boil the eggs hard, while still warm, shell them and force through a potato ricer, season well with salt and paprika, and pack firmly in straight-sided glasses or cups. Chill, and turn from the glasses. Cut in the desired number of slices. Peel and cut the tomatoes into the same number of thick slices. Put a slice of tomato on a nest of lettuce leaves, then a slice of molded egg on the tomato, and top with a spoonful of dressing. On the dressing, sprinkle paprika.

With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba

Continued from last month

ELLENVILLE is working for the annual bazaar. Social evenings, at which there is no admission charge, were held in January and Febuary and March for the benefit of the community. Handicrafts receive considerable attention from the members.

ELM CREEK served refreshments at the carnival, the proceeds being for the rink fund. A social evening was held in honor of the local teachers. The husbands of Institute members were also invited. In March a number of the Culross W. I. gave a demonstration of fancy cake icing. A quilting bee and shower has been planned for a family whose home was burned. The Institute bought supplies for the school hot lunch.

ELPHINSTONE served lunches at the rink during the local bonspeil in February, realizing about $13.00. A fence is being put around the Memorial Hall.

EMERSON members meet every Friday afternoon in the Rest Room to help each other with sewing. The Great War Veterans presented the Institute with an electric sewing machine to use in the Rest Room. In February, a silver tea and shower provided fuel, food, bedding, etc., for a poor family. The annual Girl Guide program was put on that month.

ENDCLIFFE held a St. Patrick's Social and dance. The members are working for a bazaar.

EWART—The members have been sewing and quilting for each other.

FOXWARREN held a St. Patrick's Tea and sale of Home Cooking.

GIMLI is planning a bazaar for July.

GLADSTONE'S Vice-Presidents take turns in presiding at meetings in order that they may become familiar with the routine and procedure of conducting meetings. A large box of clothing and foods was sent to a needy family. Over $60.00 was added to the Memorial fund in February.

GRAYSVILLE has been busy with a number of community enterprises, such as responding to calls for help, looking after University Extension lecturers, catering for U.F.M. meetings, etc.

GYPSUMVILLE held a Hard Times Dance in February, and have been working hard for an Easter Bazaar, and have held a few quilting bees.

HAMIOTA served refreshments at the rink during the Local Bonspiel in February, making over $50.00. At the meetin that month Dr. Hudson gave a profitable talk on prevalent diseases of to-day. The "Want" corner in the weekly paper continues to be popular.

HAMIOTA 'Atoimah Club' had a Valentine party, which added over $30.00 to their funds.

HARDING has had some particularly profitable papers and discussions at the regular meetings.

HARDING had a dressmaking Short Course conducted by one of their own members. An interesting debate was the main feature of the March meeting.

INWOOD pays for the one meal a day at the boarding house for a feebleminded citizen of their town. Aprons are to be sold at Boys' and Girls' Club concert, the proceeds to be used for Boys' and Girls' Club work. In March, assistance was given to a sick returned man.

ISABELLA has had some interesting programs.

KATRIME is working for a concert and dance to be held this spring.

KENTON held a social afternoon. They have a number of active committes.

KILLARNEY had a St. Patrick's tea.

LAKE FRANCES held an Oat Cake contest at their February meeting. They had a Whist Drive that month. Plans are under consideration for a community hall.

LANGRUTH contributed $50.00 towards the hall. Some interesting demonstrations were given at the February meeting.

LA RIVIERE—The Cemetery committee has started work for this year. A sale of home cooking and a silver tea was held in March bringing in over $20. Twenty visitors were entertained at the March meeting, which was an open meeting with a very interesting program.

LENORE added some new books to the library. Garments were made from flour sacks and sent to the Social Hygiene Association. Articles are being made for the bazaar planned for next Fall.

LIVINGSTONE is studying co-operative marketing of poultry. In March the husbands of members were entertained at a banquet.

LYLETON has provided several games and magazines for the Rest Roon for the benefit of the children of the community. A member of the Institute is present during the hours when the children are there.

MAKAROFF held a Fathers' and Sons' Banquet. A concert and "Canadian Linen" sale were held in March. The latter consisted of 21 articles made from flour sacks, all of them being excellent, the prize being the winner's choice of any article but her own, the rest being sold. An epidemic of measles has kept the Makaroff women busy.

MAKINAK has paid over $80.00 on the bill for the lighting system in their hall. After the remaining $150.00 is paid the members plan to have the hall painted. Assistance was given in February to the Junior Red Cross. They provided supper for the St. Patrick's Dance given by the school.

MANITOU in January helped to send a poor woman to the hospital for treatment. They catered for the Masonic banquet, to augment their funds. Five dollars was sent to the "Save the Children" fund. At each meeting an interesting part of the program is "Current Events" very ably handled. Manitou reports most interesting papers and discussions.

MAYFELD fines hostesses who serve elaborate refreshments at the meetings. Twenty-five dollars was given to the Ladies' Aid to use in their work.

MEDORA has started a library. Funds are being raised to build a Memorial Hall—over $50.00 being the proceeds of a Leap Year Pie Social held for this purpose.

MELITA had a Valentine dance in aid of the Rest Room.

MINITONAS is giving a great deal of time and effort to the various groups in cooking, sewing and poultry, among the girls and boys. In February they held a social afternoon. The Institute has been giving all the help possible to some fire sufferers at Renwer.

MINIOTA has been helping to clothe a local family of children, so that they may go to school. A play was given to add to the Memorial Fund. Refreshments were served during the bonspiel.

MINNEDOSA holds drill on Parliamentary Procedure at some of their meetings. One of the members entertained the Institute at a delightful social afternoon. In March, Hon. Neil Cameron addressed the society on "Immigration."

MOLINE held an Old Time dance in February. In March they bought the lumber for the rink. Two invalids are to be remembered every month by the "sick" committee.

MOORE PARK made over $30.00 at the play they put on. In February the meeting took the form of an interesting debate.

Continued in August issue

Fish, Onions and Cake

Bake them together in ~

NEW PERFECTION *Live Heat* OVEN

No matter how strong the odor you can safely bake such foods together in the New Perfection Rapid Circulation Oven.

Perfectly baked dinners come out of this oven *all at the same time*—no mixing of flavors even in the most delicate desserts. What a delight to the housewife. What a saving in time and fuel.

The big outstanding feature of the New Perfection Live Heat Oven is its unique system of ventilation. Freshly heated air from the burners circulates rapidly around the food, and then out of the oven, carrying all moisture and odors.

Substantially built, durable but light. Special rust-resisting finish. Moderately priced.

There's a dealer near you with a size and style of Live Heat Oven to fit your need. Let him show you also the world-famous New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves and Ranges.

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The soft and finely woven fabric, the comfort, daintiness and luxury of Harvey tailored underwear recommend it to the discriminating woman always.

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All first class stores sell and unhesitatingly recommend Harvey underwear, because it is always right

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Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

Monday Morning

is not half so depressing to the man who has been braced up at breakfast by a cup of

CAMP COFFEE

R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.

The Radio Girl

SHE is sixteen, a high school girl, and a student of music, with ambition, constructive and progressive.

This young girl is fond of fun, happy in sports and loyal to her friends. Furthermore she is a radio girl—for radio is a living wave of humanity—a vital throbbing personality that laughs and talks and sings from every corner of the continent. Radio is not perfect. If the atmosphere is not just right, it bites and scratches and sometimes refuses to work or play or sing.

But Western Canadian climate is exceptionally kind to Radio.

The radio girl's friends invite her to dances and parties and theatres but she urges instead that they come to her home for the evening.

Something new—something different in the way of a programme will be given.

The fascination of uncertainty is always attractive to boys and girls. They come and dance to the music of Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, or listen to grand opera from Los Angeles or laugh at the jokes of a comedian in Schenectady, New York. Perhaps the soft dreamy swing of a waltz from the far south comes in and they listen with intense interest.

An address by a noted man at a banquet in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and a lecture on banking add instruction with entertainment.

They listen because of the fascination of radio when they might not care to attend the lectures under any other invitation.

Thrills, amazement, excitement—tense and bewildering—chase the hours on electric wings.

The boys and girls leave reluctantly hoping for an invitation to the local programme the next evening.

Picture shows, dance halls, joy riding, street walking have at last met their competitor in radio.

Splendid and pleasing as is the radio entertainment from outside stations, yet the most appreciated is the programme from the local station.

Radio is harmonious with the local programme. All the kicks and thumps and scratches and buzz-sawing that come from the "Imp orchestra" on the waves from outside stations are silently courteous when the local programme in on. This radio girl lives in Winnipeg, so CKY—the Manitoba Telephone Company Broadcasting station—is her favorite.

Mr. Coates, the man at the microphone, ranks among the first men on the American continent who broadcast. His voice is deep, rich, clear and a human.

Some men speak as if they were talking to machines and yell in irritating monotone.

But Mr. Coates of CKY speaks in a conversational tone and his presence in the home is so real that thousands of homes regard him as their best friend. He tells the children bed time stories and bids them—"goodnight" with a "Now, kiddies, run off to bed"— a real labor saving device for mothers.

What does the Radio girl hear in Winnipeg? Concerts by accomplished muscians, theatrical programmes, readings, jazz, university lectures, church service, demonstration experiences from other girls, and the news of the day.

Just now a series of French lessons every Monday between five and six o'clock come free through Radio. Mademosielle Celine Balla, one of the French lecturers in the university gives these French lessons—not in oratorical outbursts, but in the charming musical accent and well modulated voice of the real French woman that she is.

The Radio girl could not afford French lessons but now she is taught French without cost and "without tears."

Nearly every evening with her friends in the atmosphere of radio sociability, she entertains them in her own home. They become acquainted with men and women of many professions, and learn to know Winnipeg voices and their home people.

These boys and girls appreciate their own city better through Radio broadcasting its talent and its opportunities. Radio has made the home happier, a real community center—a more interesting place—more hospitable to strangers and has created a finer affection among members of the family.

One night the Radio girl had a dream. The Radio was sold. Its place was vacant, the voices from the city and continent were silent, there was no more music brought into the home, the lectures had ceased to lend their instruction, there was no young company—she was lonely—the home echoed with quiet solitude—she must go somewhere—to a picture show—the dance hall—anywhere to get away from the longing ache for the live friend that had gone. That's Radio.

The Golden Thread of Right

NEAR the close of his life Gladstone said:

"You of the present day will have to take up the work of construction, and I can see vast forces arraying themselves against you. Faith and love and prayer are your only weapons. Pray and act —and above all be not afraid."

The golden thread of Right runs through the great spool of progress, and God has painted on the canvas of the world all the beauty of life's story in tones of glory, all the darkness and errors and sorrows and terrors will fade away into shadows from his golden brush of beauty. The history of progress among women is written according to our faith in God. We fail according to our lack of faith in Divine guidance. As soon as we believe in the power and omnipresence of God, we shall at that moment do away with discouragement.

Encouragement

NOTHING helps a young girl like encouragement. It gives her confidence. Everybody needs a word of cheer. When a young woman comes to my door despondent, heartsick and troubled and I invite her in and make her realize I am intensely interested in her future, she goes away from my house with a smile on her face and a bright expression of hope and faith in her eyes. Perhaps a tempting invitation from a friend for the evening had to be refused for the interview. But an opportunity to give a girl a little bit of encouragement may be worth her future. Human values are so complicated that we cannot understand their worth at times.

Discouragement is really the result of too much trust in one's self. Self's resources have a limit. Most difficulties can be overcome by looking in another direction. Sometimes we feel our enemies are so destructive that we cannot "carry on." A little rhyme comes to my mind:

"Mean things that others do to me,
Can't harm me much I find,
Unless I let revengeful thoughts
Disturb my peace of mind."

I never knew any one yet who gained by planning revenge. We cannot make ourselves white by painting another black. Trying experiences do come into every girl's life and it does require tact and determination to solve a girl's problems—so complex are they. Then anything that develops poise of mind and manner is a constructive aid for solving problems. I mention this because the majority of girls who find themselves in intricate difficulty lack mental poise.

COME LET US READ A WHILE

By W.H.M. Librarian.

I THINK that one of the greatest joys of being in London is that one gets so many opportunities to meet the people who have written the books that we in Western Canada have enjoyed. I remember what a keen disappointment it was to me that I was unable to meet Miss Syme, the author of that never-to-be-forgotten novel "Our Little Life." It was the Spring of 1922 when the Canadian Authors' Association met at Ottawa. I had just finished reading "Our Little Life" the most distinctive portrayal of Canadian life in fiction that I have ever read. Miss Syme, I learnt, was to be at the Convention. She had lived in Eastern Canada many years, and written this book in Canada. I was very eager to see the woman who could write like Dickens. But something or the other happened—there was talk of a toothache becoming unbearable—and I did not get a peep at Miss Syme much less a word with her. Do you know, I still feel the pang of disappointment whenever I think of that novel. Only the other day, I was recommending an English woman to read "Our Little Life" and for the life of me, I couldn't forbear retelling this story of my disappointment! Relatively speaking, not many of the authors of novels we read year in and year out, live in Canada. And those who do, are often separated from us by thousands of miles. Hence we seldom get to know those who give us so much pleasure. But in London it is different.

Here live authors by the dozens, whose names are very familar to Canada's reading public. And if one attends the meetings of the Society of Women Journalists, there is always the delightful chance of meeting some great writer who one scarcely dared to believe really existed in the flesh!

Photograph is of Mary Openshaw, Mrs. Arthur Binstead, whose new novel "Madame Lucifer" is reviewed in this article. Mrs. Binstead is Honorary Secretary to the Society of Woman Journalists.

"Madame Lucifer" (Robert Holden & Co.) is the provocative title of a just-out novel by Mary Openshaw who wrote, you will remember, among other things, "Laughter Street, London." In "Madame Lucifer" which I read at one sitting because I just couldn't put it down, the author has taken us to Paris about the year 1650, when the crafty, clever Mazarin was in exile after the disturbances of the Fronde. There was another in exile at this same period, an English king, Charles II who had found temporary safety from Cromwell's policy of blood and iron. So while Mazarin was plotting fresh intrigues outside of his beloved Paris, Charles II, in Paris, was the centre of interest to a few self-exiled Englishmen, poverty stricken, despairing, but ever loyal to the hapless Stuart King. And so we find an English Milord, very grim, loyal and poor; a scheming French Duchess, Madame de Villeroi who hates Mazarin, Monsieur de Vivonne a cowardly tool of the Duchess—and Madame Lucifer! Who is this Madame Lucifer? She is a slip of a girl with a fiery temper who is expelled from a Convent because of a naughty prank she plays with the Holy water. By a strange turn of fate, she comes into the life of the grim Lord Avonmore who in a freakish mood suggests marrying the hot headed little Convent maid. Her guardians, callous schemers, are only too glad because there is a chance, so they argue, that the exiled English king may regain his throne and Lord Avonmore will be permitted to return to England and enjoy his wealth and position once again. Then, Madame Lucifer, proud little spitfire that she is, would be a lady of high degree and a *persona grata* at the French Court.

Continued on page 36

HAIRED HOSIERY

(with pointed heel)

Creates Ankle Beauty

Women desire beautiful, graceful, shapely ankles and fashion demands them. Desire, demand and accomplishment are realized when Harvey Hosiery, with pointed heel, is worn.

The pointed, spliced heel in Harvey Hosiery is an exclusive feature that not only adds charm and grace to the ankle, but reinforces the hose as well, where the strain is greatest.

HARVEY HOSIERY

Harvey Hoisery is made of the finest Japanese silk—unweighted—in any shade that fashion demands.

The price is no greater than that of other silk hose, while the added features of pointed heel and finest silk make Harvey Hosiery the selection of discriminating women.

Harvey Hosiery (Style and Wear in Every Pair) is sold at all first class stores. Write us for name of dealer handling it in your city.

TO THE TRADE: Full range of hosiery and underwear in all shades may be seen at our new sample room, 33 Melinda Street, Toronto.

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Carnation is just pure fresh milk, evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization. Order several tall (16 oz.) cans or case of 48 cans from your grocer.

Cook with Carnation Milk. Write for our Recipe Book containing over 100 tested recipes.

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Carnation Milk

The label is Red and White

"From Contented Cows"

TRY THESE DELICIOUS RECIPES

Spice Cakes: 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup water, ½ cup molasses, ¼ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon soda, 2½ cup flour, ¼ teaspoon allspice, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon baking powder.
Cream the butter or substitute, add sugar, well-beaten eggs, and molasses and milk, diluted with water. Mix and sift the flour, soda, baking powder, and spices. Add to mixture and bake in muffin pans in a moderately hot oven. This recipe makes sixteen cakes.

Gingerbread: 6 tablespoons water, 2¼ cups flour, 1 cup molasses, 2 tablespoons Carnation Milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¾ teaspoon soda, 1¼ teaspoon ginger, ¼ cup butter or lard.
Sift dry ingredients together. Add liquids to molasses. Combine mixtures, add shortening and beat well. Pour into greased shallow pan and bake in moderately hot oven about 25 minutes.

In the Carnation Cook Book you'll find recipes for several delicious cakes, as well as other good things to eat. Write the Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ont., for a free copy. 191

Warm Weather Style Suggestions

From the New York Shops

SINCE we have begun to realize that fashions change very gradually, we no longer look for the "never seen before" new things, but rather appreciate the many interesting details that predict the styles to come.

This season the silhouette is unchanged, with closeness of hip line and a prevailing flat back. Fullness and undulation is brought about in many ways.

The only important feature is in the extremely short length of the skirt which nevertheless depends on "the dress and my lady" and since a wrong length may make a dress noticeably out of fashion, one may expect that most women will wear shorter dresses.

Varieties of popular materials, lovely new designs and beautiful color combinations afford new effects for wraps, gowns, skirts and blouses. Wool crepe is a favorite material, and silk alpaca in plain and plaid effects is being used for dresses and suits.

Crepe back satin is a general favorite, one side being used for trimming and the other side for the body of the dress. Soft crepes are much in vogue for dance frocks and evening dresses. Voiles, in plain and figured designs and plaid chiffons are charming in lovely colorings.

Plaits of every description are being used in a variety of ways. One sees entire dresses arranged in plaits, plaited panels, plaited skirts, scarf effects, jabots, flounces and frills, also collars and cuffs of plaitings.

Tunic dresses are new and much in favor. They afford a splendid idea for remodeling or combining two materials. A "chemise" dress that has become worn at the hem may be shortened and used for the tunic blouse of such a dress, while another dress whose waist portions are "out" may serve to make the foundation skirt.

Checked white cross barred voile will make a very attractive separate blouse. Suit blouses are made of crepe, china silk, printed silk and linen. The new "bosom" blouses are popular as suit blouses or for separate wear with a plaited or plain sports skirt.

The scarf, a practical accessory for suits and cloth frocks, is now also shown in satin, tulle and lace.

The new Rodier cottons for summer dresses are in lovely combinations of colors. Eyelet effects on silk, linen and cotton are used for separate coats and dresses. Cretonnes are used in combination with plain crepes and linen, also with crepe de chine.

The chemise frock of sports silk, linen and crepe de chine is very popular. It is made with a plaited bosom of matched or contrasting material, such as organdy, fine linen, batiste or net. Sometimes a suede or glace kid belt is worn with this style dress.

Pockets have returned to favor. Four-in-hand ties and those of the Windsor type are worn with Peter Pan collars. With tailored jackets, sleeveless and mannish coats, the Ascot tie is worn.

Some of the new little dresses show capes fastened at the back of the neck, which extends to the waistline.

Sports coats are cut on mannish plain lines, from kasha, wool rep, twill fabrics, camels hair cloth and other novelties. Sometimes the long slim lines of the summer coat are broken by single or double capes, which are lined with contrasting material. Ruchings of cloth and cartridge plaits are often used for trimming. The scarf collar is often used as a neck finish.

Bathing suits are shown in endless variety, simple or elaborate as one may wish. It may be a plain one-piece idea, or beruffled like a party dress. Silk alpaca is the newest material for bathing suits.

Bathing caps may be of matched material, of rubberized cloth or of the new toweling called Terry cloth.

Wide leather belts are shown as an accessory to flannel and serge frocks, the color of the belt marks the color that predominates in the stripe or check in the dress material, or if it is plain, then the color of the belt is in contrast.

Any Pattern sent for 15c in Silver or Stamps. Address: Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

A Simple but Pretty Frock—4402. Printed voile in blue and tan tones is here shown, with bindings of blue crepe. This is a good model for white or colored linen, also for taffeta and pongee. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 4¼ yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is 2¼ yards.

An Attractive Apron Style—4493. Pretty English chints was used for this model, with bindings of black sateen. This is a good model for gingham, percale and also for rubberized materials The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 3½ yards of 27-inch material.

A Smart Frock for the Growing Girl—4782. This model will be very becoming to a slender girl. It is a good style for a school dress. Gingham, linen or alpaca could be used for its development.

A Seasonable Style—4767. Here is a pretty model for bordered materials, printed voile or georgette. It is also attractive for linen, wash silks and pongee. The blouse may be finished in either of two lengths, and with the sleeve short or in wrist length.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 6⅝ yards of 32-inch material. For the Blouse with short sleeves and in short length 1¼ yard less will be required. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards.

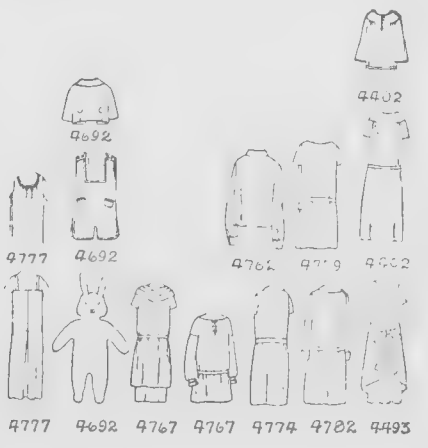
An Up-to-date Style for the Growing Girl—4779. Plaid alpaca combined with plain alpaca is here shown. This model is also good for linen, flannel, pongee and ratine. The closing is under the box plait on the vestee.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 2¼ yards of 32-inch material. For vestee and cuffs of contrasting material ⅜ yard is required.

"Peter Rabbit" and His Spring Suit—4692. Here is a well known nursery friend, with a new Jacket and Overalls. One could make the Jacket of satin or velvet, and the Overalls of flannel, jersey or linen.

The Pattern includes the "doll" and the garments. It is cut in 3 Sizes: Small 12, Medium 16, Large 20 inches in length. A 12-inch size requires ½ yard for the "doll" and ⅞ yard for the jacket and overalls.

To make as illustrated will require ⅓ yard of 27-inch material for the Jacket, and ⅝ yard for the Overalls.



A Popular Shirt Waist Style—4762. A familiar model with new lines is here shown. The "hip skirt" styles call for long lines in blouses and waists. as this model indicates.

The Pattern is cut in 9 Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. It is especially adapted to slender figures. For a 38-inch size 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material is required.

A Slip with New Lines—4777. This model is smooth fitting, with fullness at the centre back laid in a deep inverted plait. It may be finished with shaped shoulders or camisole top.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material, if made with shaped shoulders. With camisole top ⅜ yard less is required. The width at the foot is 1⅞ yard.

A Good Style for Mature Figures—4774. Linen, gingham, percale, jersey and crepe weaves are good for this model. The "vestee" is an attractive feature, it breaks the straight lines of the front, and is very becoming to stout figures. The sleeve may be in short "cape" length or finished with a cuff in elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5¼ yards of 27-inch material. The width at the foot is 1⅞ yard.

A Practical Costume for Outdoor Sports—4688-4789. Comprising Blouse Pattern 4688 and Knickers 4789. The Blouse is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The

A Popular "Baseball" Suit—4783. Linen, drill, flannel, or khaki could be used for this design. The trousers are separate from the waist.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. The Cap alone requires ⅜ yard.

A Dress with Slenderizing Lines—4773. This model is very attractive for stout figures. The closing is at the side. The sleeve puff may be omitted. One could use crepe for this style in any of its pretty weaves, or linen. The new alpacas are also good for this dress.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4½ yards of 40 inch material. To make as illustrated requires 1⅞ yard of figured material, and 2⅝ yards of plain material 40 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1⅞ yard.

A Pretty Frock for "Service" or "Porch"—4180. Chintz and unbleached muslin were combined to make the style here illustrated. The model is also good for cotton crepe, sateen, and percale. The girdle may be omitted, and the fulness held in place with a girdle or belt.

This pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure.

A Medium size requires 4⅝ yards of 32-inch material. To make the waist of contrasting material will require 1¾ yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2¼ yards.

Knickers in 7 Sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure with corresponding hip measure, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches.

To make this Costume for a Medium size requires 5½ yards of 32-inch material.

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A Comfortable Frock for "Mother's Girl"—4785. This is an ideal style for the slender active girl. It will be very pleasing in the development indicated, as well as in other materials or combinations. Linene and gingham could be combined, or one could use voile or pongee, with pipings of a contrasting color, or of white.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size requires 2 yards of one material 36 inches wide. To make as illustrated will require ⅞ yard of plain material and 1⅜ of figured goods.

A Jaunty Model for the Young Miss—4778. Wool crepe was selected for skirt and jacket portions, and pongee silk for the waist portions. Ratine and alpaca would also be pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 4⅛ yards of 32-inch material for the skirt and jacket, and 1¾ yard for the waist. If the waist is made with short sleeves 1½ yard is required. The width of the dress at the foot is 3¼ yards.

Two "Nursery Toys"—5787. The "Teddy Bear" has ever been popular with "little" children, and the Giraffe will please equally well. These toys may be made of felt, or flannel, or Terry cloth, and filled with cork, kopak, or excelsior. The "Teddy" may also be made of plush, "Teddy bear cloth" or eiderdown.

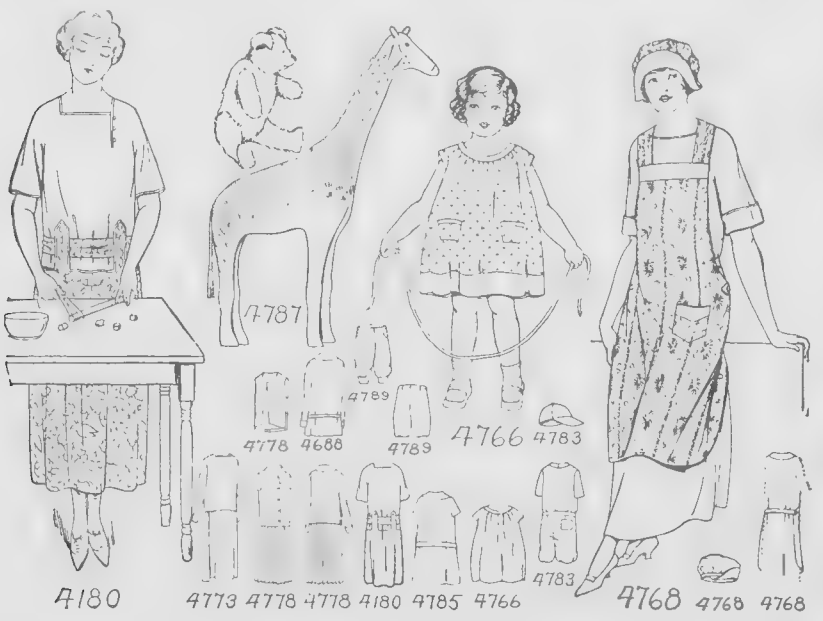
The Pattern is cut in One Size. It will require ⅜ yard of 36-inch material for the "Teddy" and ⅝ yard for the Giraffe.

A Dainty Frock for a Little Girl—4766. Batiste or voile would be nice for this style. It is also pleasing in crepe and tub silk, taffeta and pongee.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires 1¾ yard of 27-inch material. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated requires ½ yard of material 27 inches or ⅜ yard 36 inches wide.

A Practical "Cooking Set"—4768. Drill or cambric could be used for both Cap and Apron. Percale and gingham as well as rubberized chintz or cretonne are also attractive for this set.

The Pattern is cut in one Size: Medium. It will require 1¾ yard for the Apron, and ⅝ yard for the Cap of 36-inch material. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated requires ½ yard 36 inches wide.



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Home Doctor

Sunburn and Freckles

WITH the holiday season here again, there is the usual battle against sunburn and freckles. There is no doubt that a coat of tan is very becoming when accompanied by sports clothes on the golf links, on the tennis court, or on the beach, but at the dance in the evening, gowned in a dainty frock of delicate tint, those brown arms are not quite so attractive, and the distinct line at the back of the neck showing where the bathing suit ended, is decidedly ugly.

The best course is naturally to protect the skin, and a big shady hat or parasol is invaluable for this purpose. But if a girl goes in for sports to any extent, it does make her appear vain and silly to be continually fretting about her complexion. To prevent and cure sunburn, an application of calamine lotion is excellent. Any druggist will make up this preparation for you. There are also many good creams on the market that will soothe a freshly-burned skin.

Many complexions freckle instead of tan. These sun freckles may be easily removed by various good preparations, or an application of white precipitate ointment will prove effective. Then there are permanent freckles peculiar to some complexions, more often blondes. These are due to some inborn condition in the skin, and if they do not go during adolescence, it is not likely that they will ever entirely disappear. But to you who have these permanent freckles, do not worry about them. To most people there is something very attractive about freckles, particularly on a fair skin, and it is usually only by those who have them that they are considered a blemish.

However the sun may affect your skin, know this, that it does undoubtedly coarsen and thicken its texture to some extent, and if you value your fine complexion, you will not unduly expose it to the destroying rays of hot sunshine.

Regarding the care of the hair in summer, it is not wise to go about without a hat in strong sunlight. Apart from the danger of headache or sunstroke, the penetrating rays will dry and bleach your hair. If you have fair hair, there will be no fear of bleaching, and drying the hair in the sun will help to keep fair hair that golden shade so much admired. An occasional sun bath is good for any head of hair, but long exposure will make it dry, brittle and faded.

Chronic Fatigue

BOTH body and mind need rest and change. Work too long continued leads sooner or later to over-fatigue and exhaustion. These are dangerous conditions that lower all the faculties and functions of the body, and usually result in what is known as "nervous prostration."

Before such a serious result there are usually warnings which if heeded in time may enable one to avert a breakdown.

Irritability, lessened ability to control one's impulses and emotions and to withstand temptation, impairment of memory, of reasoning power, of power of attention and concentration, exhaustion after slight physical or mental effort, are the symptoms that indicate overfatigue. This is the time to consult a physician or neurologist.

The Need for Relaxation

THE mind requires not only rest but relaxation and recreation. It is wrong for men to think only of business, and for women to devote their entire thought and conversation to servants, styles and symptoms. The woman who wears herself out slaving for her family, often becomes so irritable that she is unable to enjoy the companionship of those for whom she labors. The excitable, impatient manner of tired parents is often unconsciously adopted by the children, who thereby becomes more susceptible to nervous affections. Fits of depression and "the blues" are not uncommon in those whose lives are devoid of variety.

The form of mental recreation depends on the character of one's daily work. As complete a change as possible is required.

"'TIS A POOR RULE"

By Ronald Tuckwell

DANG me. 'Pic—she don't seem to hev much use fer us! Here's me, not sich a bad feller, well fixed, good farm, nice big house and a fine flock of poultry fer a gal to look arter—an' she won't give us nary a chanct to pop. What'll we do?"

"Awk! Pump like 'ell, brother!" Epictetus, the old Australian parrot, looked up at him, with one yellow eye cocked warily. He was Walt Bentley's constant companion for over fifteen years—the gift of a sailor friend.

Bentley grinned. "Ye old heathen! It'd be pretty lonesome around yere without ye, anyhow—here, hev some sugar."

Squeezing his lanky bulk into an armchair, he spread long, gangling legs. He stroked the end of his beak-like nose. His prominent Adam's apple bobbed up and down as he spoke.

"It's tough," he grunted, " 'cos Miss Madge be jist the gal fer us. Purty as a picter, with brown eyes allus laughin', an' hair as yaller as yaller. She'd make any feler a wife to be proud on. But she won't look at us, 'Pic—ceptin' to be good friends, like."

"All alike in any port," croaked the bird.

A cheery hail came from outside. Bentley got awkwardly to his feet as the Rev. Frederick Crothers appeared at the doorway.

"How's everything, Walter? What! mooning inside on such a fine day! Something troubling you? Hello, erudite!" He patted the parrot, affectionately.

The Rev. Frederick was that rare combination—an excellent preacher and a fine "mixer." Everybody was his friend. In his kindly way he ministered to the spiritual needs of flock, and smoothed out many a tangled skein in the little rural community. More than one troubled heart was made light by being unburdened to him; tactful and devoted, he made the troubles of the sheep of his pasture, his own. Confidences naturaly gravitated towards the Rev. Frederick.

Bentley considered a moment. Then he blurted out his trouble.

"I orter be gittin' a wife, Reverend. Miss Madge be the one I've picked—but she won't listen. How's a feller go about winnin' a gal like 'at, sir?"

"Pump like—" Epictetus crocked, but Bentley gagged him, hurriedly.

"Do you know, Walter—woman is a strange mixture—a very strange mixture, indeed. Even the wisdom of Solomon was seldom equal to the task of calculating her actions. Yet, my boy, there is one thing, that, down though the ages, appears to have nearer approached the infallible in these matters than aught else—and that is, *Sacrifice*."

"Let me illustrate my meaning:" The minister produced a small book, and proceeded to read out the story of "Frederigo and His Falcon," in which the poor peasant hunter won the heart of a lady of high estate (who had lost her way, around meal-time) by killing and cooking his sole means of support—his hunting falcon—to provide her with food.

As he concluded, "Do you get my meaning, Walt?" he asked.

"Yeh—I catch on; if I want to win Miss Madge, I'll hev to—"

"Pump like—awk!" Epictetus spluttered, as his master's hand fell heavily.

Bentley pondered long after the well-meaning divine had departed. "That were a great yarn," he muttered. "But—what in heck is a falcon? Some kind o' bird, I guess. Anyhow, ain't nary no falcon 'round yere."

His eye lit on the parrot. "Aha: Friend of youth! Ye ain't much of a looker—but ye'er betterin any falcon me lad. Maybe some day"....

A picture floated before his eyes, a vision of a lonesome bachelor of old age. He squirmed and groaned. "Gol ding—whut's a feller got to do to be saved..?" he muttered aloud.

"Pull for shore, brother!" croaked Epictetus.

Bentley turned in that night, still thinking deeply over the story of how the peasant hunter had won his lady's love.

HE was working in the stables the following forenoon, when he heard a cherry call. Lumbering awkwardly outside, his eyes goggled as he saw a young lady, pretty of face and plump of figure, leading a limping horse.

His cap came off hurriedly, and a long "cow-lick" fluttered in the breeze. "Mornin', Miss Madge," he gasped, nervously.

"Good morning, Walt. I dropped around to see if you can fix up 'Rex.' He has thrown a shoe, and is very lame."

"Shorely ma'am. Fix 'im up in a jiffy!"

He led the horse to a small smithy, the girl following; she gazed around admiringly at his fine prize fowls, commenting on the handsome birds.

Bentley stirred up the tiny forge. He sighed deeply as he watched the girl daintly strolling around amongst his possessions. Then the great idea came—causing him to whistle at its audacity.

"Miss Madge," he stuttered, sticking his head outside, "kin I ast a favor?" His Adam's apple bobbed nervously.

She came over, smiling. His courage oozed as he watched that smile.

"Miss Madge, ma'am—kin I—will ye stay an' hev dinner with me?" he blurted out hurriedly, fearing his ebbing courage would not see him through.

She was non-plussed. "Why, Walt! . ." Then, smiling again, "Yes, I might do that, seeing that you and I are such old friends. But—they'll be wondering over home where I have got to. Better let me have one of your horses, and I'll ride over and let them know I'm all right."

As she rode off, Bentley plunged out of the little forge room. Rushing inside the house, he made a quick grab for his parrot.

It was rough treatment for Epictetus—and he commenced to croak lustily: "Loose me, ye mutineerin' dog!" "All hands on deck, everybody!" "Repel boarders and pump like—awk!" The yellow eyes rolled, as Bentley wrung the aged neck.

A tear glistened in the man's eyes—but determination was strong. Quickly plucking the green plumage from the bird. he dressed it, and popped it into a pot on the kitchen stove. He secured a young squab, which he treated likewise, placing it in another pot.

His steps lagged as he returned to his horse-shoeing operations.

"Poor old 'Pic—" he groaned, wiping away a tear.

THE girl returned, to find the horse neatly re-shod. All was in readiness for dinner, Bentley told her, and proudly he led her to the table, preparatory to bringing in the feast.

"This was my finest bird!" he said softly, laying before her a savoury dish.

She eyed it wonderingly. "Must have been a young one, surely?" she asked "It's small—do you know I could eat all this! I'm nearly famished. I'm ashamed of myself—what would you do in that case?"

"I want you to eat it all—" he gulped. "I've another out on the stove."

"M-m-m! This is delightful. You are a dandy cook, Walt. So nice and tender!" She smiled sweetly. Bentley's ears tingled.

All through the meal she praised and smiled. At its conclusion she jumped up, thanked him profusely, and shortly afterwards departed astride her horse for home.

Bentley was in the seventh heaven. He was certain that his plan was going to succeed. Had she not smiled on him as never before. He considered. He had forgotten to tell her about Epictetus,

Continued on page 32c

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Radio

Winnipeg Amateur Radio Club

DURING the past month the Winnipeg Amateur Radio Club has made some stride in increasing its membership, several new members having been enrolled. Although there has not been a general meeting, informal gatherings have taken place, and a hearty current of enthusiasm is rampant.

It has been decided not to hold any further general meetings until fall, when a grand opening will be staged. It is not intended, however, that the work of the Club should be dropped, and arrangements have been made to locate the headquarters of the Club at 213 Confederation Life Building, where a library will be established in the near future for the convenience of all members, who will be invited to make use of this feature at any time.

There have been added to the directorate the names of Messrs. J. J. Street and J. K. Maxwell. Mr. Street, who has been appointed secretary of the Club, is well known in local amateur circles, and can be relied upon to serve the interests of the members in this important and sometimes arduous post.

Radio Brings People to Church

CKY, Winnipeg, was the first station in Canada to broadcast a service from a church and claims the record in the number of services broadcast from various Canadian churches to date. Over twenty churches of the principal denominations are connected with CKY by special wire and a service is broadcast from a different one each Sunday evening. Often two services in a day are broadcast and occasionally three. If radio adversely affects church attendance, as it has been claimed to do, Winnipeg churches should be suffering more than those in any Canadian city. According to local newspapers, however, church attendance on Easter Sunday exceeded that of any previous year. Churches of all denominations were crowded to the doors. Never in the history of Winnipeg has there been such a crush at Easter church services. Church after church was crowded out. One man wishing to attend, motored from one end to the other, visiting five before he could find one where there was even standing room. Is it presumptuous to suggest that broadcasting may have helped in attracting so many people to church? Certainly, it has been demonstrated in Winnipeg that the churches have nothing to fear in broadcasting their services.

LIGHTER VEIN

Near Enough

Joshua Willet was the best gardener in Bushby, and therefore, in a place where good gardeners were few, he was in great demand among the summer people.

"Josh, he lays claim to be a reg'lar landscaper, and I don't know but he has a right to," said one of the natives. "He seems to have knowledge of settin' a bush here and cuttin' away a limb there that isn't given to all; but the summer folks'll find they've got a job on hand if they expect to tie him down to set times for workin'."

It turned out that this was the case, and one day an exasperated summer resident opened the vials of her wrath and poured them on Mr. Willet's head.

"When we pay you all you ask, and give you carte blanche,—all the tools and everything you wish in the way of plants and shrubs and all sorts of garden materials,"—said the lady, indignantly, "I should think you might at least come on Thursdays, as you promised, instead of making it Wednesday, Thursday or Friday, just as it suits your convenience!"

"Now it's no manner o' use for you to get riled, ma'am," said Mr. Willet, calmly. "When you said you'd like to have me come Thursdays, all I said was that I calc'lated to get round about the same day every week, an' I have done it so fur. Now if you'll move your foot, ma'am, I've planned to put a rose-geranium where you're grindin' in the soil."

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Pyrene KILLS FIRE SAVES LIFE

The Home Garden.

By Allan Campbell

Poultry Notes

IT is the little extra touches to any marketable article that is an influence on the price obtained. This is true in regard to poultry produce for the public are attracted by the clean and shapely eggs that come from the systematic poultryman, also, the birds that have been killed for market are more favorably accepted when they have had the few weeks necessary finishing thus placing them in a class apart from the hastily killed culls that are rushed to market from time to time.

Though the summer months may not be the months in which there is the greatest proportion of poultry meat for sale, there is considerable which can be disposed of between July and October. Among these may be enumerated the following: cock birds, hens and broilers.

As soon as the breeding season is over, all males should be disposed of. Infertile eggs keep better than fertile eggs. There is no use in feeding the extra males when they might be turned into money and the feed saved, and it does not pay to feed them for another breeding season.

When the hatching season is over, a number of the breeding females may be selected and marketed. Those that have stopped laying had better be culled out, and those over-fat and old. Toward the end of July hens bring a better price than they do in the fall.

In culling the flock it is the low producers that should be marketed. These will always be found among the fat, sleek-looking hens. The heavy producer is always rather inclined to be rugged in feather, bleached out in both plumage, color of beak, legs and skin. The bird of good capacity is indicated by the depth between the keel bone and the back. The keel bone should run parallel without any inclination to run up to the back toward the pelvis. The abdomen should be soft and pliable and the pelvic bone not heavily coated with fat.

The hens selected for keeping over should not be neglected through the summer. If in yards they should be kept supplied with tender green feed and be given both milk and beef scrap to take the place of the bugs that they would naturally get on range.

These hens should be handled occasionally to see if any body lice are present, and if so they should be dusted with some good lice powder.

The houses should be thoroughly cleaned annually. This is best accomplished by cleaning out all the dirt and litter, sweeping down the walls and ceilings, taking out all moveable roosts, dropping boards and nest boxes, and thoroughly soaking the whole place with a good disinfectant, forcing it into the cracks with a spray pump. Then apply a coat of lime wash over the whole interior.

If an earth floor is used, about six inches of earth should be removed and fresh earth put in. The yards should be ploughed or spaded and a good cover crop such as rape or fall rye, sown.

Keep the chicks growing throughout the summer. Sow green crops for shade. As soon as possible after weaning the chicks should be got out on to range: put them in colony houses situated where the grass is not too long, put a temporary fence around the house until the chicks become accustomed to their quarters. It may then be removed. In an orchard or by the side of a corn field is an ideal place to locate the colonies.

Garden Corn in Manitoba

Once the chicks are on range, the labor of attending to them is very greatly reduced, but if good results are to be obtained, it must be borne in mind that the chicks cannot be neglected. They should be kept growing all the time from leaving the shell until matured. See that they are abundantly supplied with water and keep hoppers of ground feed and scratch feed where they can help themselves at all times. If possible, the chicks should have a regular supply of buttermilk; if milk is not obtainable it is advisable to see that the ground grain contains animal food in some form. Make the chicks live as much as possible in the open air.

Apple Growing on the Prairies

WHERE apples have succeeded best in Manitoba they have had more or less natural protection from trees, from hills, and even from fences. There is also usually a more open subsoil where the best results have been obtained, favoring a ripening of the wood in autumn. As varieties are developed more suitable to the climate there is no doubt that apples will be grown much more generally in Manitoba than they are today and this applies to the other Prairie Provinces.

Some interesting experiments have been conducted with scions from the standard apples of the East grafted on to the hardy Pyrus baccata or berried crab. The young crab apple trees of one season's growth are selected and the scion of the standard apple is grafted on to the cut off stem of the crab close to the ground. Of course the crab apple is perfectly hardy in the Prairie Provinces and the fruit of it may be made into excellent jelly.

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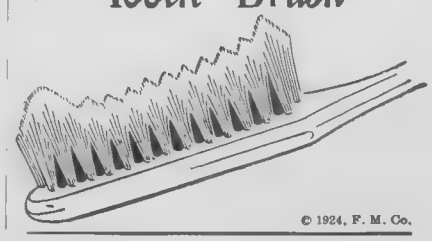

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SELDOM SEE

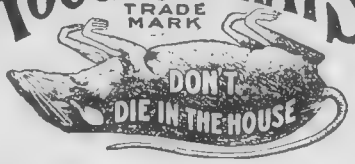
a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

will clean it off without laying up the horse. **No blister, no hair gone.** Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. $2.50 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions, and Book 8 R free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins; allays Pain and inflammation. Price $1.25 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Liberal trial bottle postpaid for 10c.
W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 138 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.
Absorbine and Absorbine Jr. are Made in Canada

ROUGH ON RATS

TRADE MARK



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GETS every rat where ordinary rat poisons fail. The secret is—you vary the bait by mixing it with a different food each night. Write for free booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice."

E. S. WELLS, *Chemist*, Jersey City, N. J.

Those Who Grow The Crops

IT has been one of the privileges of this institution to become intimately acquainted with the business problems and banking needs of those who grow and move the great crops of this country.

There is a Branch of the Bank of Montreal in your vicinity. If you are in need of banking or business advice or desire to open a checking or savings account, our manager will be pleased to have you come in and consult with him personally.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established over 100 years

An Actual Result

In 1904—20 Year Endowment Policy 21273 was issued for $5000.

In 1924, the Policyholder **draws $7450 Cash—being $2580 more than he paid in premiums,** besides having had protection for twenty years.

He had the option of taking $4795 in Cash and a paid-up policy for $5000.

Protection with Profit

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Head Office - Winnipeg

4

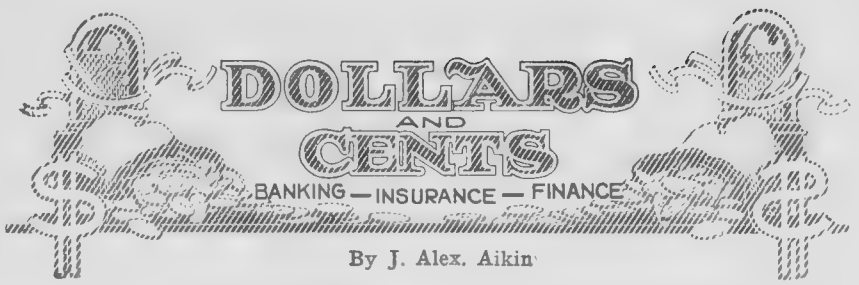
THE STRENGTH OF MEN

A thrilling story by HOPKINS MOORHOUSE, *the well known Western author, commencing in our August issue. Look out for it. A real treat for western people.*

If you were a sensitive young man, a dreamer, a poet by nature and you were in love with a beautiful young woman who had promised to marry you; if everything was nearly ready for the wedding and all the settlement in which you lived were looking forward to it as a gala event—if just then along came a big, boisterous, rollicking *voyageur*, a Hudson's Bay Company man with all the romance of the far trails about him and if this handsome, strong-muscled fellow fell in love with your girl and simply swept her off her feet with his wooing—

If you found yourself in this situation, what would you do? Fight? Fight a man twice as big as you, ten times as strong?

This is the situation around which Hopkins Moorhouse, the Winnipeg author, has written for "Western Home Monthly" a most unusual story of the early days in the Red River Valley—the days of the Big Company, the little settlement, the ox-carts on the plain; the days of strong passions and sudden death. It is full of thrilling action but also full of beauty of local color. The characters are French; but they are portrayed vividly in beautiful English without losing their French flavor. We have never seen a story so quaintly handled and in offering THE STRENGTH OF MEN in our next issue, we have a literary treat.



By J. Alex. Aikin

Canadian Railway Problems

THE annual meeting of the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the reports submitted, went to show that this great enterprise has attained to a distinguished position among the railways of the world. President E. W. Beatty, in his address, doubted whether it would ever be forgotten that "this company's undertaking was a national enterprise in conception and operation and that the direct and indirect contribution which it has and is making to the country's prosperity is substantial." Western people know very well how the system was associated with the opening up and development of the western provinces on both sides of the mountains.

It is not so much that the company enjoyed larger traffic returns in 1923 and that it is numbered with the most prosperous concerns of the country that entitles it to consideration. Rather it is that the company is the active means whereby many people from other lands are brought into Canada, many to make it their home, many others bent on pleasure and prospecting for business extension, or looking for investments. Certainly the impression they get of Canada from the C.P.R. is of the best and tends to make friends for this country among those of other lands.

The past year was prosperous with the Canadian Pacific. The tonnage carried amounted to 30,852,994, being an increase of 3,108,408 over the previous year and 7,142,388 over 1921. The gross earnings of the company totalled $195,837,090, the largest in the records of the company, with the single exception of 1920, when the figure was $216,641,349. It is important to note, however, that the net earnings of the company, the operating surplus over the costs of running the road, were higher last year than in 1920, when operating costs were at the peak. The costs in 1923 were somewhat higher than in 1922 and show the tendency of prices to rise with the improvement in trade. The net surplus of the company for the year was $1,633,347, after paying the usual 7 per cent dividend on common stock, plus a surplus of $3,591,052 in the special income account, after paying 3 per cent additional on the common stock. The total assets of the company are placed at $1,080,947,000, based upon market values in most cases and below actual value in others, which of course greatly helps to sustain the market value of C.P.R. stock on the exchange. It should be a matter of satisfaction to all Canadians to know that 72 per cent of the common stock is held in Canada and Great Britain, as well as a large proportion of the other securities of the company.

Good Showing Made by C.N.R.

THE showing which the Canadian National Railways made in 1923 was highly creditable and most encouraging to the people of Canada. It is to be remembered that during the past decade when the lines were all kept running that an important service was being performed for the settlers along the lines which were considered by some as being mostly responsible for the deficits. Now with better prospects for earning, not only the operating costs, but for a portion of the fixed charges, the former suggestions of abandoning the unprofitable lines is not to be thought of. And let it be kept clearly in mind that this great system should be kept intact and is not to be divided. It might well be that the day will come when the political difficulties of operating such a large system will become a danger to be controlled best by operating the system under a private corporation rather than a government corporation as at present. But if that should ever become an issue in practical politics, it should only be considered for the united system over which there should be one standard of control.

At the present time the National Board of Railway Commissioners has jurisdiction over both systems, for the fixing of rates and adjustment of affairs within the limits of the law, beyond which the Parliament of Canada has entire authority. Whether any better rates shall be granted for B.C. and the Maritime Provinces will always be for the decision of Parliament, acting on broad principles of national good and sound expediency. With the passing into the permanent stage for the Crows Nest rates anticipated to take place this year, there will be an ever present argument for the far east and west from which to make their starting point for the claim to better rates. But so long as Parliament and the government of the day are prepared to deal justly and take the national rather than the local view, there will not be any great danger from that phase of the railway question.

The annual statement of the Canadian National Railways showed a betterment of $17,646,936 over the previous year, the net revenue for 1922 being just $2,480,512, as compared with $20,127,447 for 1923. This showing is rather better than Sir Henry Thornton promised and suggests that there is reason to hope for improvement in 1924 over last year. With total revenue of $254,662,447 and operating expenses of $234,535,000, the Canadian National Railways system will at once appear as a colossal enterprise. It is well to keep in mind that the C.N.R. mileage in the United States went some distance in the way of creating this surplus.

The question of capitalisation can better be determined later on in relation to the net earning capacity of the system. The book values and costs of the Canadian National Railways system is above the two billion mark, of which $418,040,888 is carried at present in the national debt and is not considered at all in the accounts of the National Railways in computing the fixed charges and the annual deficit. Meantime such questions as how far and how long the present plan will work may, with that of capitalisation, be left for time to instruct people and parliament on the best solution. The real problem of the day is to increase population, to develop the resources and industries of Canada, all of which will add to the value of the railways of the country, whether under public or private control.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States for 1923 shows that only 44 railway systems in that country out of 215 had net earnings of 6 per cent and over. The many small lines which did not pay, if all joined up to the big fellows who had rich returns, would result in something of what occurred in Canada through the union of the several lines and systems now comprised in the Canadian National Railways. The Americans are endeavoring to work out the problem of how to cut down the number of railway systems and frame up a working arrangement which would provide regional service and retain competition on important lines. The problem is not simple and will need time.

Freight Rates—Lake Head to Tidewater

IN a discussion of freight rates on grain for export from the Head of the Lakes to tidewater, speaking before the Board of Railway Commissioners, Mr. J. E. Dalrymple, Vice-President of the C.N.R., took occasion to say that "the fact that there is elevator capacity at Port Arthur-Fort William for the storage and shipping of some 62 million bushels of grain stamps the arrangement was not only one of necessity, but of permanency." From which, without reference to Vancouver, Mr. Dalrymple concludes, "we may consider that the buying and selling of the Western Canada crop will be a continued fixture at the Head of the Lakes."

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 32

It is in view of the other pertinent fact that Great Britain imports grain all through the year at an approximately even rate and that Canadian exporters must be in a position to supply the demand in all months, that it becomes important to get the best rate available from the Lake head to tidewater even when navigation is closed for the Winter. The argument is made by exponents of the port of Quebec that the Crows Nest schedule should also be the basis from Armstrong to Quebec at 11 cents per bushel, so as to utilise the advantages claimed for the National Transcontinental railway. Mr. Dalrymple points out that the rate suggested is lower than is provided from western points, and quotes the rate from Radisson to Fort William as 25 cents per 100 lbs. or 15 cents per bushel, the distance being 963 miles from Radisson to Fort William, and 961 miles from Armstrong to Quebec.

Mr. Dalrymple points out that it is from Port Arthur—Fort William and not from Armstrong the grain must be hauled, from which point Port Arthur to Quebec via Longlac, the shortest route is 1,071 miles, for which the rate would be 26 cents per 100 lbs., citing the rate from Waseca, Sask., which is 1,070 miles to Fort William.

In a carefully sustained argument Mr. Dalrymple proceeds to show that the proposed reduction which would be equal to 24% of the present rate, would result in a cut by the American lines in equal ratio with the present adjustment of rates. The rate from Duluth and Minneapolis to Philadelphia is kept even with that from Ft. William-Port Arthur to Montreal and Quebec and that would immediately call for a new adjustment. Chicago and Milwaukee would follow the lead and Buffalo in turn would come down, to be followed by a new rate from Georgian Bay ports to Montreal. From all of which Mr. Dalrymple argues the cut "would leave Quebec in relatively the same position as it is to-day." And, he adds :—

"We are convinced that the establishment of a rate of 11c per bushel on wheat—Fort William to Quebec will create a general reduction in rates on grain and grain products throughout the entire territory, and will unnecessarily deplete the revenues of the Canadian National Railways. We are not convinced that the creation of such a rate would increase the volume of grain to be handled through Canadian Ports, but we are satisfied that a rate of 11c per bushel—Fort William to Quebec will not recoup the railway its out of pocket or added expenses caused through the actual handling of the traffic."

Mr. Dalrymple's argument will not be regarded as entirely conclusive nor of sufficient power to dispose of the issue. The fact would remain that a cut of 24% in the rate would give Canadian grain a decided advantage, and providing the advantage could be carried back to the producer is of great importance in relation to the crop returns in any year.

Mr. Dalrymple made an important point in connection with the operation of eastern ports and their drawing power for grain. From the five U.S. ports, Boston and south, there were 257 sailings in October, 1923, as compared with 56 sailings from Montreal and Quebec, which could carry out to similar destinations from these Canadian ports just 8,000,000 bushels of grain at a season when the movement should be heavy. It is also pointed out that for January 1924 there were only 56 regular sailings from Halifax, St. John and Portland with capacity for 8,000,000 bushels, which seems to clinch the argument for necessity of using U.S. ports.

U.S. Trade With Latin America

IN connection with the growing trade of Canada, which for the year ending March 31st, 1923, was nearly two billion dollars, it is interesting to note that the trade of the United States with Latin America amounted to $1,743,000,000 for the calendar year 1923, which was a gain of 26% over 1922. Of that 1923 total $693,803,176 were exports and $1,049,876,666 imports, showing a heavy balance of trade against the United States in marked contrast to the balance favorable to the United States in the year's trade with Canada.

DYING FROM LAUGHTER

By Janey Canuck

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LLOYD'S underwriters have just issued a novel assurance policy covering "movie fans" who die from laughter whilst in the theatre, several deaths having occurred from this cause.

While no proprietor of a picture house has yet been held liable for such deaths, the Associated First National Pictures Ltd. of England has taken out a policy for $2,500 covering a period of six months, to cover the risk and as a step forward in making the theatre safe for hilarity. No such death has, to our knowledge, been reported in Canada but, in February of this year, Emmet Crowell, aged 64, while laughing uproariously in a theatre at Reading, Pennsylvania, suddenly slumped in his seat and died.

The possibility of our dying in this manner is, however, extremely remote. Indeed, the dyspeptic grouch who thinks the play is "silly" and who strides out of the theatre in disgust is much more likely to die and, maybe this a good thing too.

The idea that we would drive home is that under no circumstances—not even in our greatest merriment—are we totally free from what has been called "the stroke of death."

Some folk speak of death as "going West," probably because the sun sets in the West but never rises there. Be that as it may, every man-jack of us has one day to "go West" and we may as well think of it now as any other time. We may as well think, too, of our dependents and of our obligations to them.

When a man dies the father dies, the husband dies, the revenue dies—that is unless he has already assured his family's future by means of a life policy. Some of us get it embedded in the granary of our mind that by delaying this we are saving money but this is an irrational idea and one which reminds us of those little cherubs we see in pictures. That is to say the idea has wings wherewith to fly but not a leg to stand on.

Each year we defer buying life assurance, we pay a higher rate owing to the increased hazard due to advancing age. In the meanwhile, our family is deprived of protection and ourselves—should we become permanently disabled—of an adequate income.

One man who did some clear-cut thinking on the subject expressed himself like this:—"The man who insures at 44 pays over $1,000 more than the man who insures at 24, and has twenty years less insurance for his money." His computation was made on a $10,000 Whole Life plan, and is absolutely correct.

One may "get by" in filling their income tax at the last minute but, unfortunately, insurance companies will have nothing to do with a "last minute" applicant who is facing dissolution with no possible chance of dodging it.

That we are rapidly acquiring this "insurance idea" in Canada. There can be little doubt for every day in the year over a thousand persons are taking on policies for the purpose of protecting themselves and their families. The time has almost passed when indifference, ignorance, and selfishness prevent our people from paying the debts due at death, whether these be debts of duty, love or business.

Emily F. Murphy.

How Robert Heath Protected His Family—

On the day Robert Heath paid the final premium on his "20-Payment Life" Insurance Policy he gloried in the satisfaction of a duty well done.

Twenty years before, when he was but twenty-five, he had decided that, whatever came, his wife and family should be protected by this type of North American Life Policy.

Through the intervening years—the most productive of his life, he found the moderate annual premium payments not only easy to meet but always a source of comfort, typifying as they did the stability of his family's future.

To-day, with his policy fully-paid-up, he faces the future contented and secure.

For most men the 20 Payment Life Policy is the ideal form of insurance. Its moderate premiums and the fact that premiums are paid during the years when you are best able to meet them are reasons why you should investigate.

We will gladly furnish full particulars about this form of Policy.

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Systematic saving is an easy way to meet life and fire insurance premiums, taxes, and other fixed expenses.

Deposit in a Union Bank Savings Account each month one twelfth of your annual premium and and you will have the full premium in the bank when it comes due, plus interest.

948

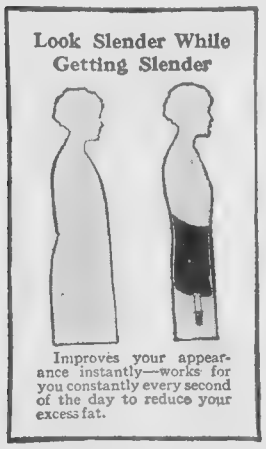
UNION BANK
OF
CANADA

New Youth Giving Girdle Reduces Waist and Hips Almost While You Wait!

The instant you put on this new girdle—worn in place of your ordinary corset—the bulky fat on waist and hips seems to vanish, the waistline lengthens and your body becomes erect and graceful, youthfully slender. And—then with every step, with every breath, with every little motion it gently massages away the useless disfiguring fat and you look and feel many years younger.

Lose Weight Every Day And Look Well While Doing It!

Now women can have the youthful, boyish-looking figure that present day fashions call for, without worrying about a clumsy waistline and bulging hips. For this new kind of girdle not merely instantly represses disfiguring useless fat, making your figure appear wonderfully slender, youthful, and attractive—but actually massages away the fat, enabling you to lose weight every day, without any effort at all on your part.



Improves your appearance instantly—works for you constantly every second of the day to reduce your excess fat.

And you need not make a single change in your present mode of living to secure these amazing results.

Open Front Insures Perfect Comfort While You Work, or Play. And the Special Lacing Makes the Girdle Easy to Adjust as You Become More Slender.

Produces Same Results as an Expert Masseur

Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles. It is made of the most resilient steam-cured Para rubber, especially designed for reducing purposes and is worn over the undergarment. Fits as snugly as a kid-glove—has garters attached—and is so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually. The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood not only through these parts but throughout the entire body. Particularly around the abdomen and hips this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Those who have worn the Madame X Reducing Girdle say that you feel like a new person when you put it on. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb and indulge in all outdoor sports with the old time enthusiasm. *Madame*

Madame X Reducing Girdle
Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin

Patent Applied for

Leading stores throughout Canada are now being supplied with the Madame X Reducing Girdle. If yours has not yet got them write for photographic description and name of nearest agent.

Sole Makers in Canada
Dominion Corset Co.
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To the Dominion Corset Co., Quebec.
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

THE CHILD HEROINE—Continued from page 8

never the glint of gunmetal, the moving cloud of plumes and gleams and golden dust with bands of dusky blue between.

It was the day of their last rations. To-morrow they would not have one crust of bread, not one thimbleful of meal. The stores he had collected in the fourteen days he had been there were all piled in the Arab village three-quarters of a mile away. In vain had he led many desperate sallies in an attempt to gain those bags of grain and meal, directing his four machine-guns to cover the attempt.

The Arabs had laughed at his hail of bullets, and time by time his men had grown fewer, till for the last three days he had not dared venture another sortie. They had been braves, these fellows of his, fighting like demons, with tight belts round empty stomachs and faces grey with powder and rigid with the passion of despair. But they had grown woefully thin, and as he glanced at the muster this fifth day, he turned his head aside quickly. Thirty, perhaps, in all! And out of a hundred and twenty! And out of the thirty, hardly one that had not some bloody bandage round head or arm. There was only one face on all that parade that was not grimly set as their captain, pushing his horse forward, began to speak. And as he spoke, even into that child face there grew a look of puzzled gravity, of disappointed surprise.

IT was an impressive scene in the early morning light. Thirty rigid figures, grimy with the stain of war, sitting at attention on horses that stood as if carved in bronze, their faces gazing, expressionless, at the square of white tranquil tents, at the door of one of which stood Lucie and her daughter. At their backs the trenches, battered, in places half broken. Here and there the guns mounted, pointed, ready at an instant's warning. Around them, silent as a host of phantoms, five or six thousand reckless Arabs waiting for their doom; and beyond the sullen coppery glare of mile after mile of sand pricked to a thousand sparks of light as the sun's rays smote laterally along its rolling distances. And between them and the tents the solitary figure of their captain grey and haggard of face, spare of form, but with a dull fire burning still in his deep blue eyes.

"My friends," said their captain, shortly, "we have no more rations. To stay here is to die. I am going to take you through the enemy. If any escape, let him seek the column and tell the General how we did our duty. If I fall, I commend to each the care of my wife and child."

TEN minutes later the gates were thrown back and the troops rode forth, Lucie and Lucette in their midst. Their plan of action was simply to deceive the enemy into the belief that they meditated their usual sortie, and when the Bedouins diverged towards the village to wheel to the north and make a dash through the thinned lines. Hardly had they dashed out than a horde of warriors poured from the lines to the right and left, one half directing themselves on the village, the remainder as usual on the camp, with the intent to cut off the re-entry. When they had covered half a mile the northern line of investment had melted away. Heriault, seizing the moment, wheeled his troops and dashed forward. The success of the manoeuvre was indisputable. By the time they had reached the tents they had half a mile start of the enemy, with only a handful of surprised Arabs in their path. On these Armand charged, his long sword sweeping right and left and behind him thundered the troop. But even as they passed, a chance spear from a falling native caught Heriault full in the chest, hurling him from his horse. In a moment the only ensign left reined in his horse and vaulted to the ground. Quick as he was, however, he was not quicker than Lucie and her daughter nor was he so lucky. For even as he reached the ground a dying Bedouin grasping at the colors he held ran him through the heart with a final thrust of his long, broken spear. The ensign, beating the air wildly, fell headlong on his foe, his head buried in the folds of the flag.

It was at that moment that Lucette saw him. Her mother was already kneeling by Armand's side. Around them were only the dead and dying and thundering towards them the pursuing Bedouins. Into the fierce little soul of Lucette a great rage sprang. She leaped to the ensign's side and tore the flag from his stiffening fingers. Then waving it aloft her tones rang out in a shrill treble:

"A moi! A moi! Pour la patrie et mon pere!"

Already the flying line of her countrymen had slackened and halted. At the cry they wheeled and came thundering back, their bodies bent low in the saddles, their faces lit with the grim smile of men who know they are going to their death. And half way to the childish form standing under their flag they met it. The Bedouins, sweeping in on them, at a hoarse yell from their leader, parted into two waves and enveloped the little troop, bearing it onwards, broken, scattered, defiant and fighting to the last.

Their deed of butchery done, they swept back again. Lucie was still kneeling over her husband's body as if to protect it with her own. Lucette had moved now to his head and with hands defiantly upbearing the colors, with face blanched and rigid, but with eyes bright and fearless still, stood waiting what might come. As the white-gowned horde galloped up a cluster of lances were directed against the two.

But again the same hoarse voice arose:

"Hurt them not; To my tent with both man and woman!" and as the aged Sheik rode past he cast a keen look on the two that somehow brought almost a smile to Lucette's tightly clenched lips. Then the wave of men parted and passed them, a shower of golden dust blinded their eyes, and next moment they were lifted on to horses and were moving quietly by the side of the wounded man towards the Bedouin tents.

SOME two hours later Lucette and her mother, the latter with her wrists crossed and bound, stood facing the man who had bidden their lives to be spared.

The Sheik, Ali Moussa, was a fine looking man of some fifty years of age, though his silvery beard and hair made him look older. His snowy turban and long, flowing robe lent him a peaceful appearance not at all in accordance with the warlike glitter in his eyes as he had led the charge that morning. Yet as his black eyes roamed over Lucie, she felt herself growing hot. Uncomfortable memories of tales floated into her mind—tales of European women immured in Arab harems, safely locked in the heart of the vast desert. Some such thought was probably running in the Sheik's mind, too, and his brow wrinkled as he glanced at the child.

Suddenly a thought came into the mother's mind, a thought that made the blood creep in a dull flush to her face. She cast a glance at the Sheik and another of swift apprehension around. The guards who had brought her in were at the doorway. The Sheik himself was sitting on a mat, one hand resting on his sword, the other holding a cake of meal smeared with fat and salt, from which he every now and then broke a morsal and slowly ate it. An earthern jug of water was on the ground at his hand, and at his elbow a young guard stood, rigid and motionless.

Lucie's eyes gleamed, and she hid the fire she felt smarting them, with her long lashes. Yet through that cunning veil she saw, as women can, that the Sheik's eyes were downcast and that he appeared deep in reverie.

"Lucette," she breathed.

The child's eyes flashed on her a mute inquiry.

"If that man," she whispered—and her voice was like the rustle of a breeze on soft leaves—"gives me some of his cake, we shall save father's life."

Lucette's head barely nodded, but her eyes suddenly became glued on the cake.

"I am going to ask him," murmured the mother. "If he refuses, snatch it

Continued on page 33

"'TIS A POOR RULE"

Continued from page 29

by Jing! Still—she surely would know. Woman's intuition—or whatever it was the parson had said.

As he turned in that night, he was tingling with anticipation of an early fruition of his hopes.

Of course, he missed old 'Pic. dreadfully—but never had bird died in a nobler cause, he reflected.

BENTLEY sat in the door-way of his house the following afternoon, whittling wood and whistling a doleful tune. A vague sense of loneliness depressed him. He looked up gladly as the Rev. Frederick Crothers rode up.

"Good-day, Walter! How goes the *affaire de cour?*"

At Bentley's "Sir?" and vacant look, he laughed aloud. "I've brought you some mail," he said.

Bentley took the proffered letters, looking them over. One, addressed in a peculiar hand-writing puzzled him. He tore open the envelope and glanced over the perfumed sheet.

" 'Scuse me, Reveren—" he began—then: "HEY! Looka here what you done for me.." There was a foolish grin on his face; his eyes goggled; his Adam's apple commenced bobbing furiously. Staring agape, he handed the letter to the minister.

The Rev. Frederick read it aloud. "Mr. Bentley; You are the stingiest, meanest man I ever knew. You made me eat that little, shrivelled, tough old chicken, which broke three of my teeth —whilst I know you have the finest birds in the country. I liked you once —but you and I are strangers now—I never want to see you again. Daddy is coming over to pay you for shoeing my horse, and I have told him to also pay you for the dinner.—M. Enright."

"What's all this, Walt? Sounds pretty bad!" commented the minister.

Bentley explained. The Rev. Frederick was dumfounded.

"Good heavens, man! You did not take me literally when I gave you that advice, did you?"

"I dunno, Reverend. But I fed her Epictetus—an' she et 'im all, too. An' lookit what I get!"

Then he added, disgustedly, "Them ole timers was crazy! Poor ole Pic!' "

A SONG OF HOME

I am going back to Rutland on the rosy wings of morn,
Where the sun is brightly shining on the yellow fields of corn;
Where the mountains rise majestic like grey walls against the sky,
Guarding proud the picture valley where the peaceful hamlets lie.

There the air is light and balmy with the scent of fruit and flowers.
In my hammock neath the pine tree I'll dreaming wile away the hours,
Till the shadows creep around me, till the sun sinks in the west,
Flooding all the sky with colors—crimson, gold and amethyst.

O, the sunny Okanagan is the land of my desire,
Sure my heart glows warm with passion and my soul is all on fire,
With a longing for the country, and my home among the trees
Where the birdies sing most sweetly and the clover hums with bees.

I am going back to Rutland—how my heart with rapture thrills
With sweet memories of the orchards and the old familiar hills,
Where we used to camp in summer when the moon waned soft and bright.
O! I'll take the wings of morning, and they'll bear me home ere night.

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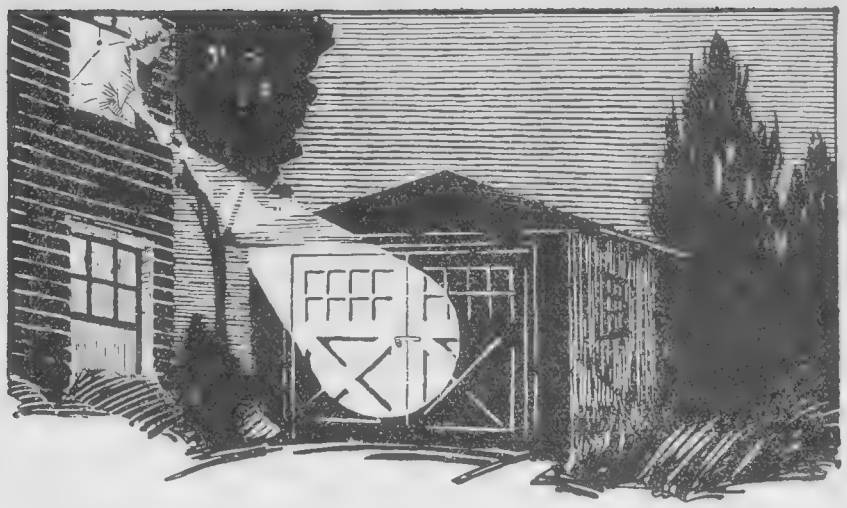

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FRUIT AND VEGETABLE NOTES

TO get the bees out of the supers, the best method employed is by means of the bee escape, which prevents both disturbance and robbing. The escapes should be placed late in the afternoon, when the supers should be clear of bees in from twelve to twenty-four hours time, depending on weather condition. One escape board, equipped with two 2-way bee escapes, should be allowed per colony—thus, with a full equipment, but one trip is necessary to remove the crop of an outapiary. The springs of the escapes must be set properly; that is, so that a bee can just pass through; otherwise much brushing, shaking and smoking may be required to clear the supers of bees.

To place an escape, all that is necessary is to tip the stack of supers to be removed and to slide the escape board underneath. If, however, clustering space for the bees and room to take care of the fall honey, which may be gathered, are required, place a super of empty combs on the brood chamber after which the escape and supers of honey may be placed above.

Having placed the escapes, make a careful survey of the hives to see that there are no openings through which robber bees can enter the soon to be unguarded supers.

If the supers, after removal, are not immediately taken from the apiary, they should be stacked at different points in the yard with escapes below and above to exclude robbers, until they can be removed by truck or wheelbarrow. This distribution of supers, by distributing the attention of robbers, reduces the disturbance and facilitates the work of loading the truck. In loading a truck or wagon, supers should be placed that all combs are parallel with the axles; but on a wheelbarrow they should be parallel with the wheel. Rubber cloths, also, may be used, to cover and protect the supers when taking them to the honey house. As a further means of preventing robbing, the entrance of the honey house should be large enough to permit the vehicle being driven through it.

The delights of camp life

MILES STANDISH RABINOWITZ—*Con'td. from page 16d*

Mr. Rabinowitz started and reached for his hat.

"The three sweetest words—whisper by my ear—Sam," she begged.

Mr. Rabinowitz rose abruptly, regardless of the head he was obliged to dislodge from its resting place.

"The three sweetest I don't know," he said, "but I tell you the two safest: *Good-night!*"

And he bolted. Scarcely had he gone a dozen yards however than the widow rushed to the door, calling:

"The rent-book, Mr. Rabinowitz! Come quick and get it!"

Mr. Rabinowitz turned back.

Half an hour later Hymie Rothaker in his little tailoring-shop answered a ring at his 'phone. Mr. Sam Rabinowitz was speaking, from a pay-booth.

"Well, Hymie," he said. "I seen the lady and I done like you told me, Hymie, and I got only this to say, Hymie, that the next time "

"W-w-wait! Commence again!" cried the anxious lover. "And talk *slow*!"

Mr. Rabinowitz was speaking with a kind of desperate calm and as one who had taken a firm and gentlemanly grip of himself.

"Didn't I told you you should do it your own love-making?" he demanded.

"Yes, yes, but what does she say? Did you have it a good success, Sam?" Hymie had forgotten to stutter in his eagerness.

"Oh yes, I had it a fine success, Hymie," said Mr. Rabinowitz in a strange tone. "The lady, she said 'yes,' Hymie."

"And am I engaged by her Sam? Should I right away take up the ring?" cried the delighted swain.

"Ny Hymie, you ain't engaged by her," said Mr. Rabinowitz, regretfully, "so the ring you could keep yet."

"I ain't engaged by her!" Hymie cried incredulously.

"No Hymie, you ain't," said Mr. Rabinowitz. "you ain't, *but I am!*"

THE CHILD HEROINE—Continued from page 32b

from him, take a bite yourself, and lift it up to me for one. You must be very quick. You are not afraid?"

The child's eye gleamed up one dancing glance on her mother. She stole a step nearer the Sheik, keeping her gaze fixed on the guard at his elbow.

"What say you to the child?" demanded the Sheik, suddenly lifting his black, peering eyes on Lucie. He had four wives himself, and the ways of women were not strange to him.

Lucie trembled and her voice had a curious quaver in it as she answered, "I am hungry! I said to her that it would be good if my lord gave me of his cake to eat."

The Sheik allowed a grim grin to wrinkle his features.

"Ye cannot eat of my salt," he answered, and then after a pause, added the words "as yet. But food shall be given you."

He nodded to the guard at his elbow and the man withdrew. It was Lucette's opportunity and she seized it.

"You are a very greedy man!" she cried in the pure sing-song Arabic she had learnt from her nurse, and with a lightning-like swiftness her lithe body launched out on him. Before he could even realize her intentions she had grabbed the cake from his hand, leapt back, stuffed a piece between her cherry lips and passed it instantly up to her mother's mouth.

FOR a moment the Sheik stood dumbfounded. Then with a muttered growl of rage he lifted his sword and was about to drive it through the child when Lucie flung herself bodily on him, her bound hands clinging frantically to his arm.

"We have eaten of thy salt," she cried, "and our blood is sacred. If thou so much as lift thy hand against us the curse of Allah and thy people will brand thee dishonored forever."

The Sheik's arm dropped and he looked at the woman's pleading flushed face, and his eyes dropped away furtively, sombrely. She looked very lovely, and he realized that a great and perhaps unique opportunity had been wrested from him the moment he had it in his grasp. Then a thin smile crept reluctantly for an instant round his stern old lips and wrinkled eyes.

He put the woman from him with a sigh of regret. Her fairness would have shone as a pearl in the distant oasis where was his home. But Allah had ordered otherwise, and was not Allah all-wise? He beckoned the child to approach him. Lucette came fearlessly, a bright wonder in her eyes.

"Ye are my guests," he said with a certain savage grandeur, "and all I have is yours. Ask, child! What thou wilt, thou shalt have!"

As he spoke he cut the bonds of the woman with his sword. Lucette fairly danced.

"I want the flag the men tore from me," she cried.

"Why?" asked the Sheik, fixing his eyes curiously on her.

"Because my dada," answered the child, drawing herself up, "says that the flag is La France, and if you will kill our soldiers that doesn't matter, for France will send more to avenge them. But to lose the flag, that is dishonor, and he would not live if he knew it was lost."

"You shall have the flag," answered the Sheik, and with his own hands he took it from the wall of his tent and passed it gravely to her. She kissed it in a transport of joy.

"Shall I have my dada too?" she asked, looking up at him with eyes ablaze with exaltation and the joy of success.

The Sheik, looking on the radiant face with that gleam as of golden sunlight in the black sparkling eyes, smiled again and laid his hand tenderly on the silken rumpled locks.

"Thy father is thine," he said. "And thou art a daughter fitting so brave a warrior."

LUCETTE with a shriek of joy fairly leapt at the grizzled old warrior's neck, and for a moment the Sheik was wrapped in an embrace, in which the tricolor and a pair of sweet, fresh, ardent lips smothered him. It was three days later when a little cavalcade, accompanied by bearers with a litter halting at an oasis, saw in the glow of the setting sun a sudden glitter of blue tunics and the flicker and play of steel, whose wide extent told of an advancing column of some strength. For a moment the Sheik stood in the ruddy glow, shading his eyes with his hands. Then briefly commanded the horses to be saddled, he turned to Lucette.

"Fare thee well," he said. "Thy father will live and where Ali Moussa, the Sheik is, there he shall pass as my own brother, even though his own hand be raised to strike my head. A daughter of my tribe thou art and if thou wilt come with me I will make thee a princess of ten thousand fighting men."

Lucette's eyes kindled as she looked from her father to him. Then they shone through a sudden mist of tears, and her voice trembled as she shook her head.

"You are a nice old man," she said, generously, "but I love my dada, and some day when he is general he will command twice ten thousand fighting men."

For a moment the Sheik's eyes danced, then he turned sombrely and without another word galloped off and in three minutes was lost in a whirl of sand as he and his companions sought again their desert homes.

TWO hours later, around the litter of the wounded captain, a group of admiring officers drew rein, listening to Madame Heriault's tale as she pointed, now to the flag, now to the shrinking figure of her daughter.

"Ah yes," she concluded, "it is all true, my general. It is I who tell it to you. It was she who saved the colors, before she thought of her father's life, risking her own for his honor. 'A moi, pour la patrie et mon pere,' she cried; and they fought, mon Dieu, how they fought to reach her! But they hadn't a chance. They were mown down fighting to the last. It was terrible, but it was grand."

"Thou art a brave, mignon!" said the grizzled old General, and his voice was curiously husky. As he spoke he stooped down and swung the child on to his saddle-bow.

"Thou art a brave!" he repeated, "and thou shalt wear this to show all men how brave hearts stick to their captain and their colors."

And taking the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor from his own breast he pinned it on to the child. And as Madame Heriault bent sobbing over her husband's hands, for all their discipline a mighty roar of delight and pride went up again and again from the dust-stained troops, as officer after officer, at a wave of the chief's hand, filed past that eager, radiant, flushed exultant child-face and gravely saluted a true daughter of La Belle France.

A Tale of Two Cities

Notwithstanding the disparity in size between Seattle and Tacoma, the rivalry in other respects between the two cities is as keen as in their earlier days, when they were young "boom" towns.

A curious instance of this is seen in the names by which the towering mountain that lifts its tall peak to the southeast is known in the two places. In Tacoma it is treason to call it anything else than "Mount Tacoma," while in Seattle it is "Mount Rainier."

A traveller when about half-way between the two cities saw two boys fighting by the roadside. Before he could separate them one of the boys got the other down, and after banging the victim's face into the soft ground, sat panting but victorious astride of him.

"What's the name o' that mountain now?" the victor demanded, in exultant tones.

"It's—," humbly replied the vanquished lad. The effort to free his mouth from the mud and grass which his opponent had rubbed into it made the answer unintelligible to the traveller; but the victor was satisfied and let him up.

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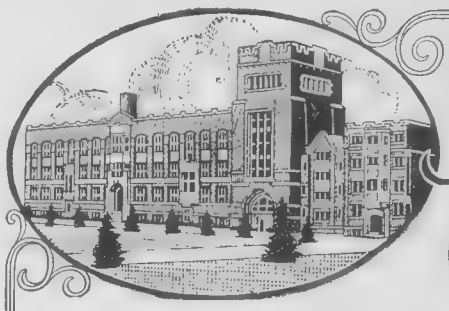

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The Philosopher

Behind Canada are the Canadians

THIS month the Dominion of Canada enters on its fifty-eighth year. Our country is one of the youngest among the nations of the world, young in years, as years count in the life of a nation, and young in energy and development of its possibilities, but old already in facing serious problems. In material achievements Canada has a great deal to show. But the greatest achievements, the truest gains of a nation cannot be calculated in terms of material prosperity alone. The Canada of today is the product of the work of the generations who put their lives into the making of Canada and of the work which living Canadians are doing. Behind Canada are the Canadians, past and present. From the soil of Canada, from the history and the national traditions of our country, from the enduring influence of the faithful work of men and women whose lives have gone into the making of the country, grow the sentiments which create and perpetuate nationality. It is in the things of the spirit that the strength of a nation has its being. The true strength of the Canadian nation is in the quickening Canadian spirit. Every Canadian worthy of the name will be faithful to his duty of promoting this spirit.

The Danger of Democracy

A MEMBER of the Dominion Parliament in a recent speech in which he discoursed about dangers which he discerned threatening democracy in the world at the present time, said truly that in most countries outside those which are English-speaking there appears to be a strong under-current in favor of autocratic rule. There is no danger of any such current in Canada. The greatest danger of democracy in Canada, and elsewhere, is one which the maker of that speech did not dwell upon at all. The talk of politicians who have a gift for talking, but are without knowledge and true vision and sincere devotion to the general welfare and progress is the greatest danger of democracy. The absence of these qualities in public men is the most serious obstacle to the right working of democratic institutions. Right leadership is essential, if the march of democracy is not to be halted and delayed, instead of pressing onward. The main problem of democracy is the securing of leaders who are guided by the true ideals of democracy. What are these ideals, which hold the true meaning of democracy? One is self-government. We human beings are so constituted that no good can be a real good to us unless it is self-chosen. The other ideal is equality, in the sense of the equal right of all to the development of such capacity for good as nature has endowed them with. Once these two ideals, joined together in one, have dawned in a country, a candle has been lighted that can never be put out. It may be long before it burns up clearly, and longer before many other candles are lighted from it. It is a thing of the spirit. And that is why mere knowledge alone is not enough to make it prevail. It is only the true spirit of democracy, and that spirit alone, which can make thinkers and speakers rise above class interests and class prejudices and stand for justice to all and special privileges to none.

Our Imitation House of Lords

WE 9,000,000 Canadians maintain 96 Senators in our Canadian imitation of the House of Lords, the "upper chamber" at Ottawa. The 110,000,000 people of the United States have the same number, 96—two from each of the States—in the Senate at Washington. It is remarkable that this country, with less than one-twelfth the population of the country to the south, has a Senate with exactly the same number of members. The 96 irresponsible gentlemen who form our Senate, many of them very old gentlemen, sit for a few weeks every year amid much magnificence of red upholstery and gilding in their chamber on Parliament Hill in the capital of the Dominion; they sit only a few days at a time, off and on during the session of the House of Commons. They hold their Senatorships for life. The Senators at Washington are elected periodically by the people of the different States. Once more the problem of reforming our Senate is before public attention. The latest contribution to the discussion of this problem is by T. A. Patrick, of Yorkton, whose pamphlet "Our Senate Problem and Its Solution" is on The Philosopher's table. "The most notorious and most serious defect in our constitution," writes Mr. Patrick, truly, "is the Senate." He makes a strong argument in support of the proposition that Canada needs a Senate, in order to maintain "the balance of Confederation" and protect Provincial rights. But in order to serve these purposes the Senate, which should be much smaller than it is, should contain the same number of Senators from each Province, as the United States Senate contains the same number from each State; and the people of each Province should determine for themselves how they wanted their Senators chosen—whether by popular election, as in the States, or by election by the Legislature, as it used to be in the States, or by election by the people, like members of the Legislature, or by election by the House at Ottawa, or by appointment by the Government at Ottawa, which last is the present system. Many years have passed since the need of Senate reform was first discussed. How many more years will pass before the first move is made towards doing something towards mending that "most notorious and most serious defect in our constitution," as the West has had abundant reason to know?

Canada and the Future

OF all the nations of the world none has less cause for pessimism, none has solider ground for confident optimism, than Canada. There are large and difficult problems which the Canadian people have to grapple with and dispose of to the national advantage. But our country has an incalculable wealth of resources, and Canadians have the spirit and energy which are the greatest of all national resources. Our country, it is true, has felt the weight of the world conditions after the war. But what country did those conditions burden less heavily? Burdensome enough our problems and difficulties have been and are, but there is no other country with whose people the Canadian people have had reason for saying that they would gladly change their lot. Through all difficulties, we have but to look around us in the world and keep in mind the history of Canadian development and the proofs there are of Canadian steadfastness, enterprise, intelligence and vigor, in order to know that the future of this country is assured.

A Remark about Canada

"NOBODY in Canada is afraid of hard work," says Captain Thomas, son of the Colonial Secretary in the present British Government, "and yet there is no neglect of higher education." Well, the spirit which prompted that remark about Canada is one which deserves to arouse a like spirit. Captain Thomas was plainly paying a compliment to the people of this country. It is true that the spirit of Canada is one that makes for development. But full opportunity for all to develop themselves to the utmost is an ideal not yet realized; much can be done, nevertheless, by seizing the opportunities which exist and by persistent effort. Human values are the greatest of all resources and assets. An individual may not be able to go to an institution of higher education; but he is not debarred thereby from educating himself. The work of improving ourselves, of gaining wisdom, of making ourselves better members of the human family, is work which should never cease so long as we are alive. Only a few generations have passed since education and culture, like good manners and good clothes, were regarded exclusively as part of the personal equipment of the "well-born" and well-to-do. The truth that education is to be regarded as part of the rightful heritage of every individual, necessary from the point of view of the public welfare and progress as well as from the point of view of the individual, is now recognized in every enlightened country, and nowhere more than in Canada; and it can be said with truth that in this country no young person whom nature has gifted with brains and ambition finds the onward path blocked by barriers that cannot be overcome.

Back-Scratchers

SOME curious items of telegraphed news get into the newspapers, often under conspicuous headlines. A despatch from Washington in a Winnipeg newspaper not long ago told that the household cat of the family of President Coolidge, which had been brought with the family from Boston, had wandered from the White House a few evenings before. More recently The Philosopher read one afternoon in a Winnipeg paper a despatch from New York, which said that a reward was offered for "a King's back-scratcher, a slender stick of tortoise shell, set with diamonds, once the property of Henry IV of France," which had been inadvertently left in a taxicab, in which its present owner was taking it to a jeweler's, to have a stone reset. Back-scratchers and head-scratchers used to be the belongings of ladies and gentlemen in the highest circles of society in the capitals of Europe. Back-scratchers of jade or ivory, and of horn or bone, carved hands fastened on bamboo rods, are to be bought today in shops where things made in China are for sale; the hands are no longer than a ten-cent piece. The fingers of some are outspread, and of others are curved in order to perform more effectively the solacing purpose for which back-scratchers are designed. We read that in ancient times in China the back-scratcher was a symbol of friendship. It is related that the Emperor Ming, when he wished to make an alliance with the Grand Mogul of Gobi, in the year 1789 B.C., sent to him an embassy of nobles bearing a silken litter, in which reposed a jeweled amber back-scratcher of exquisite workmanship. The alliance was formed. The records do not say that that was the origin of the maxim, "You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours." Back-scratchers went out of use in the European courts, when soap and water came into greater use and powder and pomatums and perfumes were not relied upon so extensively by elegant and exquisite people of fashion.

In Regard to Ancestor Worship and Trees

THE most ancient thing in China, the thing which has its roots deepest in the souls of the Chinese people, is ancestor worship. And one of the main basic reasons for the miseries of the four hundred millions now inhabiting China and worshipping their ancestors is that their ancestors gave no worship to the future and did not give even a casual thought to the welfare of their posterity. The ancestors of the Chinese of today are responsible for the fact that China is a land denuded of trees—a vast area subject, as all denuded countries are, to terrific floods and droughts. This present condition of China is the consequence of the failure of great populations long dead to take thought for the great populations that were to follow them. Are we Canadians of today taking due thought for the Canadians of the coming centuries? Will those Canadians of the future look back to us as ancestors fit to be worshipped? Canada is far from being denuded. But there is an enormous diminution of the forests of Canada year by year. Something is being done for forest protection and for reforestation, but not nearly as much as might be done and should be done.

Short Skirts, Bobbed Hair and Some Other Things

THE short skirt, it has been announced again and again, is a fashion that will "go out." But it is to be hoped and believed that it has come to stay, despite all that the dictators of fashion do to bring in long skirts again. The short skirt is an excellently sensible article of dress. The Philosopher does not profess to know anything at all about the trend of fashion in women's clothes, but he has too much respect for the common sense of women to believe that they will allow themselves to be deprived of the short skirt. It allows its wearer to walk comfortably, and so it is for bipeds a garment conducive to healthy living. What has led to these reflections is the sight of a young woman, the daughter of a friend of The Philosopher's. She is wearing a long skirt, because she believes it to be the modish thing to do. But in The Philosopher's opinion, whatever it may be worth, the long skirt is not nearly as becoming to her as a short one. This same young person recently remarked to her father that she did not know any good reason why girls should not use rouge, bob their hair and smoke cigarettes, if they wanted to. Of course, the answer to that is that, if they want to, they will. In fact, many of them do. Rouge, lipstick and eyebrow pencil are all right, if the one who uses them knows how to use them rightly. On a young girl, or even a tolerably advanced woman, signs of them indicate either a silly streak or an unhealthful, under-exercised mode of living. As for bobbed hair, it is becoming to comparatively few women. It looks very well, or can be made to look very well, on most girls of any age up to twenty-five or so. But with care and taste in the handling of it, bobbed hair does not look so badly on any girl or woman of any age that it need be condemned if it saves its wearer time and trouble enough in washing and general attention to it to make it worth her while. As for cigarettes—well, The Philosopher is, perhaps, a little old-fashioned. At any rate, he will go so far as to say that any and all smoking by women or men in any public place where it annoys anybody is bad manners and bad sense.

"Silver Threads Among the Gold"

FIFTY-ONE years ago a young man named Hart P. Danks married Mary Wilson. The young couple faced life together confidently, happy in their love. They were both musical. The husband found in their happiness the inspiration for a song, he wrote and set to music, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." The emotion which created that song still throbs in it. The Philosopher remembers being at the great Stampede at Calgary in 1912, when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia were visitors there; when a little procession of pioneer wagons passed, in which were couples who were Alberta old timers, the band played that song, and the music went home to every heart. Thousands of hearts have felt the sentiment in "Silver Threads Among the Gold," which has kept it living through the years. The two hearts whose happiness it came from are still; but it will go on living. It is sad to read that Hart P. Danks died in New York twenty years ago, after having been separated from his wife; and that she, who was the song's inspiration, has now died, too, a lonely old woman. In 1874, when the song was written, they felt so secure in their happiness that they could sing together of life fifty years later, when they would be old, confident that the passing years could make no difference in their love. But their happiness suffered shipwreck. And now their son and daughter are quarreling over the property left by them. But the song survives the saddening facts. It rests with every young couple to keep their love living and the song true for their lives. Love and courage are the greatest things in the world. Among the inscriptions which have come down to us through the centuries from ancient Greece there is one which was carved on a tomb on the seashore. It said that beneath it was buried a man whose ship was wrecked in a storm off that coast, but that many ships sailed safely through the storm. There are some tragedies, some shipwrecks of human happiness. But for how many thousands of husbands and wives living happily together into old age the song "Silver Threads Among the Gold" is true!

Music

Music's Effect on Health and Happiness
By Dr. R. S. Copeland

"MUSIC," said Plato, "is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling passionate and eternal form."

Certainly, if music is all that Plato says of it, it must have its place in restoring health to a morbid and unhappy mind. It should be capable really of giving gaiety and life; and thus leading to good and cheerful thoughts it should renew the vigor of body and mind.

Just now I felt worn and tired. Plato's suggestion of music as "a moral law" made me think of my radio. Turning it on I find myself listening to a dizzy "jazz" played by some unseen and far-away orchestra. Plato probably had in mind some higher order of musical expression, but I am no longer conscious of fatigue. There is no doubt of the stimulating and restful effects of even some modern music.

It is a pity to live in such a way that the universe is without soul. If your particular universe is dead, your own nature is just as dead. Unless there are wings for the mind and flights for the imagination you might as well be a batch of dough or a lump of putty.

The secret of happiness in life is to have a spirit capable of and ready for flight. Pour water on the wings of a butterfly and it is incapable of locomotion, and becomes no better than a dead insect.

Did you ever attend a meeting of the Rotary, the Kiwanians or the Lions club? They sing the war songs, such as "Pack all your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile!" The members of the club have all come from business, with all its worries and perplexities. I venture to say that many a man has grumbled to himself, "I just can't spare the time today!" Watch their faces! The tired lines fade away. The tightness of jaws and muscles relaxes. The smiles and sparkling eyes tell the story of rejuvenation. Plato was right, music gives soul to the universe.

Armies march to death to the music of military bands. If I were a police administrator I would try music on mobs to see if it is not more effective than clubs. Plato may be right here, too. He says music "is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good. just and beautiful."

There is no doubt that the home where music is found is a more cheerful, a more agreeable. and, consequently, a healthier place. Music is an important factor in promoting mental and physical health. Let us have more of it!

Isn't this the limit? An English critic. W. J. Turner, has written that most audiences "go to the concert hall or the theatre more or less fuddled with food and drink." He points out that every athlete knows it is impossible to do good work after a heavy meal, and that people can scarcely expect to be able to listen well to music if they are not fit to grapple with what is set before them. Large numbers of patrons of symphonic programs, he avers, sit through them in a state of blissful stupor, not really listening to music, but digesting their dinners to orchestral accompaniment.

Schubert enjoyed the privilege of having a strong quartet in his own family, in which he played viola, his brother Ferdinand, first violin, Ignaz, the second violin, the father, the 'cello. Schubert's father was none too accurate in his playing in the family quartet. When he made a blunder the son would carefully examine the manuscript and say, "Dear father, there must be a mistake in the music somewhere."

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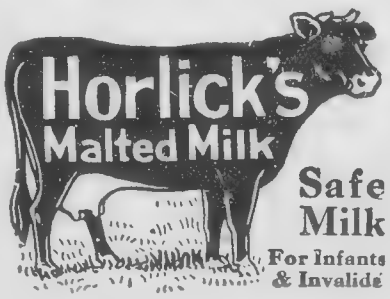

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Lure of the West

Dear Sir:

I was in Canada from 1914-1920 as housekeeper on a farm in Saskatchewan, and I used to subscribe to your paper. Wishing to return, I thought of your correspondence page and wondered if you would print my letter. I am 41 years of age, would like to start a small business of my own out there, but hardly know how to set about it. I wonder if any of your readers could give me advice. I am a good cook, baker and butter maker, and am very interested in poultry. Do you think there are any openings out west likely to suit me? I have a young niece who would also like to join me. I am working on a 250 acre farm here, but do not care for England now at all. I am a few miles west of Newcastle-on-Tyne and would welcome letters from any of your correspondents who come from this part.

Yours sincerely,

Northumbria.

Why the Pyramids?

Dear Sir:

Having read Ronald Luckwell's humor on "Why the Pharaohs Built the Pyramids" reminds me of the very interesting article I read many years ago on the same subject by Mr. Moses B. Cotsworth and I am sure your readers would find it very interesting to know that the Pyramids are used as huge measuring instruments for astronomical observation. The story as told by Mr. Cotsworth was intensely interesting.

Cyril McEvoy.

"The School Marm"

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have been an interested reader of your paper for a number of years and I think it one of the finest books in the west.

Dot, you seem to have raised quite a commotion by your educational opinions, but I certainly agree with you. Teachers are too prone to take things for granted and yet I feel sorry for the much discussed "school marm." Often she comes to the country for the first time, her first school, and she gets no co-operation, hence her lack of interest and feeling of responsibility. Don't you agree with me? We must admit that there are two sides to the question. But I think it would be much fairer to the other teachers if there was some way in which to protect them. The teacher of five or six years experience can command no more salary than the teacher-to-be just out of Normal. Do you consider this fair, Dot?

Readers, didn't the poem sent in by "A Jolly Bluenose Boy," namely Barrie 22, just brighten you all up? Barrie 22, I'd like to hear from you, provided you'd care to hear from a girl. I like sports, too, golf, tennis, but particularly riding. Please put on your breeches somebody, saddle up that horse and let's go. Bet I'll beat you in the half-mile. Hurry up, I'm ready.

I hope you are better Seamstress. I know Winnipeg a little. Have danced at the Fort Garry lots of times.

Being a lover of sports and ranch life. I'd like to correspond with any who care to write. I'll answer all letters promptly.

With best wishes to the editor and hoping this escapes the W. P. B. I'll say "Farewell my friends."

Just a Western Girl.

English Undefiled

Dear Sir:

In "Canadian Characteristics," Nellie McClung says what we would have liked to have said if we had been able to express ourselves as well as she does. Many of us have come from over the sea to live in Canada because of her climate, her people, her freedom; everything that Nellie McClung tells us of. One country is enough for any one and, having chosen Canada we must become a part of her.

We would like to help Nellie McClung to "keep the well of pure English undefiled" from jargon and dialect, but it will be a task for only the lion-hearted to attempt.

English is a cultivated plant and is frequently choked by weeds in the form of Cockney accents, Irish brogues, Devonshire burrs, "Zommerzet drawls" with variations from "Silly Surrey," and so on.

I have sometimes been called to the telephone to translate messages given in broad Scotch. There are one or two of the forms in which English is often spoken in Yorkshire, that I can make neither head nor tail of. And I have met a few Frenchmen absolutely unable to understand Canadian French. Unity of mind and interest depends so much on our all speaking the same language that is worth more than a passing thought.—I remain, yours very truly,

Constance E. Allen.

COME LET US READ AWHILE—Continued from page 25

They marry, this ill-assorted pair and their married life forms the central point of interest in this stirring romance which, for style and for its power to thrill and grip, reminds one of the Baroness Orczy at her best.

APART from the enjoyment I derived from reading this racy romance, I have the added interest of having met Mary Openshaw the author. Mary Openshaw is Mrs. Arthur Binstead in private life and it has been my good fortune to attend a reception given by her in her artistic and charming flat near the historic Kensington Gardens. Mrs. Binstead is a gracious hostess and an excellent chairman, speaking fluently and appropriately. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the world-known writer of novels, of history and of short stories spoke to Mrs. Binstead's guests (all of whom were writers) on the short story. It will be of great interest, I know, to a number of Canadian writers to be told that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes reports that the demand for the short story in England greatly exceeds the supply. These stories, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes told me, should be between three thousand and six thousand words, five being the ideal length. On the very day of the reception, an editor of a well known magazine had telephoned to Mrs. Belloc Lowndes asking her if she could not get hold of some stories for him.

This gifted writer has a most charming personality. Although she has lived in England the twenty-five years of her married life, she has retained her delicious French "R's"! There is a sweetness and strength about the face of this brilliant woman that indicates that she has lived close to the heart of humanity. There is a twinkle in her eye that seems to say "Human beings are queer animals but I love them, faults and all." Of one thing I am certain, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes had no idea how she impressed a Canadian journalist, only on the threshold of the writing game, by her extreme kindness in advising and encouraging and in giving her definite information. If ever I do break into the short story game I shall owe much to Mrs. Belloc Lowndes for her graciousness to a stranger that afternoon.

Simon Says "Thumbs Up"

One is chosen as Simon. He holds his fist clenched, with thumbs pointing upward and cries in quick succession, "Simon says, 'Thumbs up,' Simon says 'Thumbs down,' Simon says 'Thumbs wiggle waggle,' " suiting the action to the word. The rest must do just what Simon says, but if the word "Simon" is omitted by the leader, the players must keep the hands perfectly still. Whoever does the wrong thing must pay a forfeit.

THE WHISPERING TUNNEL

Continued from page 4

THE Track Superintendent sat back, his tale having been told, and Hal was about to speak when a gust of wind burst in through the open windows flapping the loose edges of oilcloth and spraying the tables with dust. At the same moment the sun went under a cloud, and it grew suddenly dark and cold in the club house. A number of men rushed to close the windows, but Hal, George, and Fred went outside to take observations.

A great wind was roaring down the valley, carrying billows of dust. Overhead were scurrying clouds and to the west only a great greyish-blue mass of storm. The mountain peaks, still, no doubt, serene above the rage of the elements were hidden from view; darkness was falling quickly; there was a strangely chill nip in the air.

Hal turned to Fred. "Remember those banks of vapour I was telling you about? Well, a cold blast from somewhere has struck them at last, and we are about to witness the condensation. Nothing more than an ordinary foothill storm, I think, George, is it?"

The Track Superintendent was not over-confident. "Nothing more, perhaps," he agreed. "But we've been having it awful hot for the last three or four days, with east winds blowing the heat into the snow fields. You know what that means? Now, if it rains on the snow, the water is goin' to come down here a whoopin'." The Track Superintendent had gone to school until he was eighteen, and dropped his "g's" only under great provocation. "She'll come a whoopin'," he repeated. "In fact, Five Mile Creek was risin' to-day, and the water was murky and heapin' up in the centre. I don't like it."

"You're nervous, George," said Morton. "A fellow that sits alone in a tunnel until midnight, waiting for it to speak to him, gets that way. We'll have nothing but a good rain, and tomorrow as bright as a dollar. Still, you had better send a couple of men up to the bridge to keep an eye on it through the night." It was plain that Morton did not take the situation as lightly as his words suggested.

The clouds of dust, borne on the van of the storm, had swept down into the prairies, and were followed by heavy splatters of rain, from which Morton, Graham and Fred went scurrying to cover. In a few minutes the splatters gathered into a downpour which set the tin roofs ringing.

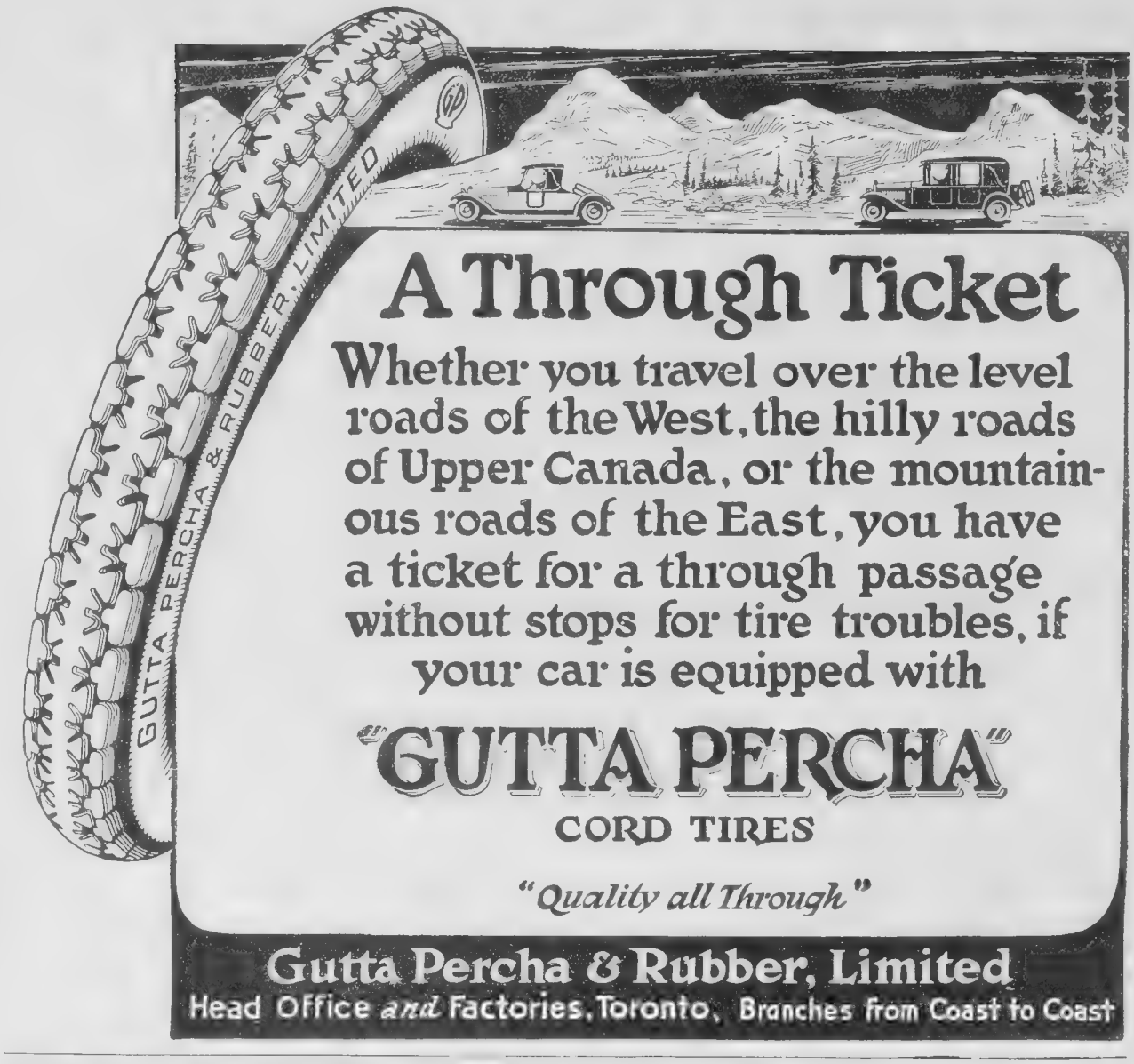
Fred found it impossible to read, but he loved the sound of the rain on the roof, and he went to bed early. For a long time he lay listening to the downpour, and thinking a little about his mother, and wondering if the water was rising in Five Mile Creek, and what could explain the strange whispering in the tunnel. And then he fell asleep.

It may have been two or three o'clock when some one entered his room, clad in a waterproof "slicker" and carrying a lantern.

"Come on, Fred," said the voice of Hal Morton. "Everybody out to-night! There's trouble on at Five Mile Creek. I've an extra slicker here for you, and put on your rubber boots if you have any."

In a moment Fred was wide awake and hurrying into his clothes. The rain was still pummelling the tin roof and lashing against the windows. Morton did not wait, but Fred overtook him in the yards, where men were scurrying about with lanterns, making up a work train. Four carloads of construction timber and the work van which usually lay at Metal Junction were coupled up together, and, with as many men on board as could be spared from immediate duties, the slow ascent of the mountain-side began. It was a wet rail and heavy pulling; the ties sagged and sucked in the flooded road-bed; the dim lantern light revealed the glisten of water pouring over the rock ledges and down the clay cuttings across the sagging track as the train wound its slow way upward.

Continued on page 38



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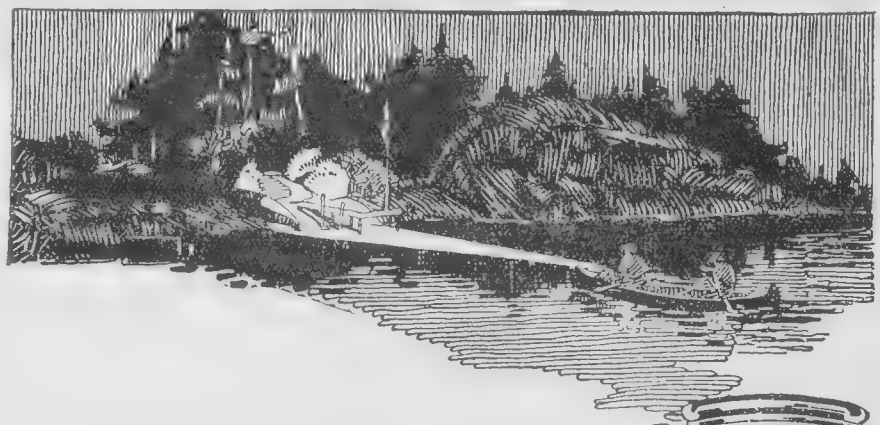

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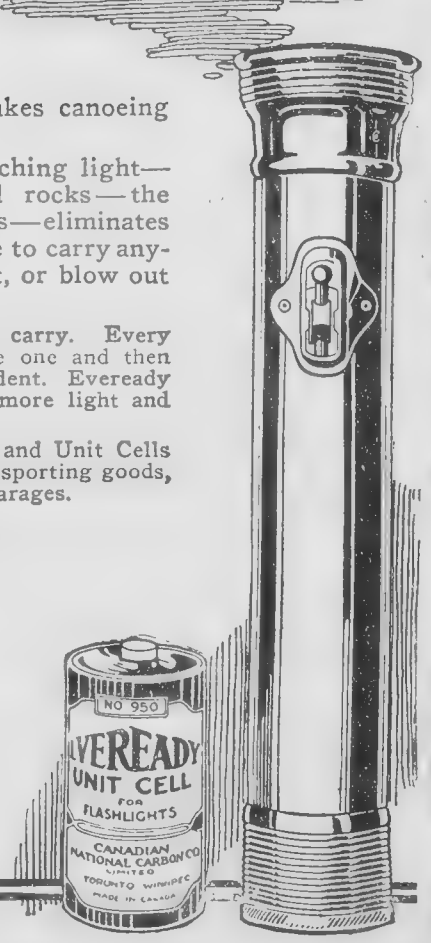

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THE WHISPERING TUNNEL—Continued from page 37

WHEN at last they reached the trestle at Five Mile Creek the battle with the destructive forces of Nature was at its height. Hal had telephoned the alarm from Metal Junction to Little Lake, and the gang at Little Lake, having a down-hill run, were first at the scene of trouble. Their line of gasoline torches stretched across the bridge, revealing the gap where one of the "bents"—a section of trestle—had been swept away. The rails still stretched across the gap, dipping with their own weight and that of the ties which clung to them from beneath. Men hurried back and forth, and shouted commands, but their voices were whipped away in the roaring wind.

By the reflection of the gasoline lights Fred could see the tide of Five Mile Creek, no longer a creek but a roaring torrent, sweeping with a derisive hiss through the trembling timbers of the bridge. As the stream had risen it had dislodged hundreds of fallen trees, long stranded on rocks and sand banks, and these it now hurled against the trestle as though determined to sweep all obstructions out of its path. A dozen or so men had let themselves down by ropes to improvised scaffolding a few feet above the water, and were engaged in the hazardous business of guiding the floating trees and other wreckage through between the bents. Sometimes a log would come along sideways and lodge against the bridge, and unless it was removed at once trouble was sure to follow. Even as Fred watched, such a log struck the bridge and sent its timbers shivering, and the next moment men were down on it with axes and pike poles. It was work for steady heads and undaunted courage.

Fred found a rope leading to one of the scaffolds and was about to let himself down when Hal Morton overtook him. "That is no job for you," said the General Manager, more sharply than Fred had ever heard him speak. Then, quietly and in his ear and more tenderly than Fred had ever heard him speak, "We have to remember the little mother, you know. Come with me. There is other work quite as important, and not so hazardous."

Hal led him across the trestle, gingerly straddling the rails over the missing bent, into the tunnel at the far end of the bridge. Here another gang of men were at work by the light of gasoline torches, sawing timbers and sledging them into place. In the shelter which the tunnel afforded from the storm it was a moment before Fred noticed that it was filled with a noise of cracking and groaning, of straining, and ripping, and crunching. The very track was twisted and heaved almost out of semblance to a railway. He turned a white and anxious face to the General Manager.

"The mountain is settling," Hal explained briefly. "It has been going on for days, slowly, but the storm and rain are speeding it up. The Little Lake train is standing just beyond the tunnel, and I want you to go up with the engineer and bring down as many cars of mine props as are ready. That's our only chance of saving the tunnel. You will have to fire as the regular fireman is an old river driver, and I have him superintending work down at the bridge."

By this time they were through the tunnel and had reached the point where the locomotive from Little Lake crouched in the darkness behind its one yellow eye. Hal pulled himself up into the cab and lent a hand to Fred.

"Dick," said Hal to the engineer, "I want you to run up to Little Lake as fast as you can pound it and bring down whatever mine props are loaded and ready for immediate removal. There are four or five cars of them standing on the siding. Heavy timbers would have been better, but we have none on cars, and we can't spare the time or the men to load them. It's our one chance to save the tunnel. I'm using Bill on the bridge so Fred here will fire for you, as well as he can. Now let 'er out. This is a case where you have to take chances."

"All right, Mr. Morton," said the engineer, as the General Manager let himself down out of the cab into the darkness. "Now, Fred, keep your fire as even as you can—not all in a heap, you know, and watch you don't get thrown out on the curves. Ready?"

The train consisted of three flat cars and a van, somewhere back there in the darkness, but quite out of sight. They would have to back up to Little Lake, so Dick set his engine in reverse, blew the whistle from force of habit and opened the thottle. There was a momentary slip on the rail as Dick suited his power to his load; then the driving wheels found their grip, and the little train started on its perilous journey. How perilous it was Fred had little time to think; he was too busy obeying the order not to get his fire "all in a heap," but in a vague sort of way he realized that they were pounding backwards into the darkness without anyone on the lookout, taking their chances of washouts and mudslides and boulders between the rails and fallen trees across them. But it could not be helped. As Hal had said, it was a case where they had to take chances.

FRED had no idea that four miles could be so far. His fire was all bumps and hollows, red in spots and white in spots, instead of a seething orange-white all over, and only by dropping his shovel and seizing a handrail had he more than once been saved from sprawling. But at length he felt the trucks clatter over the switch frog at Little Lake, and a moment later Dick brought his train to a stop.

With a lantern they took an inventory of what the sidetrack afforded. There were four cars of mine props, not yet unloaded and one box car which Fred remembered checking up from the main line a day or two before. The cars stood together, with the box car at the end toward Metal Junction.

Dick handed Fred a key. "Open the switch at the lower end," he said, "while I take the engine up to the other end, and hook on behind. When we've cleared the switch we'll back up, shove the box car on to the switch to get it out of the way, and go down with our four cars of props ahead of us. That will make it easier for the gang at the tunnel to handle the props than if we took them down behind us."

Even amid the roar of the storm Fred had to pay silent tribute to the accuracy and forethought with which the engineer had mapped out his procedure. Then as Dick went back to the cab he ran to open the lower end of the switch.

In a few minutes the engine came down the switch and coupled on to the cars. But just as Dick was taking up the slack a gap opened between the prop cars and the box car, and the box car started slowly but surely to roll away by itself, ahead of the others! They had not been coupled! The switch was almost level, but once out on the main track the gradient was sharp, and the runaway car would be off on its wild trip down the mountain.

Fred rushed to the engineer to report, and Dick's eyes, serious enough with the business of the night, grew more serious still. "We'll have to catch that car," he said, "or it will go piling into the tunnel. See that the brakes are set on the prop cars, and close the switch again, while I get out on to the main track."

By the time Fred had carried out these instructions the engine was standing alongside, waiting for him. He jumped on board, and the next moment they were swinging through the darkness again, this time on the down-hill run, with the brakes off and the steam on. The little oil headlight disclosed not more than twenty yards of track through the darkness and the blinding rain; it was impossible to guess whether they were half a mile from the runaway car or right upon it. Fred bent to his shovelling, now more difficult than ever on account of the wild lurching of the engine. Now and again he glanced forward, but the night only held a mist of rain and rocks glistening with water.

SUDDENLY a tremendous memory came upon him; a memory that held him momentarily rigid, and his shovel fell from his hands. Springing to the engineer's side he shouted in his ear, "Do you know what is in that car?"

"No. Why?" the engineer shouted back.

"Blasting powder!"

The engineer's face, wan and deathly in the yellow light of the gauge lamps, grew greyer still as he jerked the throttle open and the engine jumped like a wild broncho under the spur. For an instant Fred thought it had left the track altogether.

"We've got to catch it at all costs," the driver shouted. He was thinking of what would happen if twenty tons of blasting powder went plunging into that collapsing tunnel, ditched by the crumpled rails, scattered about among the naked gasoline torches. He was thinking of the score of workmen entangled among the timbers.

They forgot their own risks in that wild ride. The car of blasting powder might be piled into a mudslide ahead of them; might at that moment be lying astride the track, a hundred yards ahead, awaiting their on-coming plunge. But the tunnel, full of men—men with wives and little children, some of them! There was nothing to do but take a chance.

Suddenly, out of the mist of rain, grew the grey outline of the fleeting car. Fred saw it at the same moment as did the engineer, and the next instant he was out on the running board, down on to the cow-catcher, ready to make sure of their coupling when they met. He set the automatic coupler on the engine in proper position, and waited. Suddenly in the glare of the headlight he was able to discern that the coupler on the car was not in position. When they met they would fail to couple; the car, bumped forward by the engine, would only speed on to destruction faster than before.

There was little time to think. The engine was now within six feet of the car—within five—within four. Then, just as they touched, the boy made his decision. He sprang from his place on the cow-catcher, clutched the upright brake shaft of the car, and braced himself against the shock as the engine struck. As the gap between engine and car widened again he kicked the automatic coupler into position, ran up the iron ladder to the roof of the car, and seized the brake wheel with all his strength. It was well that he did, for the blast of storm which struck him when he reached the top of the car almost swept him overboard. For a moment he hung by the wheel, then, bracing his feet firmly against the handrails, he tightened the brake with every ounce of his young strength.

Again the engine overtook the car, and this time the couplers engaged. He could tell by a strange sense of dragging that car and engine were hitched together. Dick must have known it, too, for the next moment he had applied his engine brakes and a stream of fire flew screaming from the drivers.

Fred had no idea how far they had come, but they must be near the tunnel. The question now was, could they stop before they plunged into it? With superhuman strength he tightened the brake another notch, and noted with delight the increasing drag of the car. "Help me hold it; help me hold it," he breathed, and swung again on the wheel.

* * * * *

He was sure he heard his mother's voice. Strange that he should dream he heard his mother's voice. But even in dreams it was good to hear, and a smile played about his lips.

"He'll be all right," he heard a voice say. There was no doubt about it this time; the voice of the company doctor at Metal Junction. He opened his eyes to find the sunlight pouring through the window of his little room in the club house. For a moment he stared about in the twilight of returning consciousness; then he was sure he saw her, if it was not a dream: there she stood beside his bed, leaning over him, her dear face close to his.

"Sure he'll be all right," said Hal Morton. "That was a narrow squeak, old man, when you slid from the roof of the car. But you stopped it. Didn't know your mother was on her way out from the East, eh? Well, that was a secret we kept from you. And we've another secret to tell you just as soon as you are feeling quite all right."

LITTLE BROTHER BLESS-HIS-HEART

Continued from page 5

taffy-colored braids. "You just let Little Brother alone!"

But the whole group got down to the gate in a twinkling, and surrounding the Ellises, began to chant "Little Brother Bless-His-Heart" at the top of their rude little lungs.

Little Brother was dazed. He had advanced with a shy smile, which soon vanished when he saw himself surrounded by such a boisterous group of savages. The "fellows" had not been like that to him when they had passed his home, or when they had visited him, as some of them had, on rare occasions. He did not know that the small boy, as a unit of a collective group is a very different thing from that same small boy by himself.

Little Brother was deciding that he would not come to school again, all unaware of the truancy laws, when he entered the schoolhouse and saw Miss Raymond. There she was, enthroned on the platform, a being who appeared to his dazzled eyes as only a little lower than the angels, if she was not actually one of those radiant beings. Her hair was nearly as fair as his own, and she wore a dress of some soft mysterious blue stuff that looked, as Little Brother afterwards told his mother, like it was cut out of a piece of the sky, with a trimming of clouds at the neck. This marvellous person smiled at him, and actually came down from her throne to greet him and show him where to sit. Soon afterwards she rang the bell, and the children trooped in.

He stood with the others while the angel said the Lord's Prayer, peeping surreptitiously at the French boys who sat in front of him. They looked pleasant and interesting, he thought, and he resolved to make their acquaintance. So as soon as the prayer was over, he touched the smallest one respectfully on the shoulder, and inquired in as low a voice as possible:

"What is your name?"

A chorus of giggles followed, and Little Brother remembered with mortification that he had been especially cautioned not to "talk out loud" in school. His ears burned with shame. Already he had disgraced the family. But the teacher smiled kindly at him, when at last he dared to look at her, and he took heart again and concentrated on a self-imposed task of drawing square-gabled houses with corkscrew columns of smoke issuing from the chimneys all over his slate. So occupied he speedily forgot all else, till again the same half-suppressed laughter caught his attention, and looking up, he heard his name called.

"Marion, this is your class," said the teacher.

Marion smiled as though he were glad to hear it, but made no move.

Then he saw that the smaller French boy, and a little girl about his own size, were standing in front of the blackboard, and that Miss Raymond was apparently waiting for him. He jumped up, knocking his slate pencil on the floor where it broke in two at once, to be picked up and rescued by his sisters. The school rocked with mirth as he stumbled up the long aisle to the front of the room.

The teacher showed the three children the picture of a little girl with an apple in her hand, and then told them that she was going to make the chalk talk and say the little girl's name. So she wrote the word "Helen" on the blackboard.

Now Little Brother knew every word of the first four pages of the Primer, and great was his joy to see an old friend. He could hardly wait till the teacher had finished writing it before shouting "Helen!"

More laughter, and again a feeling of disgrace, though he knew not why. This time the teacher reproved the other pupils sharply, and they relapsed into silence. Then she asked Little Brother if he could read.

"Yes," he cried, "I can read the first two pages."

Continued on page 40

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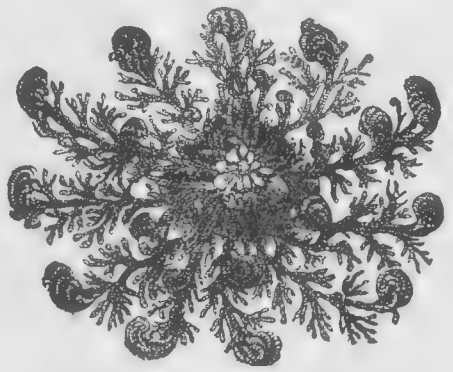

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LITTLE BROTHER BLESS-HIS-HEART—Continued from page 39

He did not feel sure of more, but when she gave him the Primer, opened at the first lesson, he forgot all about his fear, and read fast and well, with his clear fresh little voice that had not yet been dulled by school routine. He read of Helen and her apple, of the green leaf and the yellow flower, of leaves and flowers together, and then wound up with a glorious climax with the lesson about the little kitty.

Quite breathless after his exertions, he looked up at the teacher for approval. "You may go in the Senior class," she said. Then, smiling, she added, "You read very nicely."

So he was sent to his seat with a picture book while the other children received a proper beginner's lesson.

IT was long before recess, and Little Brother wriggled a great deal, and swung his tired feet, and climbed up on the seat, and lounged on the desk. At last the children were dismissed, and he walked stiffly to the door, conscious of his new shoes, which squeaked terribly.

"Here's Little Brother Bless-His-Heart!" cried John Henderson, the biggest boy and the meanest tease in the school. "Look out, Little Brother! There's a mud puddle!"

The other boys joined in, mainly to torment Marion's sisters: "Look at his nice new pants! Hear his shoes squeak!"

His sisters hovered over him like two alarmed sitting hens, and even Little Brother, scared and bashful as he was, wished they would leave him alone for a while.

The noon intermission passed in much the same way, without Little Brother making much headway in getting acquainted with the "fellows" who seemed to find him too insignificant for their notice, except to tease his sisters.

The afternoon period was painfully long. Little Brother counted to a hundred for the teacher, cut out and colored four oranges, and as many apples, biting his tongue so hard the while that the school was convulsed with amusement. Then Miss Raymond dismissed the "Primers" before the rest, that they might have a longer recess.

There were only five in the First Grade, the two French boys, two little girls, and Little Brother. The little girls disdained to play with the boys, who, left to themselves sat down rather dolefully on the embankment that surrounded the school almost to the bottoms of the windows. Acquaintance was obviously necessary, and the elder French boy was the first to make an advance.

"What your name?" he asked.

"Marion Ellis," replied Little Brother. "What's your name?"

"Leonid Lefevre," replied the boy. "He's Louis, my brudder. Me, I have ten years; my brudder, he have seven."

The smaller boy said nothing, only smiled every time his name was mentioned. He had no English, his brother said.

"Come, play," said Leonid, and he produced a yarn ball from his pocket, throwing it against the schoolhouse and catching it again. The two smaller boys took turns, but had little luck with the catching. But Little Brother was happier than he had been.

In the days to come he played with them more and more, as they too were teased by the other boys. Miss Raymond was very kind to all the three, and at last, when she saw that they were being made miserable by the other children assigned the west half of the school ground to them, and forbade the rest to go near them, except on the happy days when she could go out and play with them all. These were the most joyous moments of Little Brother's life, especially when he was permitted to hold Miss Raymond's hand in some of the games she taught them.

But he had other pleasant hours playing with the Lefevre's, making little farms on the fire break west of the school, and sometimes Indian villages with stick people, and bark wigwams. Gradually he learned to understand and make himself understood, though he made much less progress in French than the Lefevre's made in English. The compromise language, a sort of mixture of the two, was the easiest, and Little Brother soon grew to speak with a pronounced French accent whenever speaking to his friends.

Thus the summer went happily enough. But down in his heart, little Marion Ellis had not given up the hope some day to become one of the "fellows." It was still the height of his ambition to hear some one of the big boys say, "Come on, Ellis." There is a vast deal of comradeship in that simple expression, "Come on," as Little Brother realized, and he longed for a little of it to come his way.

August came at length, with whitening fields, and blueberries ripening on the sand hills to be taken to Miss Raymond in moist, grimy little hands. They were easier to eat thus than strawberries, however, or raspberries either, as she rather ruefully observed.

"But you don't have to eat them, do you?" asked George Henderson, grown brother of John.

"Oh, yes!" cried Miss Raymond, "I couldn't hurt their feelings by refusing."

And if anything was lacking to the saint's halo with which George had already invested the pretty school teacher, this remark made it complete. George was a mere homesteader, but he was good looking and intelligent, and his humility where this girl was concerned was rather funny to his friends. Miss Raymond was not wholly unsusceptible either, for she decided not to go back to University in the fall, but to stay with her school till Christmas.

IT was about the first of October, on a beautiful, though windy afternoon, that George Henderson strolled across from his work of clearing, a mile away, to see Miss Raymond at the school. A most shocking proceeding truly, but George had suddenly felt that he absolutely had to have an answer to a certain important question that troubled him more acutely every day. Both he and Miss Raymond forgot that the Lefevre's and Marion Ellis sometimes waited after school, playing in their private playground till Miss Raymond came with them home. So the two were walking very close together, and Miss Raymond's golden head was resting on George's shoulder, the question having been answered to their mutual satisfaction.

They were mightily startled when three small heads, two black, one yellow, popped up out of the long weeds, and three pairs of childish eyes regarded them with astonishment.

George was equal to the occasion.

"Boys," said he, "I have just heard that you are just about the best boys in school, so I am going to tell you a very important secret."

"Oh George," protested Miss Raymond.

"Just as well one time as another," declared the young man. Then, to the boys, "Can you keep a secret?"

They vowed that they could and would. At least, Little Brother vowed, and the French boys smiled. George did not care in the least whether the secret was kept or not, but he loved to talk to children in his jolly, half-teasing way.

"Well," he told them solemnly, "Miss Raymond and I are going to be married. But, you see, I need someone to look after her and see that no harm comes to her till I can take care of her myself. She might be carried off by wild Indians, or eaten by wolves or bears, or—or—burned up by a prairie fire. Will you do your best to see that none of these things happen to her?"

"Sure, I'll do the best I can," replied Little Brother, who would have tackled any of the dangers single-handed with no hesitation.

Leonid and Louis agreed too, though they had only a vague inkling of what Henderson was driving at.

"Then that's that," said the latter, with the air of one who has had a load

LITTLE BROTHER BLESS-HIS-HEART—Continued from page 40

taken off his mind. "I'll sleep better now. Run on ahead now, you boys. See who can get to that poplar tree first."

THE responsibility of his position bore heavily on Little Brother's mind. He was not much worried about wolves, as there were none but coyotes in that part of the country, and even small boys were not much afraid of them. Nor of bears, either, which were not likely to come out in the open in the fall. But prairie fires! They were common enough, and Little Brother had seen several of them. They were to be fought, according to his experience, by big men with wet sacks, and matches to set back fires. He himself was not permitted to figure in any fire-fighting, but he knew how it was done. As, however, there were laws in his family against boys carrying matches, he was at a loss for a while as to how he ought to prepare.

Then a bright thought, quite an inspiration, came to him. He let the Lefevre's in on his secret, but more readily because he needed their help, and thereafter the boys were busier and happier than ever.

The weather had been dry and windy for many weeks, and every one was speaking of the necessity of ploughing fire-guards for buildings and hay. The school fire-guard was in bad condition, and each trustee, and many ratepayers besides, resolved to go down and plough new guards at the first opportunity.

Meanwhile it continued to be dry and windy, and a far-off timber fire made a blur of smoke on the northern horizon, dimmed the sun, and on rare occasions when the wind was right, sent filmy cinders showering over the settlement. But as Alton Settlement was in the midst of an almost prairie area with only scattered groves of evergreens, and light brush, and as the fire was far away and not likely to be turned toward them by any powerful wind, no one was worried, except to look to their fire-breaks.

So, on the windiest day of the fall, the Corney brothers, recently arrived from London, decided to burn off the fire-guards which a kindly neighbor had shown them how to plough a few days previous. They lived about two miles west of the school-house, on the same side of the road, and with no neighbors, and consequently no ploughing, between. A few minutes after they had dropped the first match, fortunately for them on the east side of their shack, a fair-sized prairie fire was racing across the section, driven by a powerful and rapidly rising wind, and reaching out red and horrid hands toward the precious little school-house.

The neighbors saw the danger almost at once and set out for the school at the top of their speed, some on horse-back, some on foot. Mothers looking out at the smoke wept and prayed, not knowing how great the danger might be; fathers, racing the flames, cursed, and then prayed too, as they saw that they could not reach the scene in time.

"Surely the fire-guard is a little use," groaned George Henderson, Senior, as he slowed down for breath.

"Not much," replied his son between set teeth. "I saw it last week, and it was well overgrown with high weeds."

"Maybe they've seen the fire in time and have gone somewhere, across the road at least," suggested the father.

"Oh, yes, I think the teacher and children will be all right, for the fire would not likely cross the road," said George. "But the house will be gone sure as fate. And if they tried to save it, with no experience——". He did not finish the sentence.

Half a mile from the school they turned south to avoid the choking smoke, for the fire had almost met them. Whatever was going to happen to the school was happening—or had happened.

"It would have been better to have tried to get the horses," gasped Henderson, Senior.

"Mightn't have caught them yet," grunted George. Then with a sudden shout: "There's the school-house, and all right!"

THE precious building was safe and sound. Some of the smaller pupils were standing on the steps crying, being comforted somewhat by one of the older girls. The whole landscape to the west and north of the school-house was a blackened and smoking waste, with little red tongues of fire shooting out from chunks of wood or fallen trees here and there.

"Where's the teacher?" demanded George.

"Over there," said Minnie Ellis. "Dad got there a little while ago. They're back-firing."

Her pretty face was smudged with smoke, her soft hair all awry. Miss Raymond was helping John Henderson and Henry Ellis with the backfires, which were not quite out on the north of the school ground. The newcomers took over the task, and by the time they were finished they had heard the tale of how the school was saved.

The blinds had been down on all the western windows since recess, and the door closed on account of the wind, so neither teacher nor pupils had seen the fire till it was almost upon them. Then had ensued a wild scene for a few minutes, till Marion Ellis had made it clear that to his mind at least there was no danger. The Lefevre's seconded him ably, and took the teacher out to show her how perfectly they had cleared off the west fire-guard, and a part of the north. Miss Raymond had been about to send the children home, though with fear and trembling, as she was not sure that the fire would stay north of the road allowance. Now she ordered all to remain in the house and close the door. Herself and John Henderson would see to the back-firing. Here again they would have been stuck, but Little Brother and the French boys produced a goodly supply of matches, kept against this very emergency in defiance of parental orders. It had been easy, though disagreeable to back-fire. All was practically over by the time Mr. Ellis arrived.

All, that is, but the cheering.

"We have three heroes in our midst," said Miss Raymond. "Let's give them three cheers."

The cheers were given with enthusiasm by everybody, including, as Little Brother observed through the tears of joy and excitement that would roll down his cheeks in spite of his manly shame, John Henderson.

"But whatever made you think of it?" asked George Henderson.

"Why," said Little Brother simply, "You asked us to take care of Miss Raymond, and we did our best. Didn't we, 'Nid'?"

"Yes," agreed Leonid with a broad grin, "We did our possible."

"And just think," gurgled little Minnie Ellis, "Little Brother saved the school-house. Bless his little heart!"

"Bless his heart the dickens," sneered John Henderson. "Save that sort of stuff for sissies. He's a regular guy Come on, Ellis."

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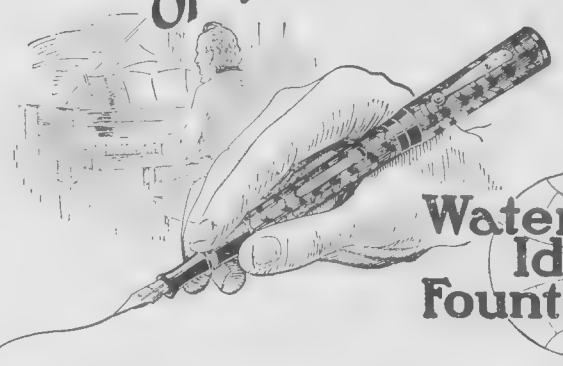

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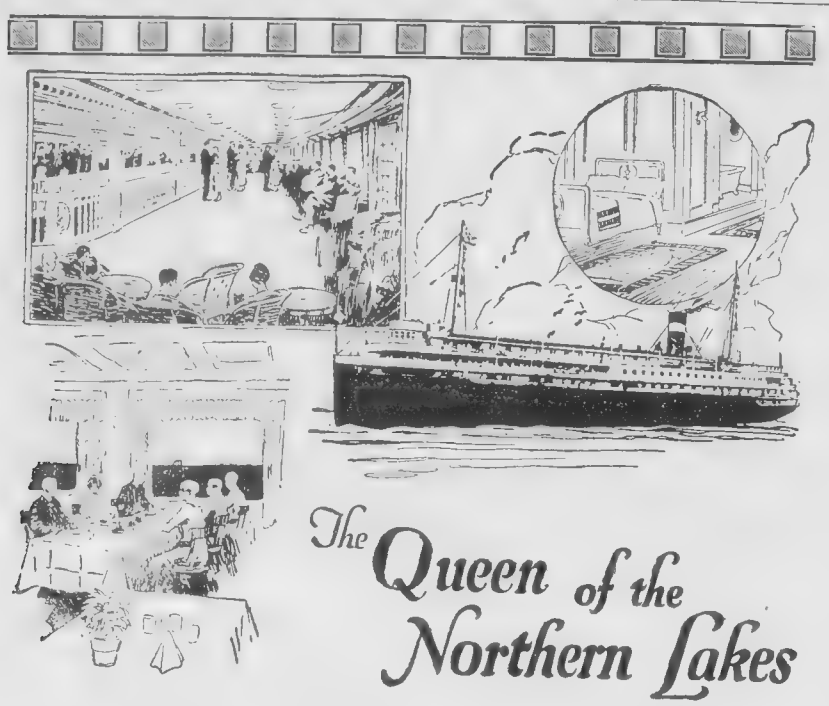

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SPIRIT LAKE—*Continued from page 7*

strode twisting through the tangled scrub, stooping under a fallen tree, stepping over a snow capped log, or pacing along a winter-locked stream. Never for a moment did he turn aside from the trail of the Spirit Wolf.

Two hours later, when Standing Wolf came out upon a lake, the light in the eastern sky had broken into a glorious flood of sunshine. Half over the distant trees, along the horizon, the sun was shining; and the whole eastern sky seemed aflame with bands and balls of fire. A vertical ribbon of gradually diminishing lustre, scarcely wider than the sun, was rising into the heavens to meet a vast semicircle of rainbow beauty arched above the natural sun. Where the strange halo cut the vertical flame and the horizon on either side, three mock suns marked the intersection, and four other suns studded the vertical band at equal distances from one another.

The hunter stood gazing with awe at the splendor before him, and wondering what strange fate it foreboded. He had seen many sun dogs during his lifetime, but never one like that. He pondered, but could not interpret the meaning of the omen. Did it promise good, or did it threaten evil? Then he wondered if Wab-ud-ow, the conjurer, could read such a sign. As he watched the sun rise higher, he grew afraid. Superstitious terrors shook him, hinting at the approach of some terrible catastrophe. He could not turn away, for the sight fascinated him. Through watery eyes he stared at the sun—brilliant still, though shrouded in haze. Presently the mock suns grew dim; the arch faded away; the band lost its color; the true sun rose high above the trees; and then Standing Wolf turned aside and trudged on, following the Spirit Wolf's trail. Toward noon he halted to eat. His hunger appeased, he again set out. As he passed through the open timber, marten tracks, or, rather, the impression of their bodies, dotted the snow; and the active little creatures peered at him from behind a branch or a bole. As he struggled through a tangle of undergrowth, mild-eyed hares stared at him. As he swished through the tall, dry grass among the hummocks in a muskeg, a silver fox scurried away unmarked. Always the wild kindred of the wilderness watched from a safe distance their arch-enemy, the hunter.

HOW the woods varied as he strode along! Here tall pines with branchless boles stood a little apart from one another with scarcely any undergrowth between. There rose a dense mass of tamaracks, the living interlocked with the dead. On a swampy ground a matted tangle of gnarled and twisted cedars suggested jungle growth. A little farther on, a grove of birches clustered together in bunches of from three to ten, their ragged coats rustling in the gentle wind. Over all hung a heavy, soft mantle of gray, dotted here and there with patches of sparkling white, where the sun's rays penetrated the forest canopy. Trees, logs, and bushes were all decorated with huge festoons, pompons, bosses, wreaths, and arches of snow. The thick, fluffy carpet of the woods was enriched with delicate imprints made by the passing of otter, marten, mink, fisher, hare, ermine, and grouse. It was all an open book to the Indian. What fairy land could be more beautiful?

As Standing Wolf entered a dense thicket of tall, slender, second-growth spruce, scarcely thicker than a man's wrist and standing so close together that he was compelled to turn his snow-shoes on edge in order to pass between them, a cloud passed over the sun and a heavy shadow enveloped the forest and saddened the heart of the hunter. He struggled on, groping among the mass of little trees, until he came to the open woods again, just as the sun was going down. Spying a man's trail before him, he stood for a moment like a graven image. Then he wondered whose the trail could be. What man dared hunt upon his lands? It was not the trail of a passing hunter, but the deep-beaten path of a trapper going his rounds. Last night's storm, indeed, had partly drifted it over, but there it lay like a gutter through the forest, and in it ran the trail of a great wolf. In wrath the hunter searched the trail as he ran along; and, on coming to a succession of baited traps and dead falls, he became infuriated and determined to kill the poacher. Looking to the priming of his gun, and feeling for his knife, he hurried on. Dusk had fallen upon the land, and the hares had begun to run, but the hunter paid no attention to the leaping and bounding of the fluffy little creatures as they darted about him. In his rage he had forgotten even the great gray wolf. His whole mind was upon the poacher. Darkness crept rapidly through the forest and upon the hunter. Realizing the danger of further pursuit, he prepared to bivouac.

He felled a few dry trees for fuel, and cut a heap of small fir branches. Having scraped the surface snow aside with a snowshoe, he laid the evergreens upon the spot, shingle fashion, and beside his brush couch built a fire to cook his supper. Before he had wrapped his blanket about him for the night, the tree-tops began to whisper and then to roar, as the wind swelled into a gale. All night the storm raged, until the hunter lay half buried beneath a drift. But next morning, nothing daunted, he pursued his way. Shortly after daybreak, sunshine cheered him, intent once more upon the poacher's trail. In many places it was obliterated by the storm. The footprints of the Spirit Wolf had completely disappeared. As he pressed ahead, his wrath was continually fanned aflame by the sight of signs of the stranger's traps and deadfalls. But his caution kept pace with the anger, and he forged ahead with ever increasing care. From time to time he paused to study the wind and the lay of the land, just as if he were tracking some wary beast.

PRESENTLY, as he looked ahead, his quick eye caught a slight movement on one side of the trail. As he peered among the twigs and branches, he discovered the head of a great wolf protruding from a snow bank upon the shore of Spirit Lake. His first thought was to shoot the animal; but, while carefully creeping up to get a better aim, he remembered the poacher and lowered his gun. To fire for the sake of killing a wolf would be folly. After steadily watching the beast for some minutes, he came to the conclusion that it was held prisoner by a trap. As he went forward, the wolf spied him and at once became a demon of fury. With eyes gleaming wildly, it snapped and snarled and lashed about in the vain attempt to be free. The wolf had evidently been caught the day before, and last night's storm had drifted and packed the snow about it. Putting down his gun and throwing aside his blanket, Standing Wolf drew his axe and stepped within striking distance. As he swayed backward and forward upon his springy legs, with his axe raised in readiness, and measuring the distance with his eye, he began to talk to the wolf as it glared at him from the hole in the white wall of its prison:—

"Good day, my brother. So you are the great Spirit Wolf of Spirit Lake who has come to dispute with me these hunting-grounds? Well, my brother, I do not think you to be so great a hunter as they say, otherwise you would now be free to fight me. Turn your eyes away, my brother, for I am going to kill you."

A few blows from the back of the axe despatched the wolf. Covering its head with snow to conceal it from the notice of prowling beasts that might injure the skin, Standing Wolf again took up the trail of the poacher.

After an hour's walk, the hunter came upon a by-path marked with the print of snow-shoes that had passed that very morning. He examined the fresh signs and followed them. Every little while he paused to peer about and listen. At times he sniffed the air, as a

SPIRIT LAKE

Continued from page 42

beast would, for the scent of man. With his gun half raised and always on the cock, he put his feet down as noiselessly as a lynx. Again he halted. What was that? He sniffed again, half convinced that he smelled smoke. Another long, anxious spell followed as he crept forward with greater care than ever. Again he stood peering among the trees in front of him. At last he made out a thin column of smoke rising above a dense clump of trees. He left the trail, made a circuit, and obtained a glimpse of the camp he was seeking from the dense undergrowth alongside an old by-path. Setting his bundle down, he crept a little farther ahead. Now he could command a view of the dozing figure of a man seated beneath a brush wind-break. Again he moved forward. Raising his gun, he took a steady aim. But curiosity took sudden possession of him. Still covering the man with his gun, he stepped boldly forward until he had gained the little opening. The sleeper awoke with a start, and faced the muzzle of the gun. Standing Wolf recognized him as Wab-ud-ow, The Conjurer.

"Not a move, dog, or I will shoot you," began the vengeful hunter. "So, with a tale of a Spirit Wolf, you tried to frighten me away from my hunting-grounds, that you might rob me of my furs. No, dog, I will not shoot you, I will give you a chance for your life, because, they say, you saved my daughter. Draw your knife."

Standing Wolf rammed the butt of his gun into the snow, laid his axe aside, drew his knife, and slipped his snowshoes off. Wab-ud-ow uttered no word, but faced his antagonist.

Fiercely they watched each other as they sprang from side to side, seeking an opening. They slashed and thrust at each other until both were winded. Then the conjurer, seeing a chance, stabbed Standing Wolf in the shoulder. The wound stung him to fury, and slashing with all his might he sank his knife into the right arm of Wab-ud-ow. Another slash, and the knife fell from the almost severed fingers of the conjurer's right hand. At once they grappled. Standing Wolf seized his opponent by the hair, and tried to wrench his knife hand free from the grasp of the other's left, so as to bury his knife in him. In the struggle both fell upon the snow, but Standing Wolf's right hand was free, and his knife was at the conjurer's throat. Breathing heavily, he rose to his feet: "Now I can kill you, thieving dog," he said grimly, "but I remember my daughter Mi-na-ce: I will let you live."

Continued in the August issue

MOONBEAM MODEL

Continued from page 12

"Looks t'me like trouble in the differential gear, Pete," said Jones. "Mebby she's sprung a leak in 'at gear."

I had tried everything else—so following Jones' suggestion, I investigated. Of course there wasn't any leak in that gear. Showed all Jones knew about a car!

Darkness settled down upon us. So did the mosquitoes. Then I had an idea. "Jones," I said, "pop across to that farm-house yonder, and 'phone in to Binks—he'll come out with his service car."

Jones went. In five minutes he was back again, limping badly and puffing like a grampus. "Ain't nobody home," he wheezed, his teeth chattering. "Couldn't find any 'phone there. What'll we do?"

I raved. I called for the wrath of Heaven to descend upon Binks' head. I stormed at my wife for ever suggesting a second-hand car. "There ought to be a law passed," I cried, "a law making it a criminal offence for a man who has reached the limit of his own endurance dumping his trouble-maker on to some other innocent victim! It should be compulsory," I shouted, warming up, "for all second-hand cars to be destroyed—as humanely as possible—thus puttting an end to their mischief-making propensities. It....."

"But, Mr. Green," said Mrs. Jones, "what are we going to do?"

Continued on page 44

GIVEN TO YOU

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Containing 414 of the Choicest Crochet Designs

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Just send us in two annual subscriptions to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY at $1.00 each, and we will forward Crochetcraft as described above, post paid to your address.

As there are only a limited number of these books for distribution purposes, it is suggested that this offer be taken advantage of as speedily as possible.

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Circulation Manager, Vancouver, B.C
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Winnipeg.
Dear Sir,—

I'm merely taking the ladies' word for it that they prefer the Western Home Monthly to any other journal, periodical, weekly newspaper, the radio, or the telephone, for the simple reason that it is a real home magazine, devoted to busy, married housekeepers who have little time to waste on photogravures of people they never heard about. The Western Home Monthly, according to them, is a cheerful friend (who knows all about the monotony of housekeeping), with its endearing poetry, its homely phrases and wholesome fiction.

Sincerely,
CYRIL MCEVOY.

MOONBEAM MODEL—Continued from page 43

"Baw! it's dark, Mom! I'm scared, out here in the dark, Mom!" Little Billy added his quota to the general misery.

"I'm going over to that farm-house. It's Cook's place—there is a 'phone there, and I know just about where it is located. Keep them lights switched on." Away I trudged.

Mebby there was a 'phone. I didn't find it, though. I was just on the point of entering the kitchen door, when out of the darkness behind me came a terrific, blood-curdling "gr-r-owl!"

Caesar's Ghost! I had forgotten all about Cook's prize bull-dog. "Death on prowlers at night," Cook used to tell us, proudly. I beat a hasty retreat.

As I out-paced the dog, and disappeared from there, I thought of Jones' limp and chattering teeth. Poor old J. can't run for little apples.

"Oh-h-h, Pete-ey—did you get anyone on the 'phone?" she cried as I loomed up out of the darkness.

"No—couldn't raise anybody," I answered shortly, puffing a little. Jones snickered.

"What are we going to....." began Mrs. J.

"Listen—I'm going to cut across country into town and get Binks," I said. "I can make it in ten minutes—if I don't fall in the creek."

A wail came from herself. "Oh-h-h Pete-ey! Do be careful....."

I chuckled as I stepped out. They'd have an awful laugh on me when I showed up at the garage. But the crowd couldn't stay out here all night.

Lighting the old briar, I struck across the fields towards town. It was pretty dark. The creek was the only bad spot to be negotiated—but I knew its location fairly well, and.....

BINKS headed the search-party. It took them quite a while to haul me up out of the creek. A bad cut on my head worried them until they got me home to bed. Old Doc Hunt fixed up the cut, pronouncing it nothing serious.

Friend wife explained that a car had come along shortly after I had gone, and took them all into town. Binks was to go out and bring in the "Moonbeam" in the morning. I slept.

"What was the trouble, Binks?" I asked next morning as I looked over the boat, polished and primed, in his garage.

"No gas," he answered laconically, grinning.

"What?" I bellowed. "You filled 'er up yourself before we pulled out! What d'ye mean?"

"The tap was turned on under your tank, Pete."

"Hey?" Then I remembered the stop for lunch. "I'll wring that Jones' kid's neck!" I growled, as I paid Binks' bill and piloted out the "Moonbeam."

REVISITING LONDON—Continued from page 13

bigger and bigger as we neared the Heath, I saw but two cameras. One belonged to a man who was taking photos for sixpence. Quite a wonderful little contraption, he used. For he took your photo, developed and printed it all within the space of a few minutes. The other camera was my own faithful Kodak bought in Winnipeg in the year 1910. I was rather struck by the absence of what we in Canada have grown to look upon as the holiday friend—the Kodak. That the presence of mine caused a sensation was quite clear. Many stopped to stare at me each time I began to focus. Several edged away suspiciously. There's a Labour Government in power—and one never knows! However, I did succeed in obtaining a picture of the famous Leg of Mutton Pond in which dozens of semi-clean youthful cockneys stood, water to the waist, yelling out in raucous tones to "chuck in a 'apeny, Mister, and see us dive."

But I am anticipating. Very slowly, the jostling crowd made its ascent. The side paths were too narrow for such a crowd. Hundreds thronged the road. Every once in a while, a motor horn loudly proclaimed its indignation, but the crowd was indifferent. Let the motor wait. If an Englishman's home is his castle, Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday is the cockney's domain and motorists should know better than try to travel those roads! Progress was retarded by folks suddenly coming to a standstill before one or other of the numerous men who sentinelled the way, selling the most attractive merchandise. Paper hats, all styles and many colors; whistles and other noise makers; deceptive rolls of bread that concealed streamers of paper with which to garland 'Arriet; naughty "fevvers" that saucy young bucks buy and with them tickle the lasses as they pass! And most fascinating of all, balloons, all colors and so huge that it was a wonder the man carrying a great cluster of them, was not borne aloft and impaled upon the famous Flagstaff which is 440 ft. above sea-level!

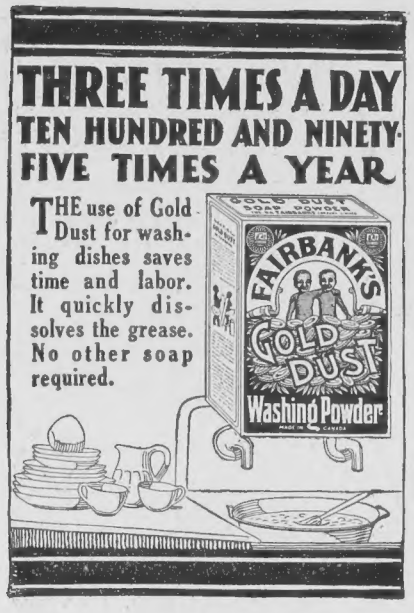
BUT now at last we are on the Heath looking very beautiful in Eastertide greens. Jolly clumps of furze are bright with their yellow blossoms. And just ahead of us begins the Avenue of Delights! My first thought on seeing this avenue was: "what a difference to that beautiful, gracious, peaceful avenue of Chestnut Trees through Bushey Park." Here were no trees but a wide road from which a cloud of dust arose adding discomfort to the phenomenal heat of this Easter Monday. On either side, packed as tightly as sardines in a tin, were booths—each one glittering with china dnd glass ware fearful and terrible to behold. These were the prizes awarded to the lucky ones who achieved success with a gun, with hoops, with wooden balls. Each booth-owner yelled out the attraction he had to offer, usually implying that his next door neighbour didn't play fair or that the prizes offered in any booth but his own, were mere tawdry trash. Every once in a while, a food counter was sandwiched between a couple of booths. The sight of those sausages, prawns—no I won't go on, it was awful! The merry-go-rounds and swings were greatly patronized by young and adults alike. Never ending seemed this avenue. It was no use trying to turn back. No use either to try to hurry. One just had to move at the will of the crowd, and, if the crowd so willed, to become bespattered with confetti, tickled with "fevvers," deafened with shriekers. Eventually we did succeed in freeing ourselves from the maelstrom of these holiday makers, and it was a refreshing sight on the way to the 'bus, to pass the Leg of Mutton Pond and cool oneself, if only vicariously, watching the little urchins and urchinettes splashing about, looking for halfpence!

HUNTING WILDCAT—Continued from page 14

THE moment we could see enough to tell a muzzle from a branch we started after those dogs who were now howling like mad about a half a mile off. It was hard going but we did it Indian file and made some sort of a path. There were drifts that we fairly swam through and deadfalls that trapped and threw the three of us. I know the silent guide uses "dobbin" on his boots, for I very affectionately laid my face on them once. Oh! the going was something fierce until we got to the hardwood ridge where the dogs had the thing treed. Here the drifting had been stopped by the lines of spruce along the edges and we made fair work of it.

By this time I bethought me to look around. I seemed to know that ridge. Whisper, we had made the lean-to within a short mile of our tent. We had walked in a great circle, gradually turning to the left. You could not blame the Indian for no man could peer through that awful curtain that enveloped us yesterday.

Up a steep bit of the ridge, in under the oaks and birches we came, each man ready to do awful things to that cat—and it was an owl as I live. The deeply tossed snow showed where the cat had



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HUNTING WILDCAT—*Continued from page 44*

circled the bole of the oak and had leaped into the fir and had slid and clawed and bounded down and had struck the snow and thrown it into confusion. So the Indian called off his cat chasers and we took over the hill towards camp.

Again those two fell cat-destroyers leaped ahead, barking fit to kill, but we walked on quite unconcernedly. Again they gave tongue. Again the silent guide said, "He's treed a cat" and we smiled and assured him of our deep pity for a man who would own mongrels like those two dogs; we pushed out way through a thick bit of spruce and there were the two frauds fairly standing on their tails again and making mad rushes and trying to climb a stubby oak tree—and there, squattered along a limb lay one of the finest biggest cats I have ever seen. The guide grunted. We both cocked our rifles, and the cat slid around the trunk of the tree and put its head around one side right into a speeding .303 from one of the rifles—of course we each said to the other, "After you my dear Alphonse, you killed it," but deep in our hearts each knew that he alone had slain it.

The Indian kicked the two good dogs off the fallen body of the Bay Lynx and we stumbled over through the snow and examined it. Yes! I had hit it fair in the jaw and the bullet had made a clean exit right through the skull. A pretty good shot. I saw Laddie examining the wound and visibly swelling up before my very eyes and the young hypocrite said to me so kindly, "Good shot, sir, he never knew what killed him," and I'll bet a month's receipts that no sooner does that most innocent young hunter get his paws on his diary than he enters, "Killed one cat."

I took the rifle and Laddie threw the 35 pound beast over his shoulder and the Indian took the game bag and off we set for camp under a hot sun that within another twenty-four hours swept the land free of snow again—for the fourth or fifth time this year.

WE made some pictures and took up the trail after a great big feed. We had snares out for cats, traps out for otter, snares for rabbits for dog's food and it was dark when we again made camp—but not empty handed. Glose, the Guide, had told us how these big cats fight in the snares, of how they would tear and rend all trees near where they were held, of how to put a light bush drag tally on, as a heavy pole only gave the beasts a better chance to tear loose.

We had been walking along a narrow moose trail in which the guide had set many wire snares; these were about three feet long with a good open loop on the end which hung directly in the centre of the narrow path and about a little more than a hand's breadth up to eight inches above. As we crept along this devious way in Indian file, myself in the lead with my rifle ready, I was thinking of how one of our men had turned a bend in the trail almost on top of a trapped lynx that was hiding. Now Glose said "Ebadek," and pointed towards the river and said, "One, two, three, gone!"

We saw where a cat or some big animal had torn up the ground and the dogs took up the scent and led us—we hoped not to another owl. The path here entered a closely grown wild plantation of young firs and it was hands and knees through here. We kept a close watch, but if the dogs could not find the cat how could we? The two brutes were yapping and growling ahead and we stood up—almost in to the fur of a hanging cat that swayed ever so slightly in the breeze. It hung in a dense thicket five feet from the ground and we most gently prodded it with point of the barrel of the cocked rifle to see just what it all meant. The cat was dead, tangled in the thicket by the tally stick and trap.

When we got home and did the skinning our dog Dash scented and snuffed and dodged around the great beasts but would not touch them. We skinned one open for a floor rug and one cased, then Laddie tacked the open one on a door, let it dry for five days and then painted it with a liquid mixture of alum and saltpetre, an ounce of each to a half a pint of water. They make really beautiful pelts if you can get the males with the black rosettes well defined.

The woods hereabouts are criscrossed with their tracks and even if they are deadly to rabbit and grouse and squirrel and mouse they seem to know that man is a deadlier sort of chap and dodge him thoroughly.

GARDEN OF NAPOLEON ST. PIERRE

Continued from page 15

is very proud of two letters received from the great statesman. So it is quite fitting that his home should be known as the "Chateau Laurier."

Each way you look in these rare gardens, a new interest is before you. The monument to the heroes of West Vancouver who fell in the great war, is clever in its execution. It is covered with ivy and outlined with shrubbery in lighter greens while flowers grow about the base.

The most unique "decoration" of the gardens is the "mysterious snake" which occupies the front lawn. The centre is of grass while the edges are formed of shrubbery. Great glass eyes adorn the face, giving it a sinister appearance, very realistic—one of those works of art that sends a chill down the spine. It is very clever in its execution and must require a great amount of time to keep it in proper form.

Mr. St. Pierre knows the secrets of the forests and spends much time roaming about the mountain slopes in the interests of his hobby. the collection of roots of strange formation. He also finds many roots floating about the waters of Burrard Inlet. Each root is grotesque and distinctive, and is named according to his vivid imagination and poetry of ideas. One is struck with the realistic formation as he announced what they represented.

There is the "Head of King George," "A mother's head," "A great lion's paw," "A black foot of Jack Johnson," "The collar of Queen Elizabeth," "A dragon," "A seal," "A dog," "A goat," "A gate," "A parrot," "A chicken" "A sheep's head," Turn this root another way and it represents the "head of an old man," "And he has lost his teeth," said Mr. St. Pierre.

There is a fungus that looks like "a stack of hot cakes. He has been offered a thousand dollars for this collection, and a hundred dollars for the "Head of King George" but, having no interest in accumulating dollars, he refuses to sell these treasures.

Lady Byng, while at the Coast, visited him. He has had letters from three presidents—Roosevelt, Wilson and Harding. Two years ago, while in Los Angeles, at the time of a visit of President Harding, he sent a letter to the visitor which reads:

"Monsieur Le President Harding:

Welcome Mr. Harding. Nation, flag and religion are in the rainbow. The sun speaks for all.

Napoleon St. Pierre."

All Said

A shopkeeper had in his employ a man so lazy as to be utterly worthless.

One day, his patience exhausted, he discharged him.

"Will you give me a character?" asked the lazy one.

The employer sat down to write a non-committal letter. His effort resulted as follows:

"The bearer of this letter has worked for me one week and I am satisfied."

Hopeless

"How is it," asked the mistress, "that you say you are a cook, yet you have no references?"

"Oi'll tell yez th' troot', mum," replied Bridget. "Oi wuz always in wan place, mum, till th' people died."

Corns

No Paring—*End Them*

Don't let the agony of corns destroy your comfort. Apply Blue-jay—and instantly the pain vanishes. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Does away with dangerous paring. Get Blue-jay at any drug store.

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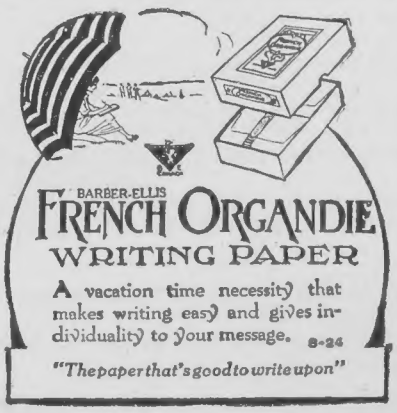

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FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

WANTED—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 7-24

WANT to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 8-24

I WANT FARMS for cash buyers. Describe and state price. R. A. McNown, 380 Wilkinson Bldg., Omaha, Nebraska. 9-24

FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL SILVER FOXES— Easy to raise, Easy terms, Large profits. I pay from $200 to $400 for each pup raised from my stock. A pair of cross foxes free, with every pair of silver black foxes you buy. Stamp for particulars. Wilfrid L. Todd, St. Stephen, N.B. 8-24

THE CHOICEST PEDIGREED and registered silver black breeding Foxes. Buy the best. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ont. 2-25

SILVER PATCH and Red Foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N.S. 11-24

GIVE YOUR BABY GOAT'S MILK—Milch goats $20.00 up. ⅞ pure Saanen kids $10.00. A splendid chance to start a herd cheaply. Write us for prices on Pure Saanens. Saan Farm, Weald, Alta. 7-24

10 CENTS BUYS one 100,000,000 German Mark Banknote. $1.00 buys Twenty. Rivers Hicks, Kentville, Nova Scotia. 8-24

STAMMERING

ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and Stammering cured at home; instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C. tf

STAMPS

STAMPS—100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals. We buy stamps; large lots, for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. tf

COLLECTORS—LARGE PACKET SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE! Postage Three Cents. Stamp Co., Dept. WHM., Britannia Beach, B.C. tf

PATENTS

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. tf

MARSDEN AND BROMLEY, Canadian Pacific Railway Building, Toronto. Patent Attorneys, Development Engineers. Worldwide Patent Connections. Interesting booklet and advice regarding patentability absolutely free. 11-24

HELP WANTED

EARN MONEY AT HOME—$15 and upwards can be earned weekly during spare time. No canvassing or experience required. We instruct you and supply steady work. Write today; information free. Brennan Show Cards, Limited, Dept. 21, 269 College St., Toronto. 7-24

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Exp. unnec., details Free Press Syndicate, 1046 St. Louis, Mo. tf

PROBATIONERS WANTED for Nurses' Training School at Lockport City Hospital. Twenty-eight months' course. Apply Supt. of Nurses, Lockport City Hospital, Lockport, N.Y. 7-24

BRITISH COLUMBIA FRUITS

BUY FRUITS DIRECT from grower. Write for prices Highland Farm, Box 28, Mission City, B.C. 7-24

AGENTS WANTED

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory 52, 56w Pitt, Windsor, Ont. t.f.

AGENTS—Wonderful New Fire Extinguisher. Excells work of heavy high-priced devices. Price of only $2.00 makes an easy sale to every home and automobile owner. Over 100% profit. 40,000 already sold. Investigate today. Pyro Fire Extinguisher Company, 605 Echo Drive, Ottawa, Ontario. tf

AGENTS—Sell low priced kitchen necessity. Quick sale. Square deal. Premier Mfg. Co., Dept. M-5, Detroit, Mich. 9-24

MISCELLANEOUS

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS — Save time, worry and money. Order our special complete baby outfit—44 pieces, best material—$15.95 f.o.b. Winnipeg. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Mrs. McKenzie, 235 Donald St., Winnipeg. 10-24

ARTHOL SHORTHAND learned in four evenings. Full course seven dollars. Used everywhere. Sent on free trial. Particulars, Hollefreund's Correspondence School, Stratford, Ontario. 9-24

PATENT MEDICINES, drug sundries, prescriptions unobtainable elsewhere, procured from all parts of the world. Ruttan Drug Store, 2579 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. 8-24

BABY CHICKS (PURE BRED)—Leading varieties; thousands weekly; catalogue free. E. S. Miller, 315 Donald St., Winnipeg. tf

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it—Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. tf

'REMO' WILL TELL THEE thy stones, colors, stars, signs, planets, etc., for 25c. and birthdate. William Johnston (Dept. R), 546 Great Western Road, Aberdeen, Scotland. 7-24

SOME OF THE LARGEST MINING CORPORATIONS in the world are now actively developing in Northern Manitoba and the investor has an opportunity at the present moment which will probably not occur again. There are in particular three mines which will make you large profits without risk and I can prove it. Call or write for "Mines of Manitoba." J. B. Martin, 25 Syndicate Block. N9953. 7-24

FREE NOVELTY CATALOGUE listing Novelties, Books, Masquerade Supplies, Decorative Goods, Quilting pieces and also goods suitable for Picnics, Carnivals and Bazaars. United Sales Co., Station B, Winnipeg, Man. 7-24

Magazine Solicitors

Wanted men or women to solicit subscriptions for Crochetcraft. Wonderful opportunity. For Canada only. Address THE BOYD IMPORT & MFG. CO., 519 Perry-Payne Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Big Bargain parcel Remnants for Aprons, Shirts, Rompers etc $2. 5 lbs Quilt Patches $1.50 Money Back if not Satisfied.

A. McCreery & Co. Chatham, Ont.

RINGS GIVEN

Gold Shell, One Stone, Cameo or Band Ring to adv. our bargains we will send your size for 12c or all three rings for 30c send name of one friend with order.

We Treat You Square Bargain List Free

R.C. HILL CO., DEPT. 2 BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Tribute

Dear Scotland, when I left you years ago,
A vow I made that at some distant day
I would return and filial homage pay.—
Now circumstance has set me free, and lo!
I come, but not as daughter to her home,
But ask that you receive me as a guest,
For now my heart is in the Canadian west,—
Still dearer ties have I across the foam.

Yet, Scotland, you have drawn me back to you
With mystic cords that still unsevered be,—
Sweet bonds of friendship, blessed unity
Of mind and soul, with comrades ever true.

My friends! Ah, Scotland, howsoever poor
Of worldly goods may be your people's share,
A wealth of deep affection triumphs there live,
In hearts whose love is such that will endure!

I travelled in adventure-seeking mood,
With expectation free from prejudice,
But confident that some degree of bliss
You held for me,—some element of good.

I knew that treasure waited for me here,
In scenes of moist and misty loveliness,
In warbled raptures that the woods possess,—
All these you yield to me,—but, still more dear,

This revelation of abiding love,
This holy benediction that you give,—
A glory that, through all the years I
Will link the thought of you with heaven above!

—H. G. Gairns.

Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

SOMETHING TO LEARN

GOD might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and for toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night:

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man
To beautify the earth.

To comfort men—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.

M. Howitt.

SOMETHING TO DO IN THE SUMMER

KEEP a flower diary as instructed in the June number.

Keep your book neatly. If you can, make little sketches that will add to the beauty of your diary.

Keep your diary till August 20th and then send it in to Bobby Burke, Children's Cosy Corner, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, and state whether you would like a Brownie camera or a book on wild flowers as a prize.

SOMETHING TO READ

A Tombstone for a Trout

CAN fish hear? Sir John Hawkins is one of several notable authorities on fishing who believes so. In his edition of the Complete Angler he affirms his belief and adds, "A friend of mine assures me that at the abbey of St. Bernard, near Antwerp, he saw carp come at the whistling of the feeder." Another writer, Lucian, declares that "there is a lake, very deep, in which many sacred fishes are kept; some of the largest have names and come when they are called."

In Bethune's edition of the Angler he says he has heard of a trout that was kept in a spring pond, and that answered to the name of Tom. Bethune also tells us of an eel that was kept in a spring in a garden, and asserts that when the children at the house would go to the spring and call it by its name, Rob Roy, it would come and eat from a spoon that they held. Thaddeus Norris, the celebrated American fly-fisherman, tells in his American Angler's Book of a trout hatchery where the larger trout come to be fed at the ringing of a bell.

Fish have seldom shown enough intelligence to win regard as pets. It has been said, however, that trout in particular will learn to know those who take care of them in captivity. A breeder on the Pacific Coast even trained several of his larger trout to perform tricks for visitors. Some of the fishes would leap from the water and take bits of meat from his fingers, and at the word of command one of them would leap through a hoop he held above the surface of the water.

So far as printed records show, in only one instance has a fish had a monument erected to its memory. A traveller through rural England says that near a cottage in the village of Blockley, Worcestershire, he found a small stone monument that a Mrs. Keyte had erected on the grave of a trout She had tamed the trout, and for many years it had fed from her hands. The inscription on the stone reads:

In
memory
of the
old Fish.
Under the soil
The old Fish do lie,
20 years he lived
And then did die.
He was so tame
You understand,
He would come and
Eat out of our hand.
Died April the 20th, 1855.
Aged 20 years.

On the stone below the inscription is a chiseled outline of the big pet trout.

A Swift Boy from the Country

"HOW fast can you run?" the humorously inclined bell boy of a New York hotel asked the country lad who was on his first visit to the city.

"Well," replied the lad bashfully, "not very fast, I guess."

"How fast is that?" asked the bell boy, winking at some of his friends who had gathered to see the fun.

The country lad frowned thoughtfully, then replied:

"Well, now, seeing as you've asked me, the fastest I ever ran was one time last summer. You see, fellows, 'twas like this. I took my gun one morning and started out to get some game. I hadn't any more than stepped out of the house before I saw a woodchuck sitting by his hole on a hillside. So I fired at him.

"But I'd heard tell that a woodchuck might drop back into his hole when you hit him. So, having that in mind, I threw down by gun as soon as I'd shot and started for the woodchuck. Well, fellows, I'd have got him, but just as I stooped over to grab him by the hind legs, the shot I'd fired hit me in the back."

Two Trees that Own Themselves

ACCORDING to the Boston Globe, there are at least two trees that own themselves and the ground on which they stand. One is an oak at Athens, Georgia, and the other a sycamore at Caney Creek, Kentucky.

The oak stood on the land of Col. W. H. Jackson, who in his old age recorded a deed as follows:

"I, W. H. Jackson, of the County of Clarke, State of Georgia, of the one part, and this oak tree (giving the situation) of the County of Clarke, of the other part, witness that the said W. H. Jackson, for and in consideration of the great affection which he bears said tree and his desire to see it protected, has conveyed and, by these presents, does convey unto the said tree entire possession of itself and the land within eight feet of it on all sides."

The sycamore at Caney Creek owns itself and thirty-six square feet of ground by virtue of a deed from Mrs. Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd, duly recorded in Knott County, Kentucky. It contains the following paragraph:

"The said tree is conveyed in consideration of the value of itself as a resting place for the weary under the shade of said tree, and the said tree and the said terra firma are to belong to themselves absolutely and to each other for all the purposes for which Nature and God intended them, among which is the purpose of the soil to nurture and feed the tree, and that of the tree to shade, grace and beautify the said terra firma."

A Good Definition

"Charles," said the teacher, "do you know what the word 'celerity' means?"

"Yes'm," said Charles. "It's something you put hot plates down with."

COSY CORNER CUT-OUTS

(See rules on opposite page)

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

And Most Couples Live Happily

Some husbands have words with their wives—others from.—Selkirk Record

With Farspread Results

The first broadcasting set, you will remember, was made of a rib.—Victoria Colonist.

A Possibility

A famous New York beauty has disappeared. Perhaps she washed it off.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

So it Would Seem

It is now apparent that the Volstead Law was bootlegislation.—Minneapolis Journal

Nevertheless Much Such Selling is Done

A man selling oil stock may be conducting a hole sale business.—Wall Street Journal.

On the Other Hand, Many People's Would

Some people's records would not sound well on their phonographs.—Vancouver Sun.

So the Politicians Find

The new disarmament problem is that of disarming popular suspicion.—Washington Post.

A Matter of Relative Speeds

A properly adjusted tongue runs slower than the mind.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

True of a Lot of Talk We Hear

Well, why shouldn't speech be free? Very little of it is worth anything.—Vancouver Province.

Short People Have More Room in Them

If we built railroads we'd hire a taller man to design Pullman berths.—Nelson News.

Not Taken Seriously Enough

More life sentences are needed in these United States both for matrimony and for murder.—Washington Star.

No Radio Fan Has Yet Picked It Up

It seems a pity that with all our radio receiving sets no one has yet picked up the Lost Chord.—Calgary Herald.

One Proof of Vanished Youth

A man is old when he can leave the heroine in the clutches of the villain and go yawning to bed.—Edmonton Journal.

One Kind That Won't Turn Out

The worm will turn but there are some who won't turn out and give another chap half the road.—Sault Ste. Marie Star

In Regard to Propaganda

If it's a sound idea, propaganda can't destroy it; if it's a fool idea, propaganda can't put it over.—Regina Leader.

Political Item

Convictions are things a candidate has after he discovers how the voters feel on the subject.—Duluth Herald.

The Reason Why

The reason, of course, why the world isn't the same as it used to be is because it never was.—Prince Albert Herald.

Courage

Women are braver than men. No man would dare try on $125 garments if he had only 15 cents.—Buffalo Express.

Earnings and Yearnings

It is almost a sure thing that a man's yearnings will exceed his earnings. The Americans are great people to live beyond their means.—Los Angeles Times.

Not a Taxable Visitant

A new comet has been discovered heading this way. Which government will be the first to slap on an income tax?—Toronto Telegram.

It Will Be No Easy Job

The Irish boundary dispute may be settled by a board of arbitration with a neutral chairman from the Dominions. Somebody is always picking on someone.—Hamilton Herald.

A Definition from Massachusetts

An old-timer is a fellow who can remember when they used to let the ink get dry on a law on the statute book before everybody wanted to change it.—Springfield Republican.

Deceptiveness of Figures

Figures may not lie, but how the ladies can look like wasps one year and animated ironing boards the next year is beyond us.—Niagara Falls Review.

Sarcastic

America spends more money on chewing-gum than on books. After a casual glance at some of their literature, we don't blame them.—The Passing Show (London).

Air is Both Income and Outgo

The Senate has declared that the air is the inalienable property of the people. Is that to be regarded as a first step towards taxing it?—Philadelphia Enquirer.

A Chicago Jibe

New York has issued orders to all crooks to leave the city. And no doubt all the people there will be looking around to see who's going to make the first move.—Chicago News.

Cause and Effect

If Germany had not been so firm in the belief that it pays to hate, Germany would not be finding itself now in the position of so hating to pay.—Detroit Free Press.

The Smile in the Advertisement

We wish we could get our child to smile as delightedly over a plain, unbuttered slice of bread as the kids do in the baker's advertisements.—Kansas City Star.

An Explanation

The statement to the effect that fewer trains are being held up in China by bandits is probably explained by the fact that there are fewer trains running.—Cassell's Saturday Journal (London).

Fame and Forgetfulness

It is reported that the man who made the telephone popular has just died in a workhouse. And we did not know that he had even been born yet!—London Opinion.

A Thing to Remember

It is no doubt true that Mexican politics is more corrupt than here, but we should remember how much longer they have been producing oil in Mexico.—New York American.

Jazz

A dispatch says that jazz has invaded Buenos Aires. People will not care whether it goes there or somewhere else so long as it gets out of this country.—Spokane Chronicle.

Remarkable, If True

A man at Brockville, Ontario, has a four-legged, double-cropped hen, that lays two eggs daily. It is understood he has applied for copyright and patent.—Kingston Whig.

Education Means Work

After all education methods have been discussed and dissected, the point always emerges that there is no easy way for a human being to obtain a real education.—Neepawa Press.

Interesting, but Not Startling

The cable yesterday announced the christening of England's richest infant. Interesting, but not nearly so startling as would have been the use of a press cable to announce the christening of England's poorest infant.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Something to Think About

Political authorities hold that the ordinary elected parliamentary body is a pretty close reflex of the political intelligence and morality of those who elect them. This is something interesting to think about.—Brantford Expositor.

As to the Right of Stepping Out

A California court has decided that a pedestrian has a right to walk in the middle of the road. Also, we have no doubt, there is no specific statutory provision in California against walking off a roof.—Lethbridge Herald.

Russia Anxious for More Wheels

The Russian government is anxious to buy automobiles in England, which furnishes somewhat of a contradiction to the oft-repeated story that the country was about to get back on its feet.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

An Early Start for Next Winter

The town of North Bay, Ontario, has already organized to raise money for next season's hockey team. It is heartening to know there are some things in the country that the people are willing to back to the last dollar.—Brandon Sun.

Must Come from a Deeper Source

The United States is talking of framing laws for the purpose of keeping its public men honest. It should not be forgotten, however, that honesty in public life must spring from something deeper than a statute book.—Ottawa Journal.

Canada's Problems are Mostly Western

The pressing national problems of Canada have chiefly to do with Western Canada. This statement may be characterized by some as a bit of western "side," but if one has the courage and intelligence to study present conditions in this country he will see that this is simply a statement of fact.—Winnipeg Free Press.

But Jazz Might Enrage 'em

A man in Berlin went into a den of lions, played a cornet, and, according to the despatch, "the lions finally retreated in defeat to the corners of the cages." If this can be done with a cornet there is no reason why a fellow with a saxaphone shouldn't take on a whole jungleful of man-eating tigers.—Moose Jaw Times.

British Politics Not Dull

The Socialist son of Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, the former Prime Minister of Great Britain, may oppose Lloyd George in the next election. The very rich son of Lord Curzon has gone over to the Labor party. There is nothing dull in the politics of Great Britain.—Vancouver World

Canada's Loss by Forest Fires

Three acres of a French forest were burned down through the carelessness of a cigarette smoker, and the news was considered of sufficient interest to put on the cables yesterday. Three acres! Pooh! We can burn that much of Canadian forests every minute and not blink an eyelash. Great is Canada.—Edmonton Bulletin.

When the Prairies Were Forests

Scientists tell us that at one time in the history of the world there was a heavy forest growth all over Western Canada. Practical tree men tell us that it is possible to replace this forest growth if man thinks it worth while to make the effort. History also shows us that trees are one of a nation's greatest assets.—Wolseley News.

Many Human Beings Are Gullible

Gullibility is not limited to any one class of people. Rich and poor, educated and uneducated as far as mere book learning is concerned, fall prey to the unscrupulous. That is particularly true in financial matters. The lure of easy money challenges every one, warps the judgment of even hardened financiers, and sometimes wipes out fortunes overnight.—Toronto Star.

Men's Brains and Women's

We just found this in the Congressional Record: "We know that the weight of the brain is no index whatsoever as to the brain's capacity or intelligence. The brains of women, for example, are lighter than the brains of men. Can one, therefore, say that the intelligence of a man is superior to that of a woman?" The answer is, yes, one can say that, but the trouble is that it takes a strong man and a fast runner to get away with it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Cost of the World War

The latest estimate of the total cost of the World War is $80,680,000,000, in gold, which is made in a book issued by the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, which goes into the whole question carefully. The part of that cost borne by the Allied Powers is figured out to be 70 per cent of the total, and the part borne by Germany and the other Central European Powers allied with Germany 30 per cent.—Montreal Gazette

Science and War

There is reported the discovery by an Englishman of a ray which when played upon an electric motor will stop it. The illustrated journals have shown us the invention in action. Thus has another of Mr. H. G. Well's remarkable predictions come true. Will it stop air raids and all air activity in warfare, by stopping the motors in aircraft? The answer is that there is no finality in science. Inventors the world over will now apply themselves to the problem of evolving some ray which shall render the anti-aircraft ray impotent. We cannot, therefore, be over-sanguine in regard to this new ray.—London Saturday Review.

The World Has Turned the Corner

An analysis of conditions shows that the situation in most of the countries of Europe is measurably brighter today than it has been since the war ended. There is reason to believe that a majority of the Continental countries have seen the worst of an unprecedented economic upheaval. Conditions afford hope that, if entire recovery is still far distant, the process of dissolution has been arrested.—Providence Journal.

There Are Strange Creatures in the World

What with fish that climb trees in pursuit of flying insects, other fish that bark, still others that flop across meadows from one lake to another in search of food and a bird that swims like a fish, looks like a bat and breaks stones with its bill—this strange creature is to be sought in the Amazon valley by a University of Pennsylvania expedition—current natural history sounds suspiciously like a nightmare or a fairy tale. The truth is that with the aid of science we are just beginning to find out how many strange things live in the world. Fiction has never in its wildest flights touched the miracles and the mysteries of modern science.—Fort William Times-Journal.